

GOLD
KEY

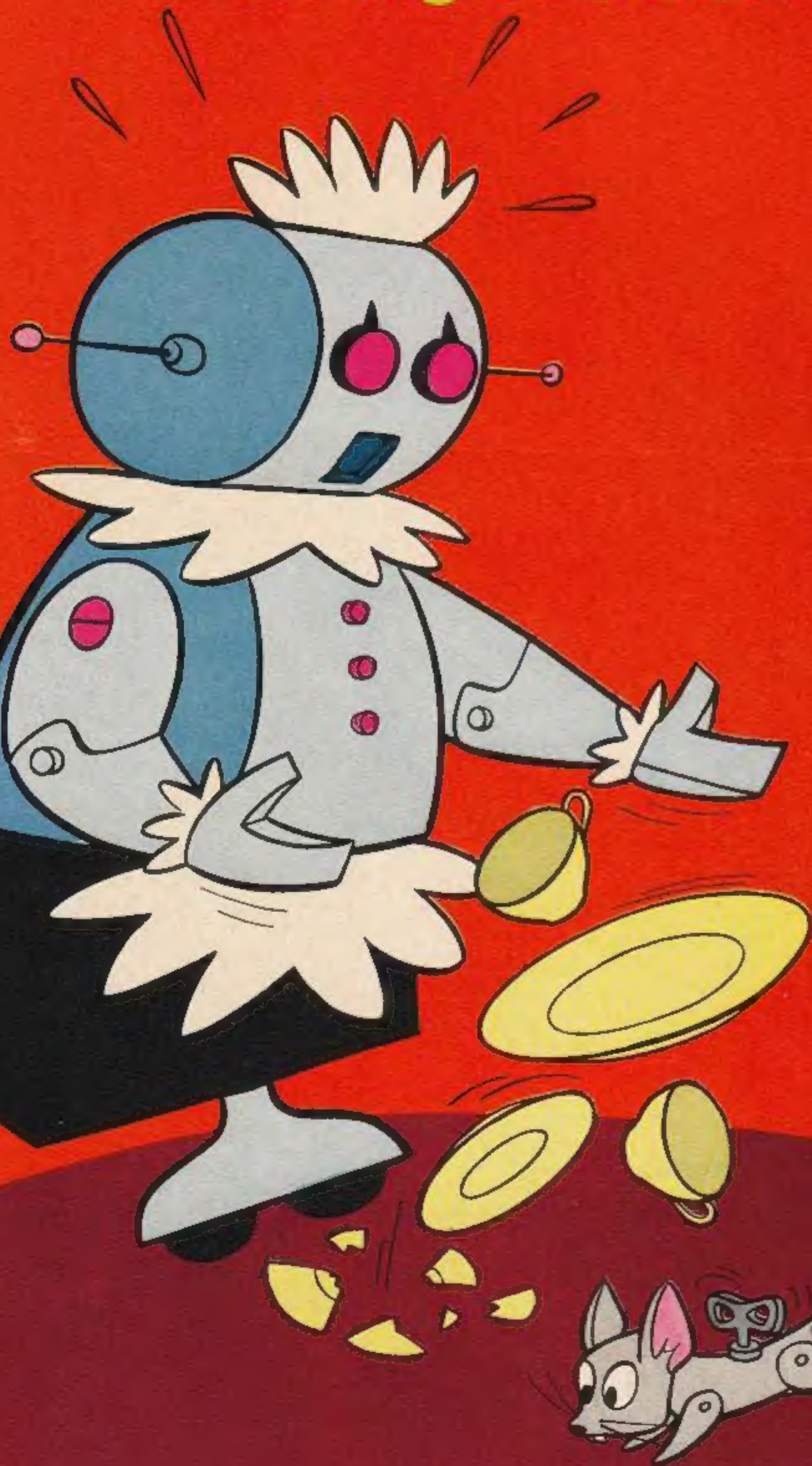
THE JETSONS

NOW ONLY 12c

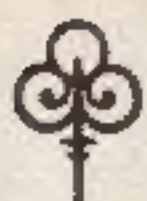
10041-309
SEPTEMBER

The JETSONS

featuring ROSEY the ROBOT



by HANNA-BARBERA



KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

The HISTORY of FLIGHT

NUMBER 8

Aviation Comes of Age

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



Aviation grew up in World War I. Aerial combat required speed and maneuverability, and planes to fill the need were demanded.



Fokker in Germany, de Havilland in England, and Curtiss in America worked furiously to produce faster fighters and heavier bombers.



A quarter-century later, the World War II dive bombers, Flying Fortresses, and Zeros bore little resemblance to their ancestors.

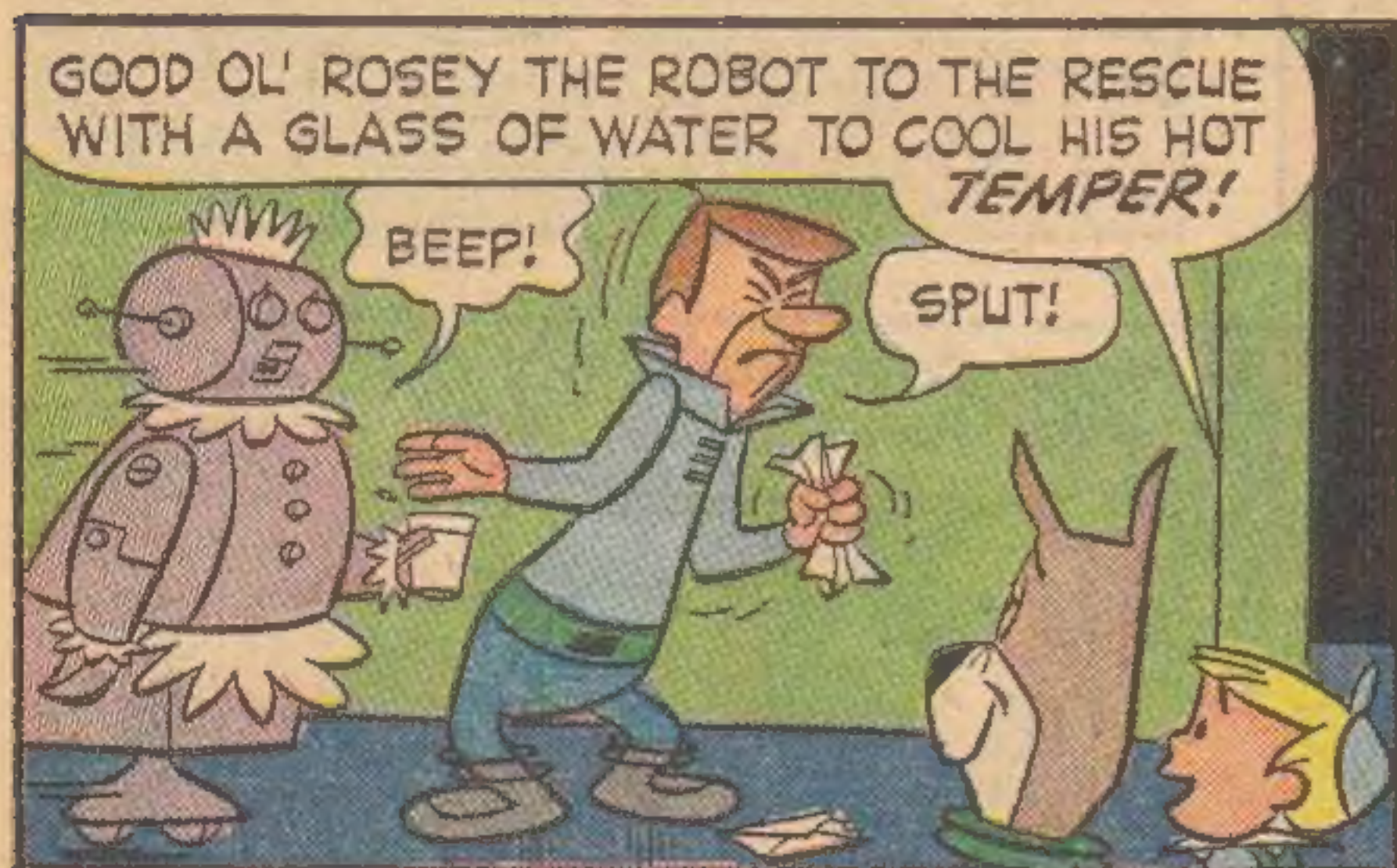
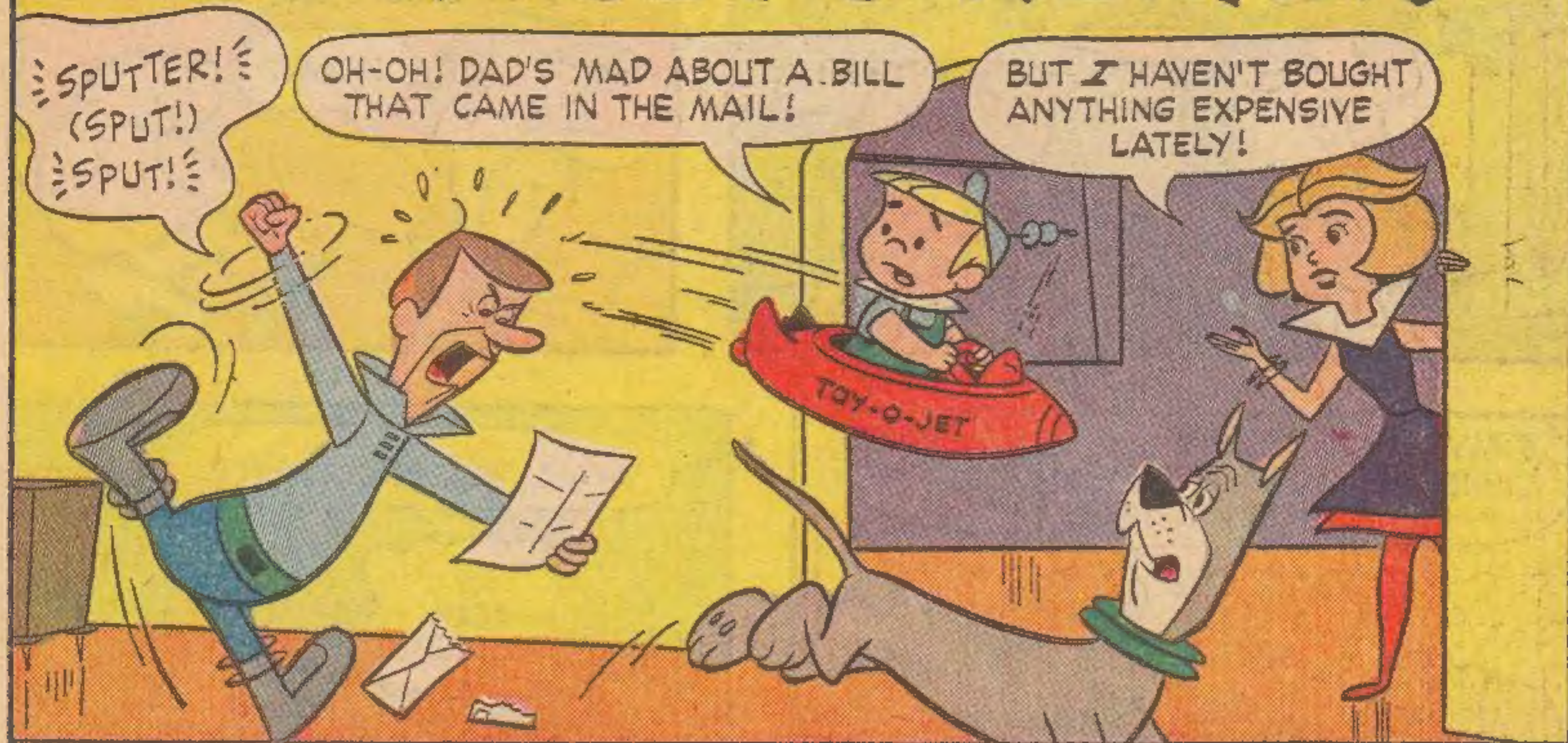


Plane-against-plane dogfights of World War I gave way to huge flying squadrons. Speeds were now up to four hundred miles per hour.

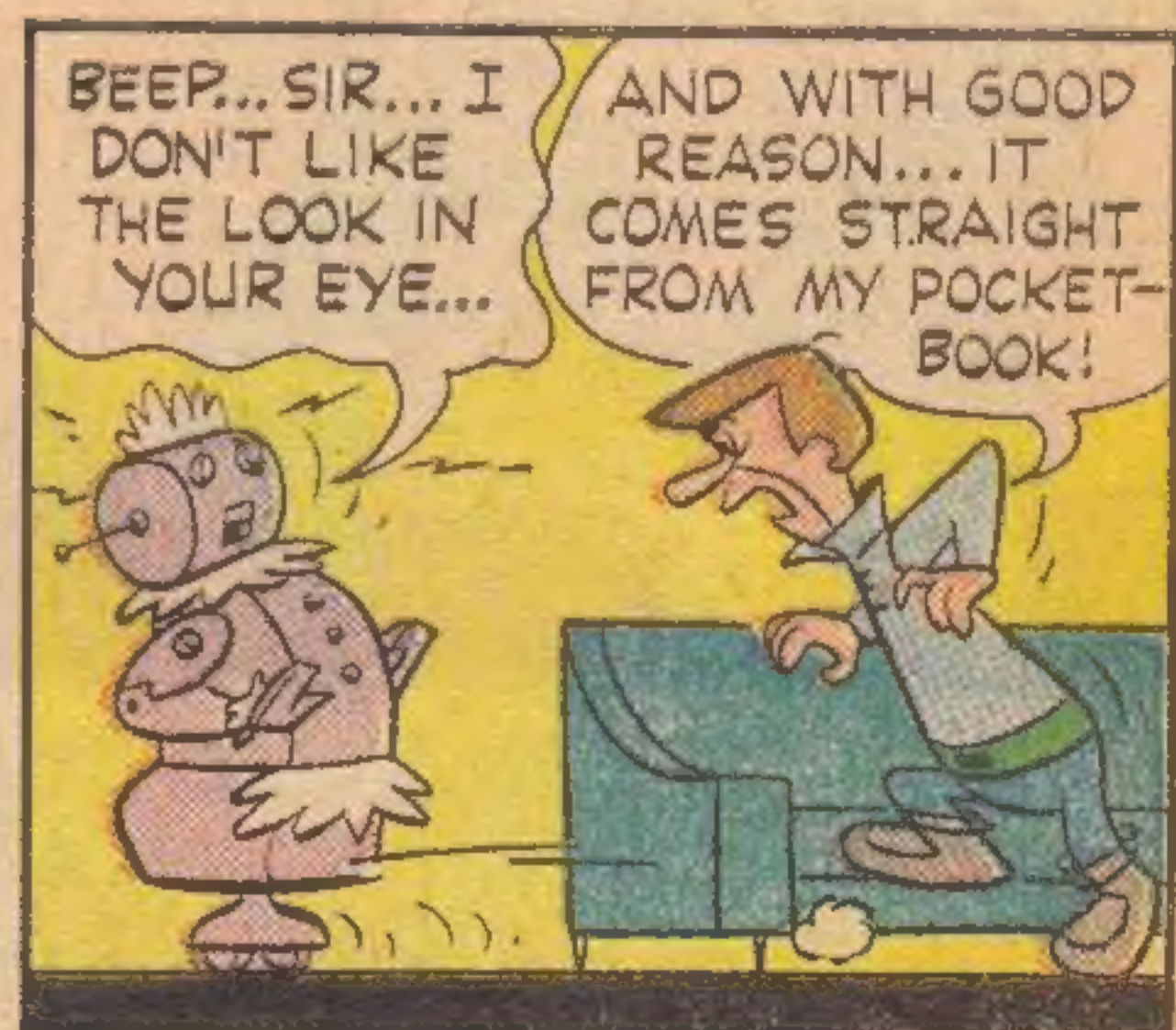
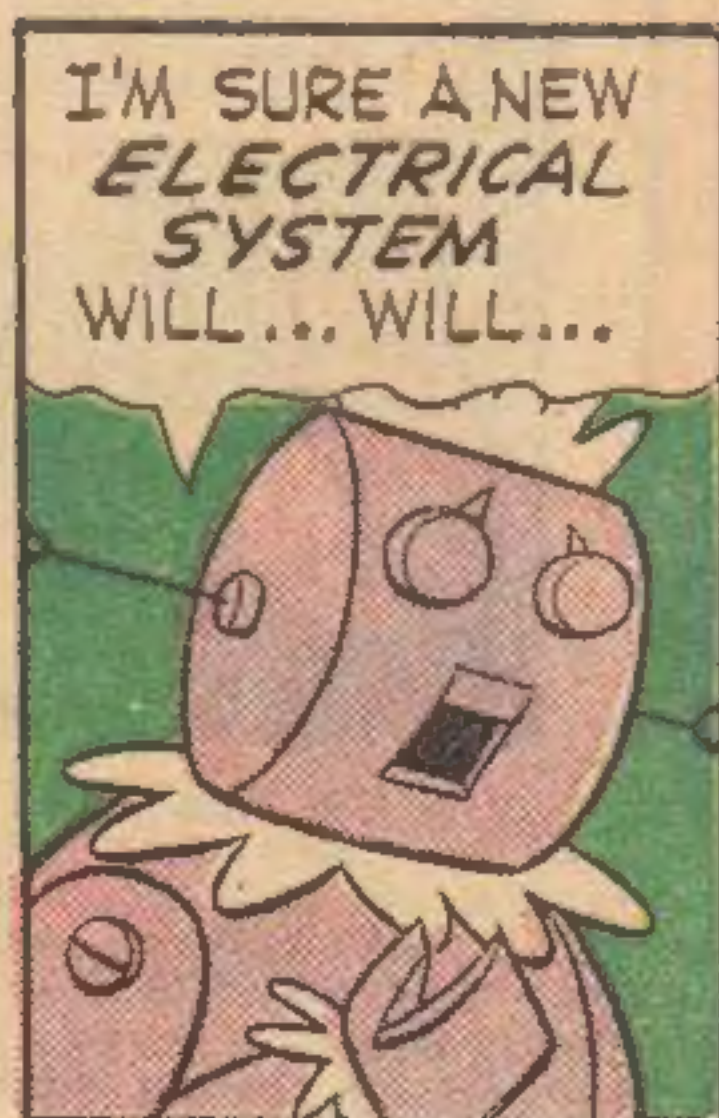
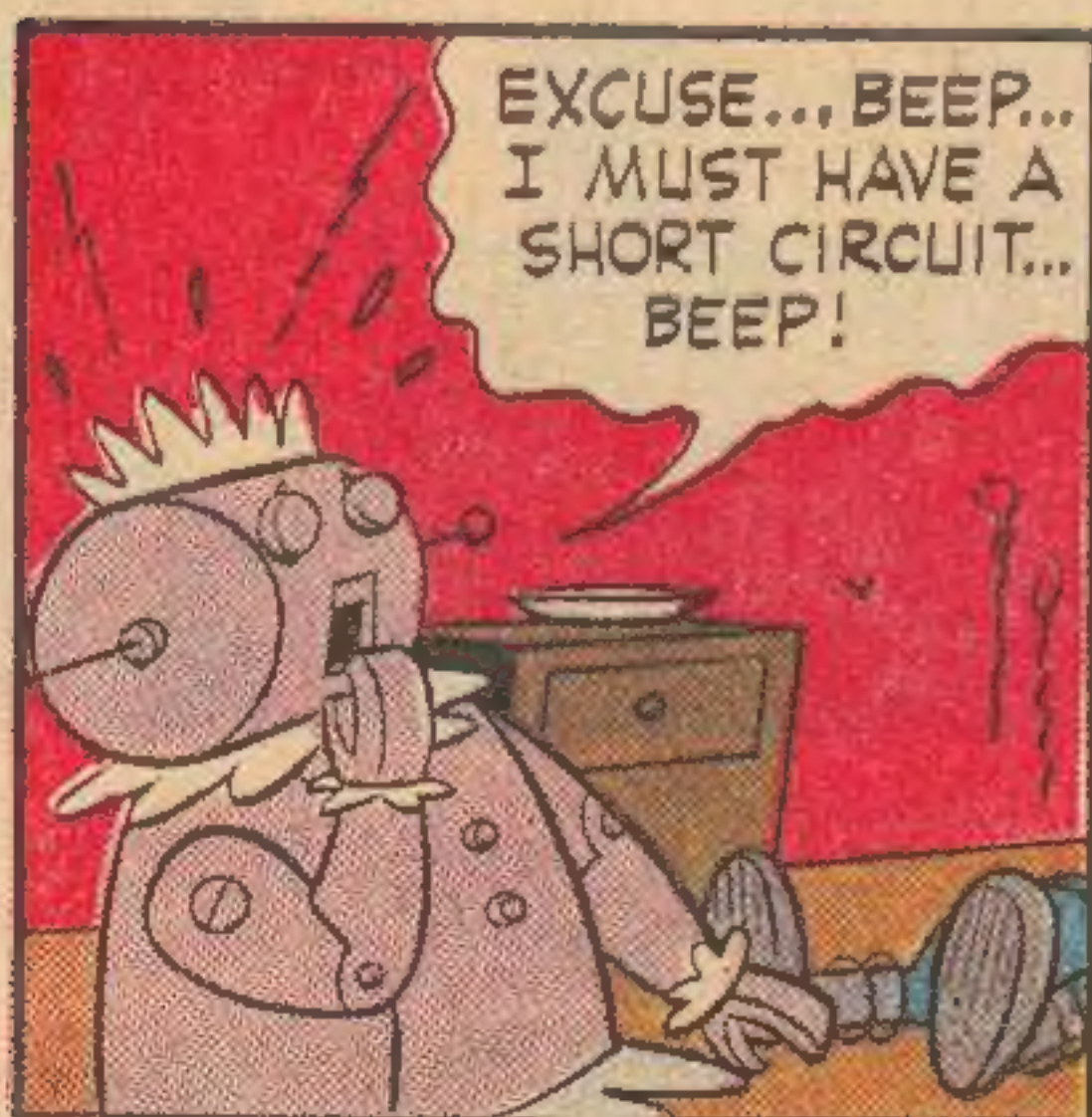
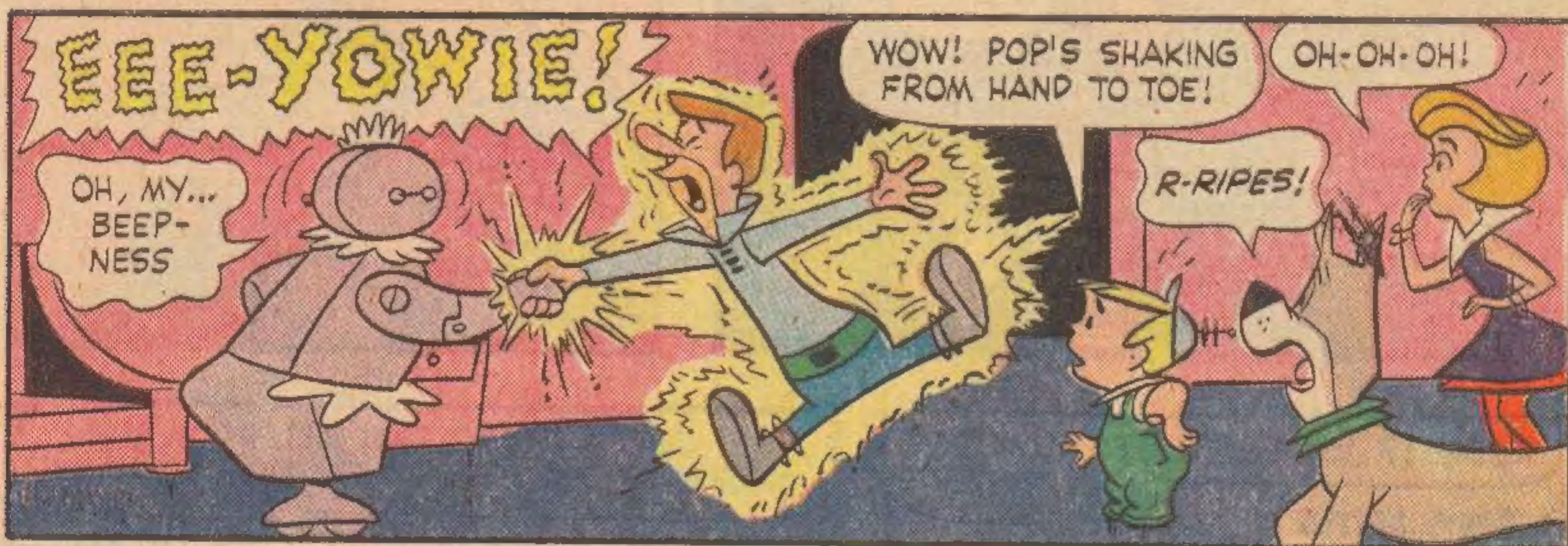


Helicopters had developed, too. Since they could hover or land where planes could not, their use in rescue work saved many lives.

ROSEY'S REWARD



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
THE JETSONS, No. 5, September, 1963. Published bi-monthly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Application for second-class entry pending at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 65c per year; foreign subscriptions \$1.15 per year; Canadian subscriptions 90c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1963, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



AND SINCE YOU CAN'T
EVEN GIVE AWAY 2ND-
HAND ROBOTS WITH
POWER PROBLEMS...

SORRY, BUT I HAVE TO CAN YOU, ROSEY!

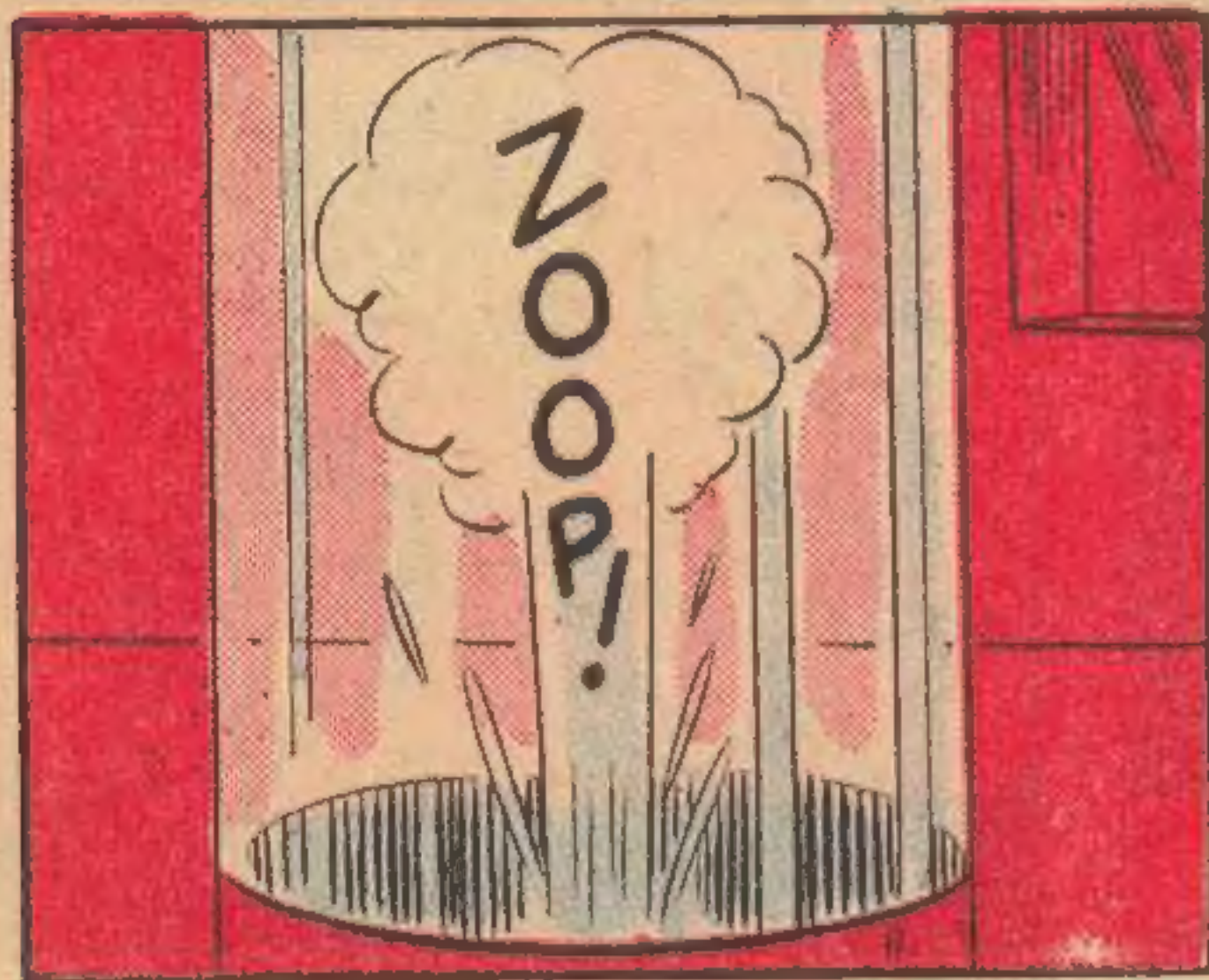
GOOD-BEEP-
BY...FOLKS!

GOOD-BY,
ROSEY...
(SNIFF!)

SO LONG!

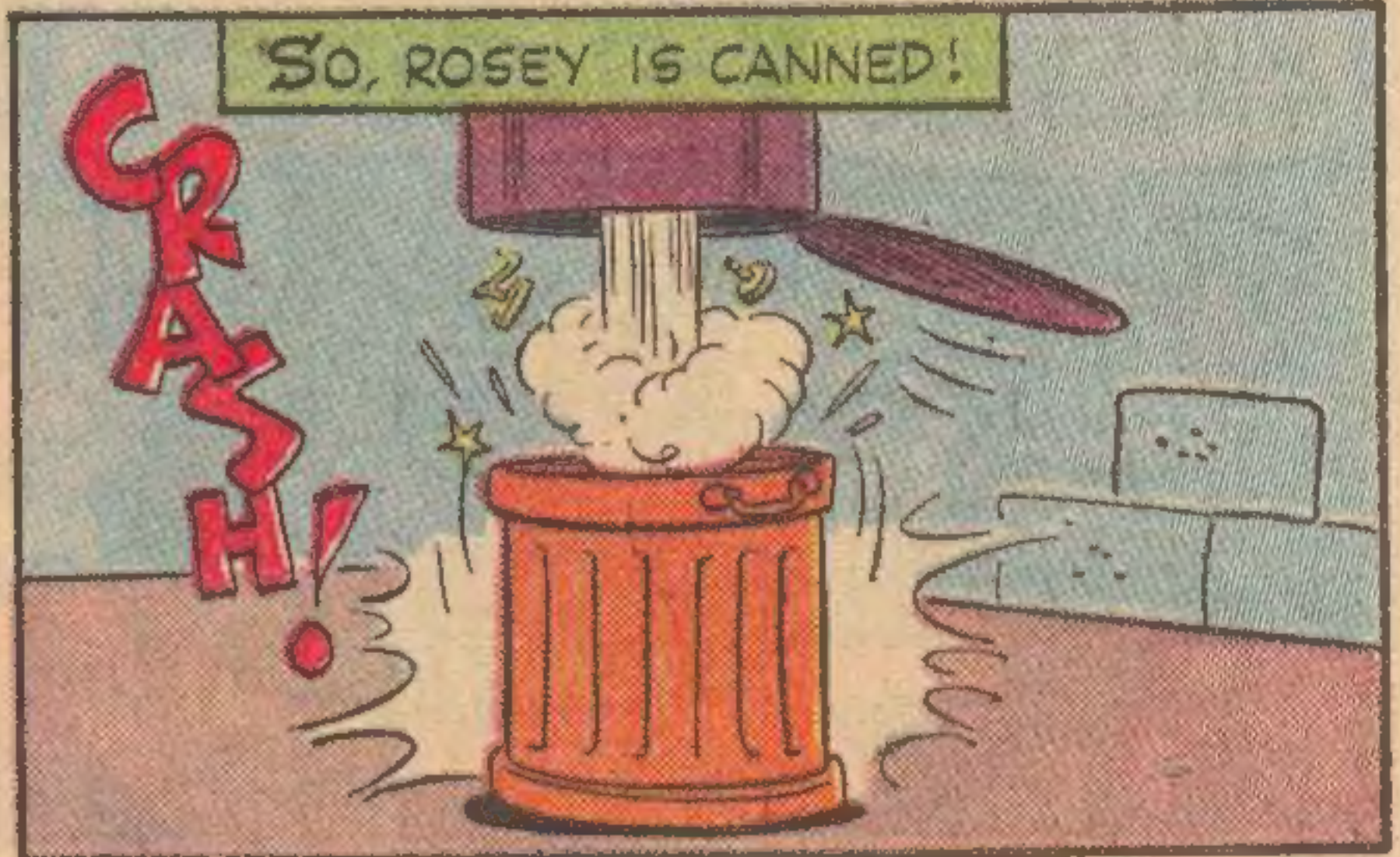


ZOOOP!



SO, ROSEY IS CANNED!

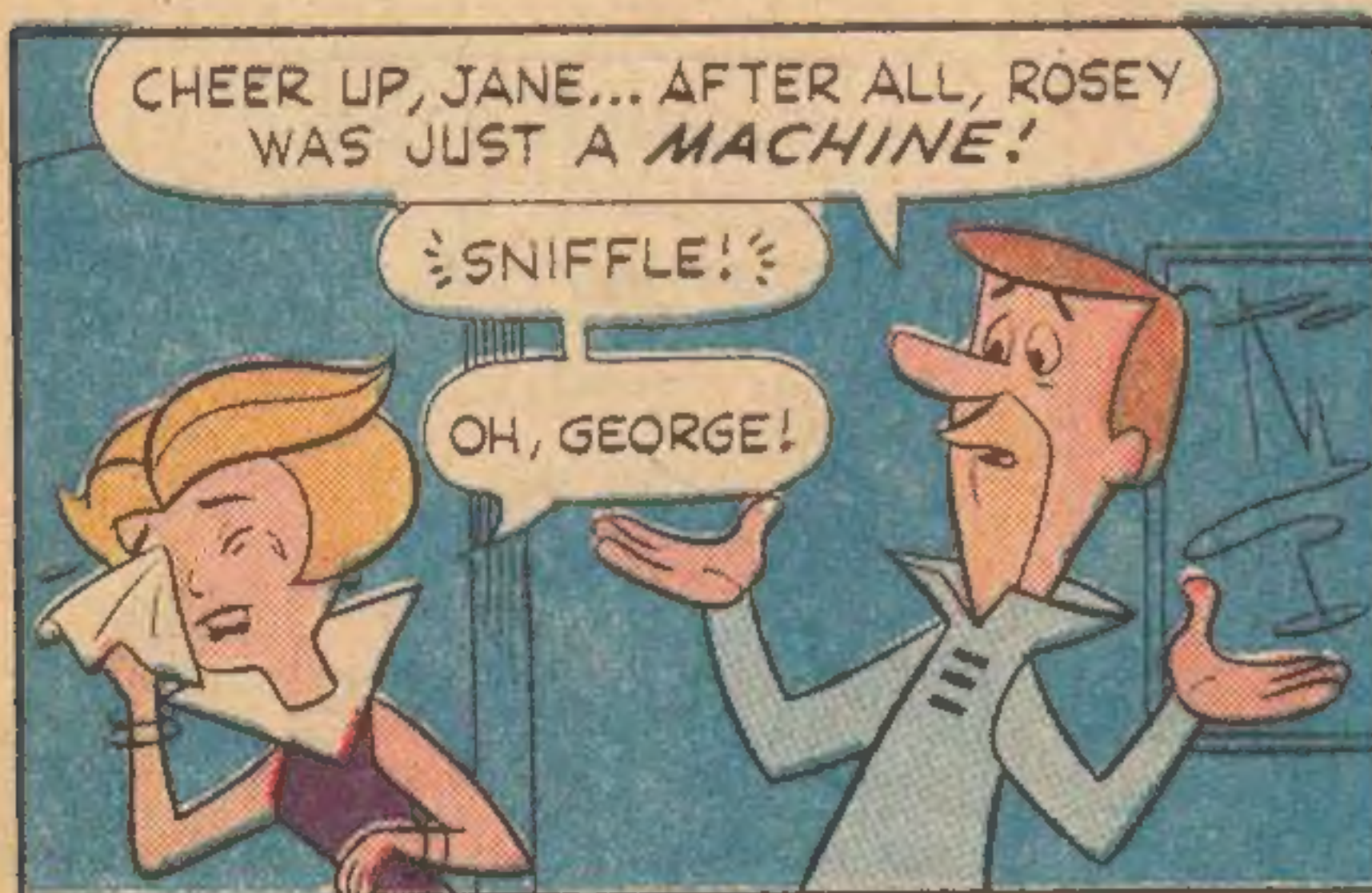
CRASH!



CHEER UP, JANE... AFTER ALL, ROSEY
WAS JUST A *MACHINE*!

:(SNIFFLE!):

OH, GEORGE!



I'M CRYING BECAUSE OF
ALL THE *WORK* I'LL HAVE
TO DO NOW!

OH!



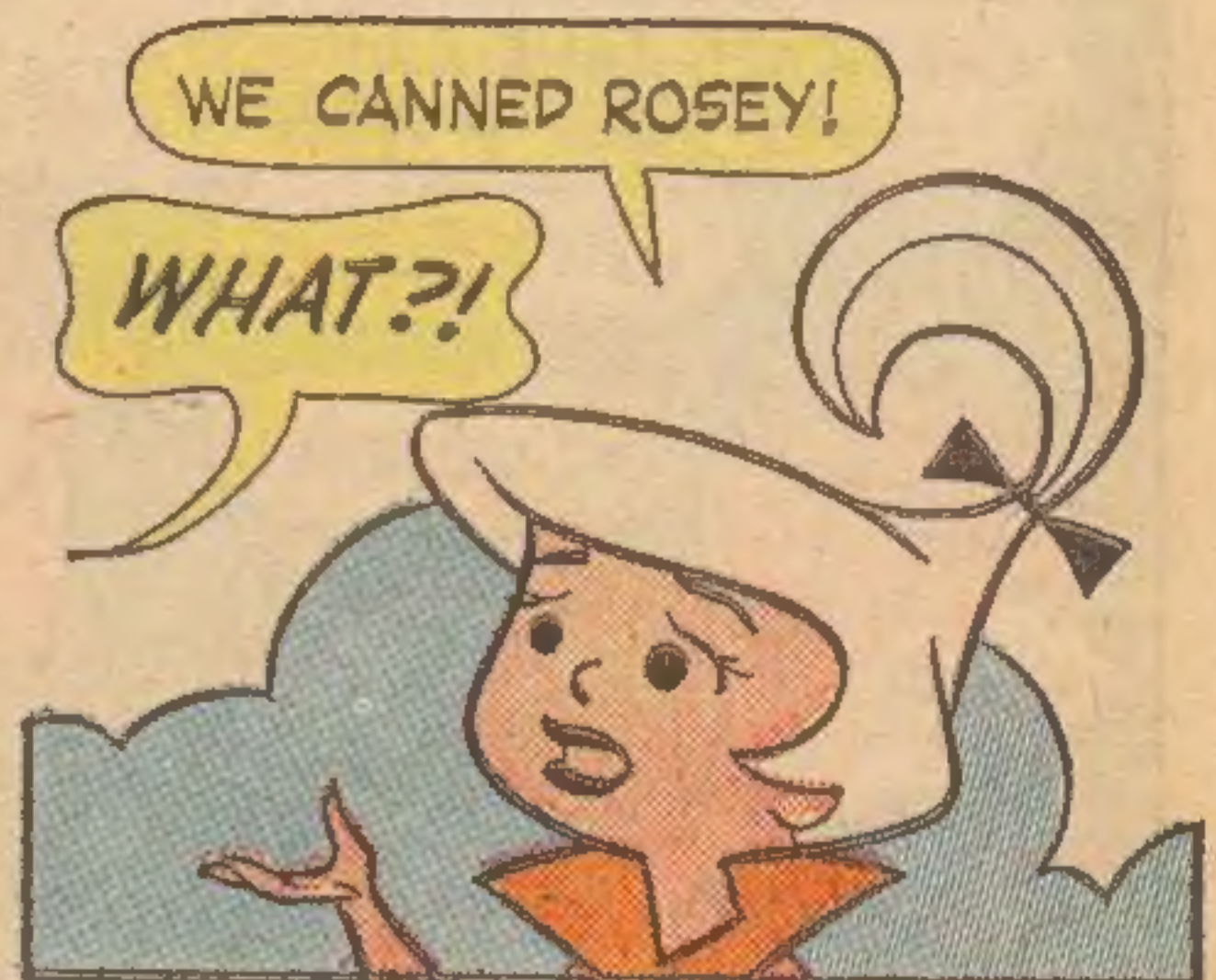
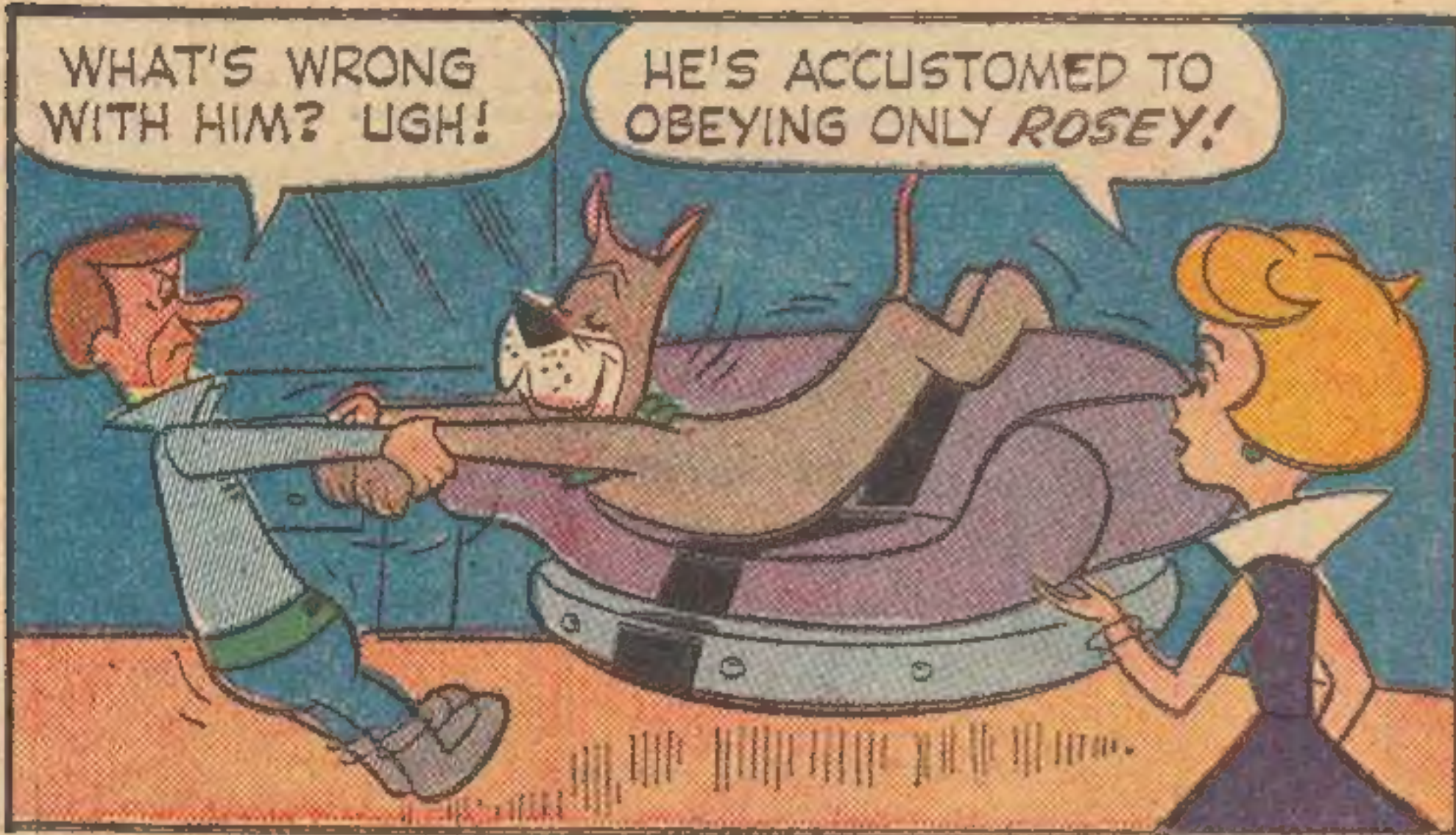
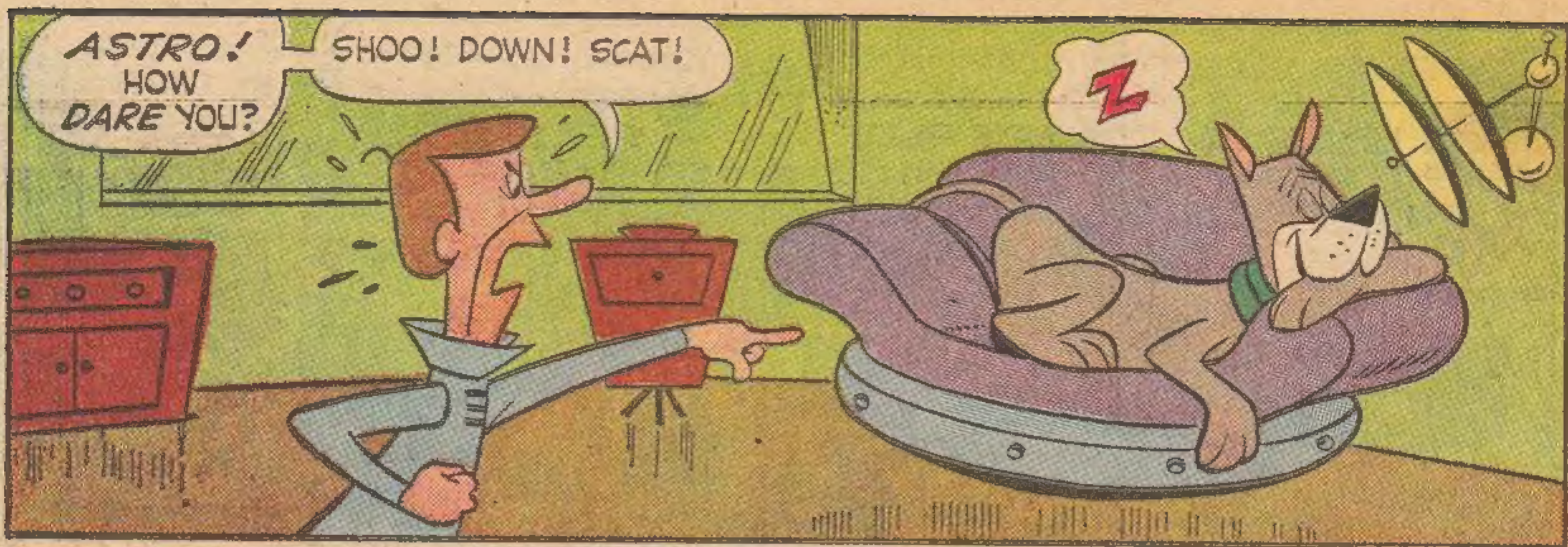
AND SHORTLY...

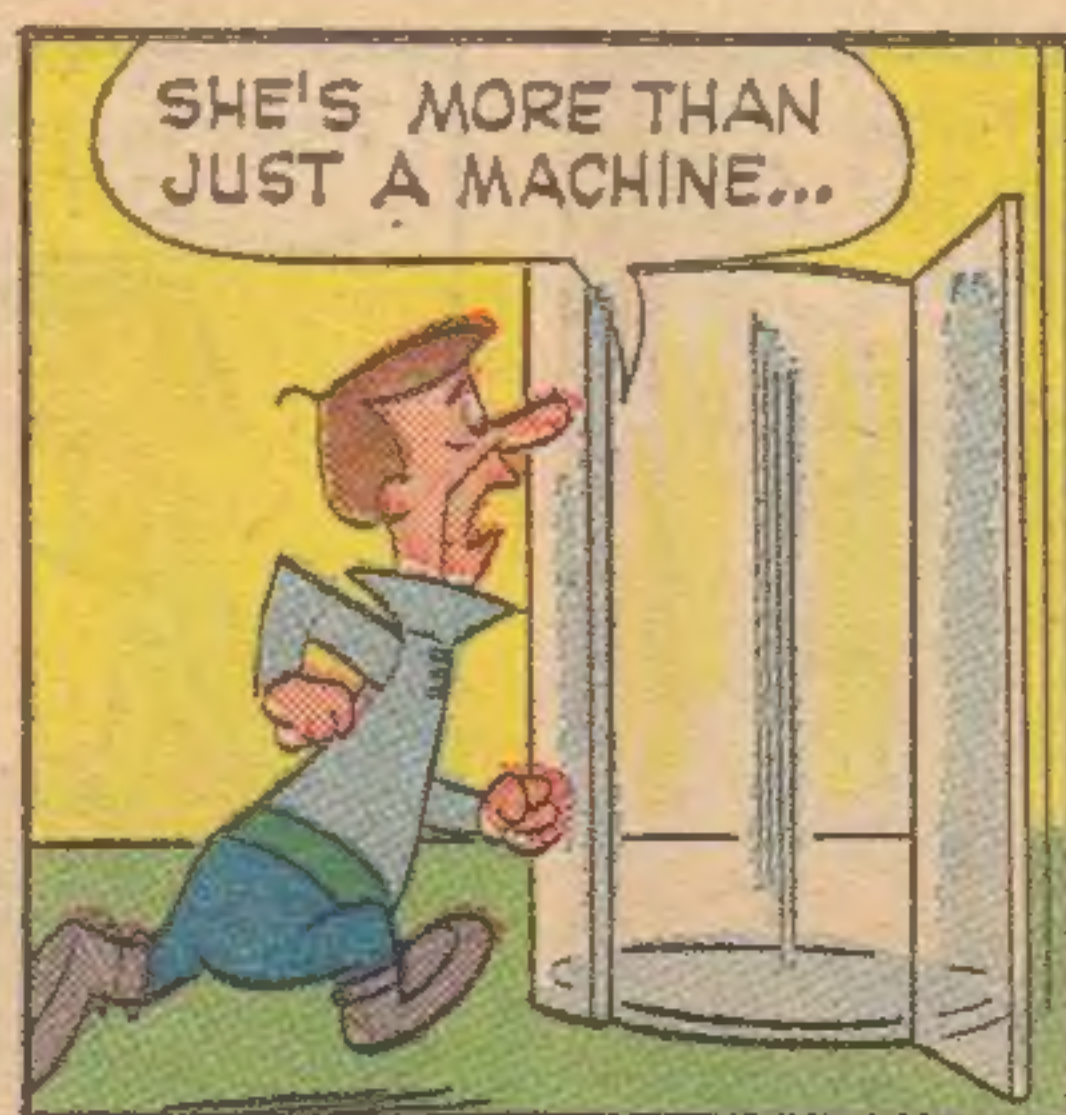
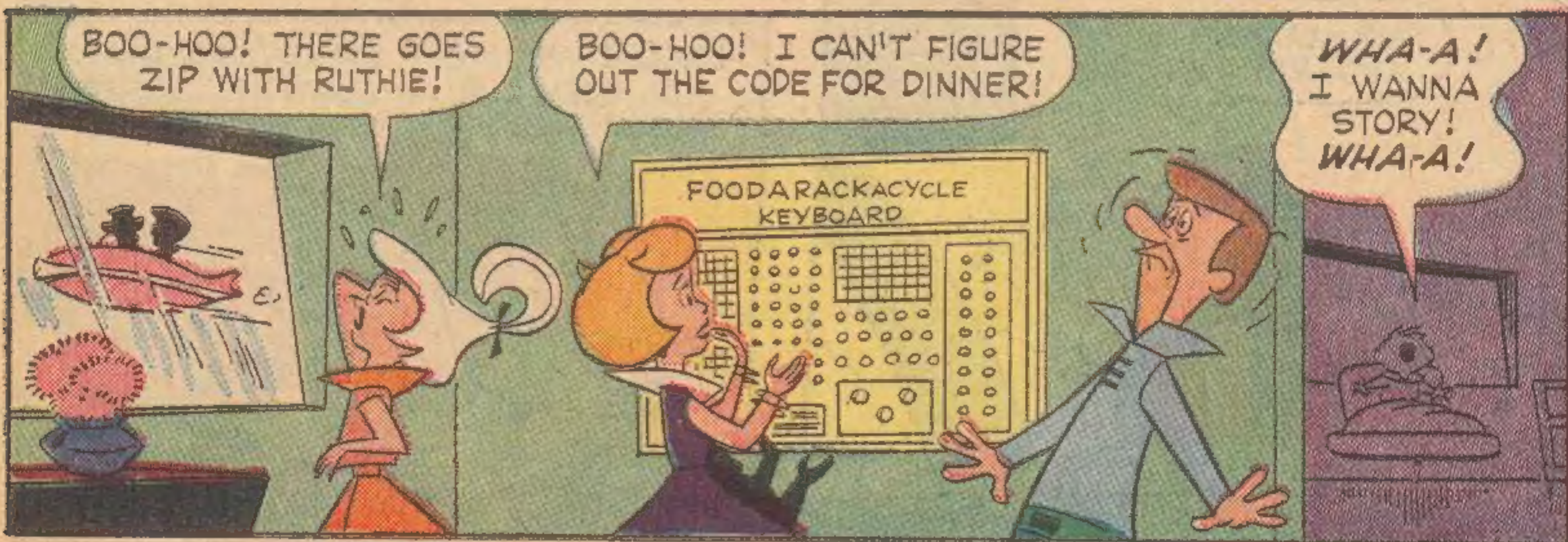
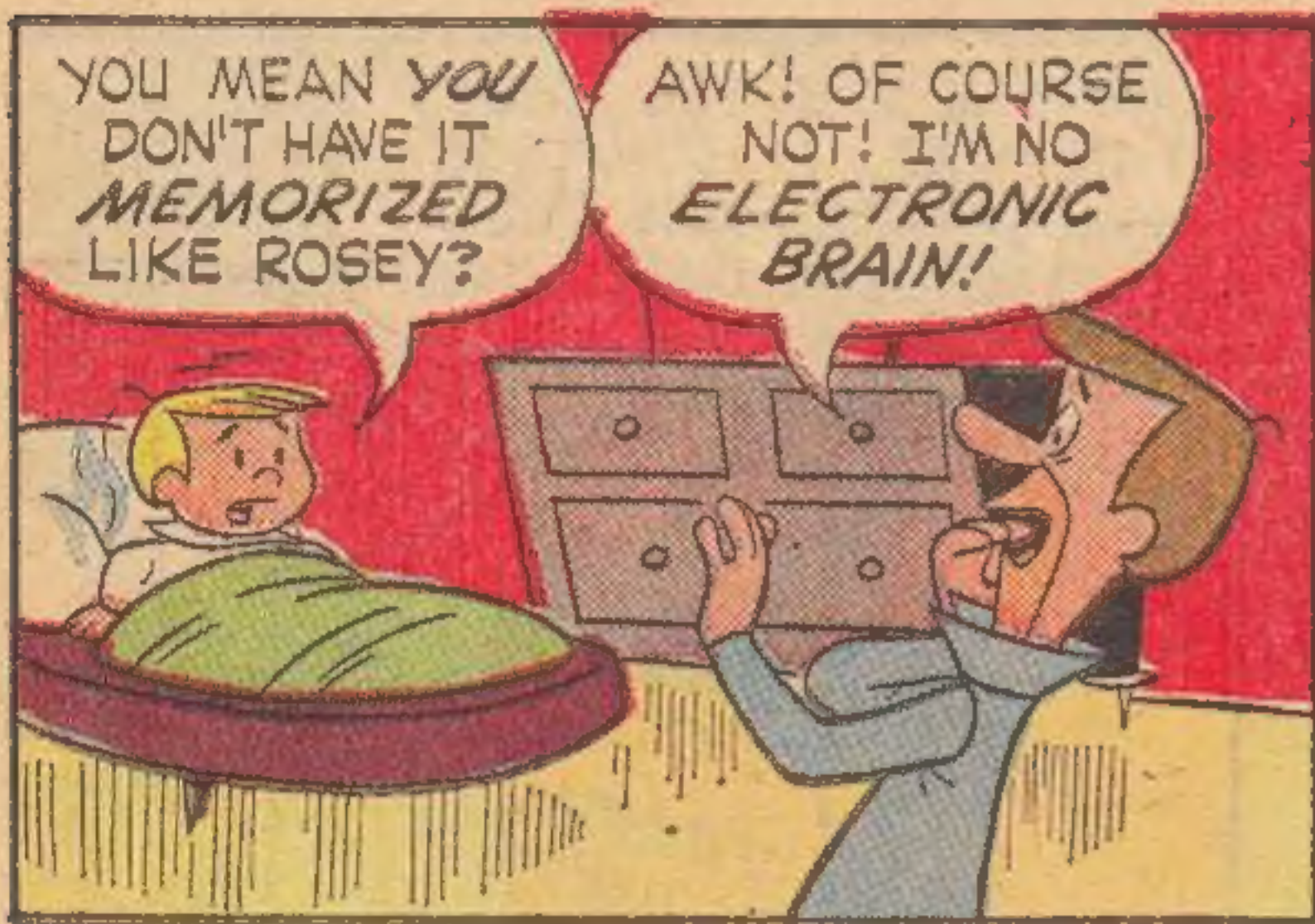
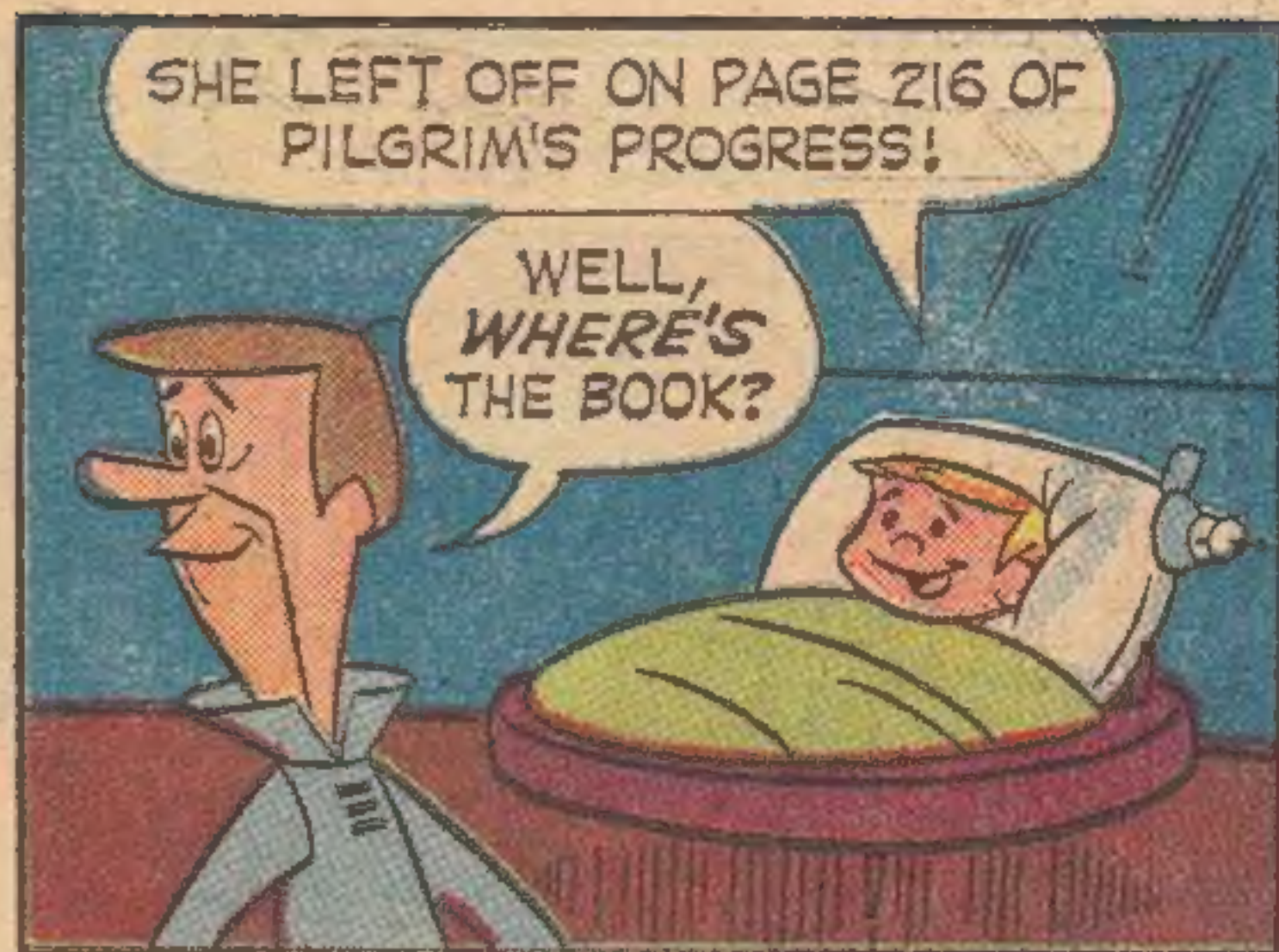
(WHEW!)... I SEE
WHAT YOU MEAN,
DEAR! THIS IS
RUGGED
LIVING!

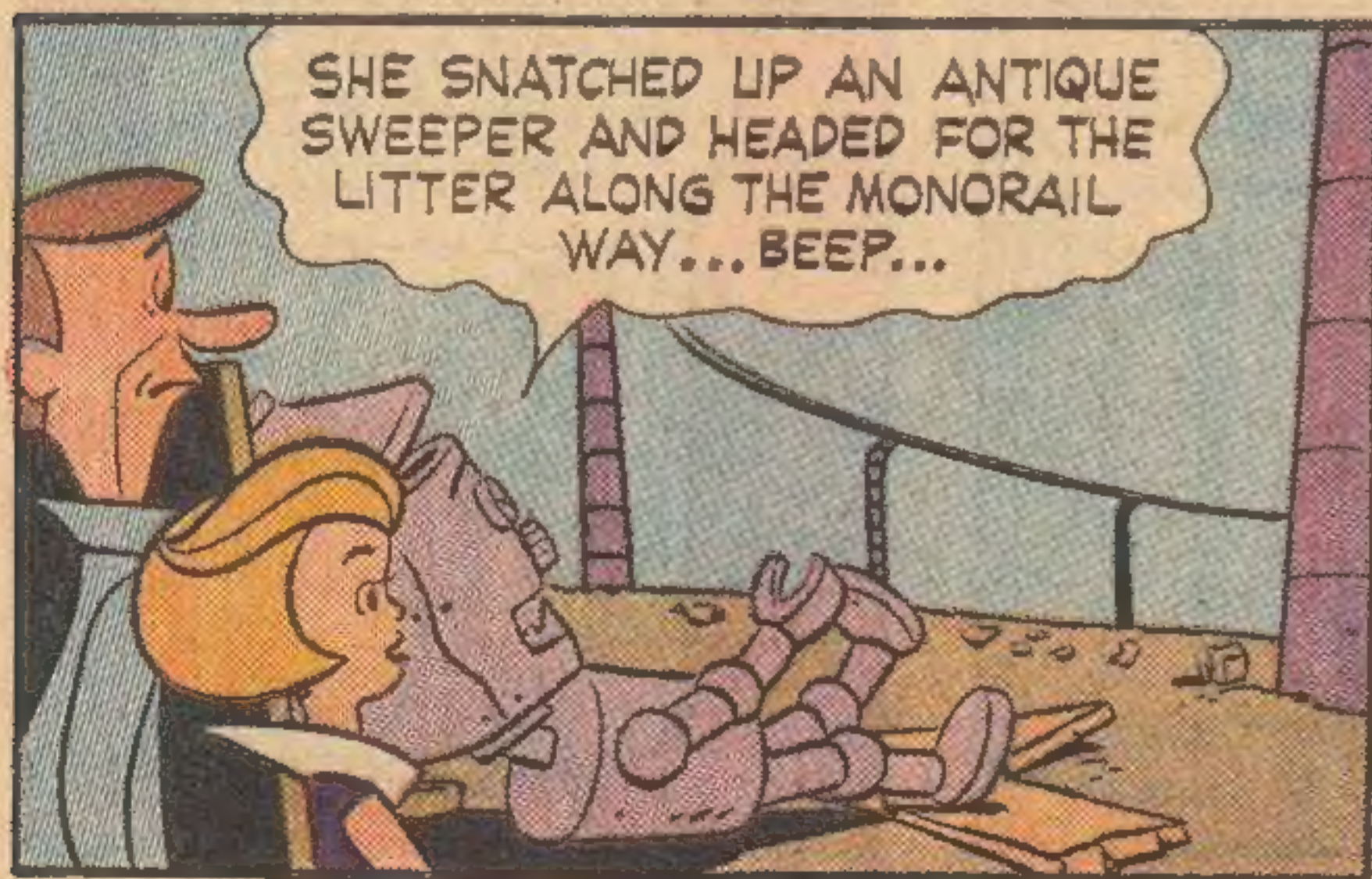
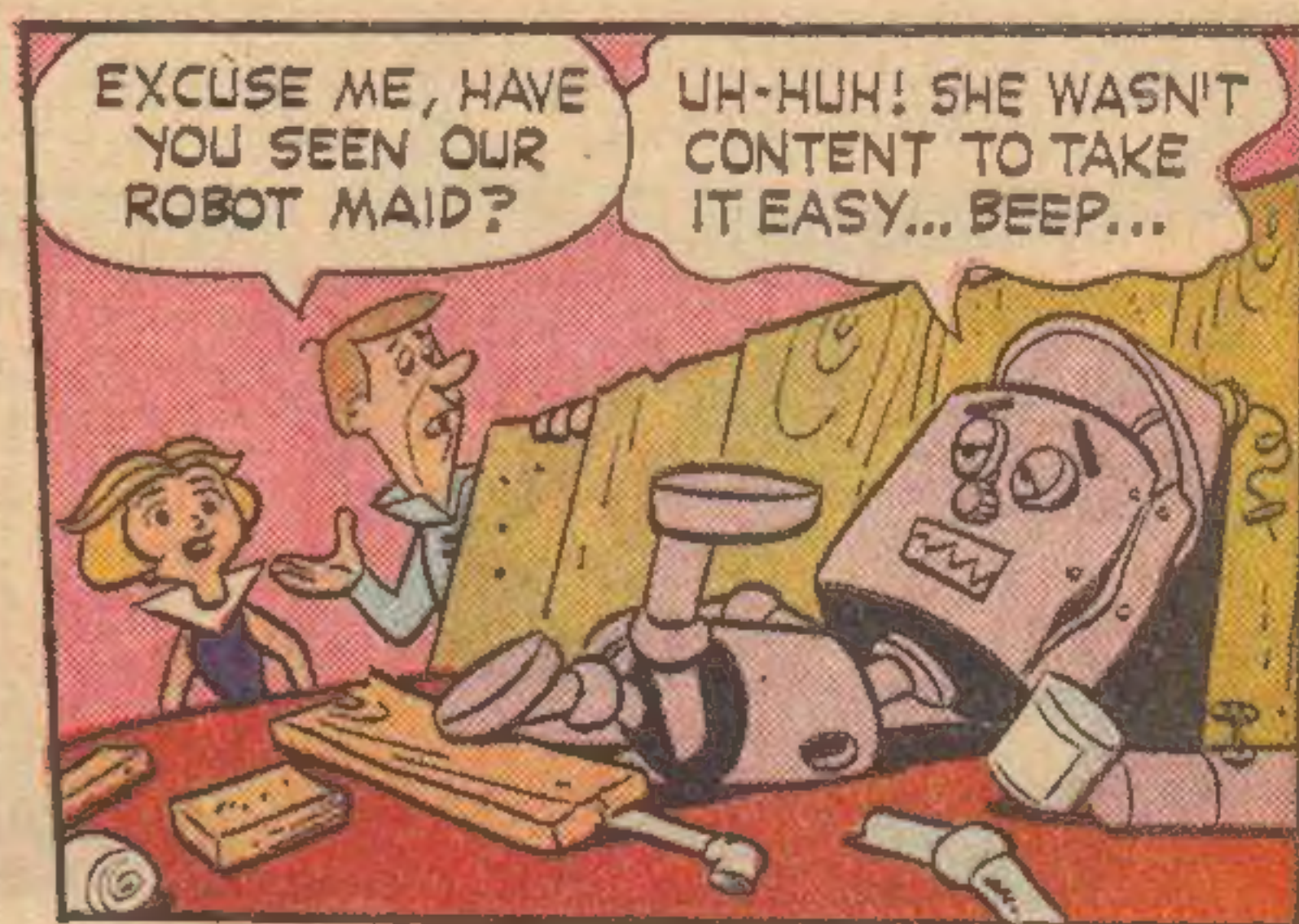


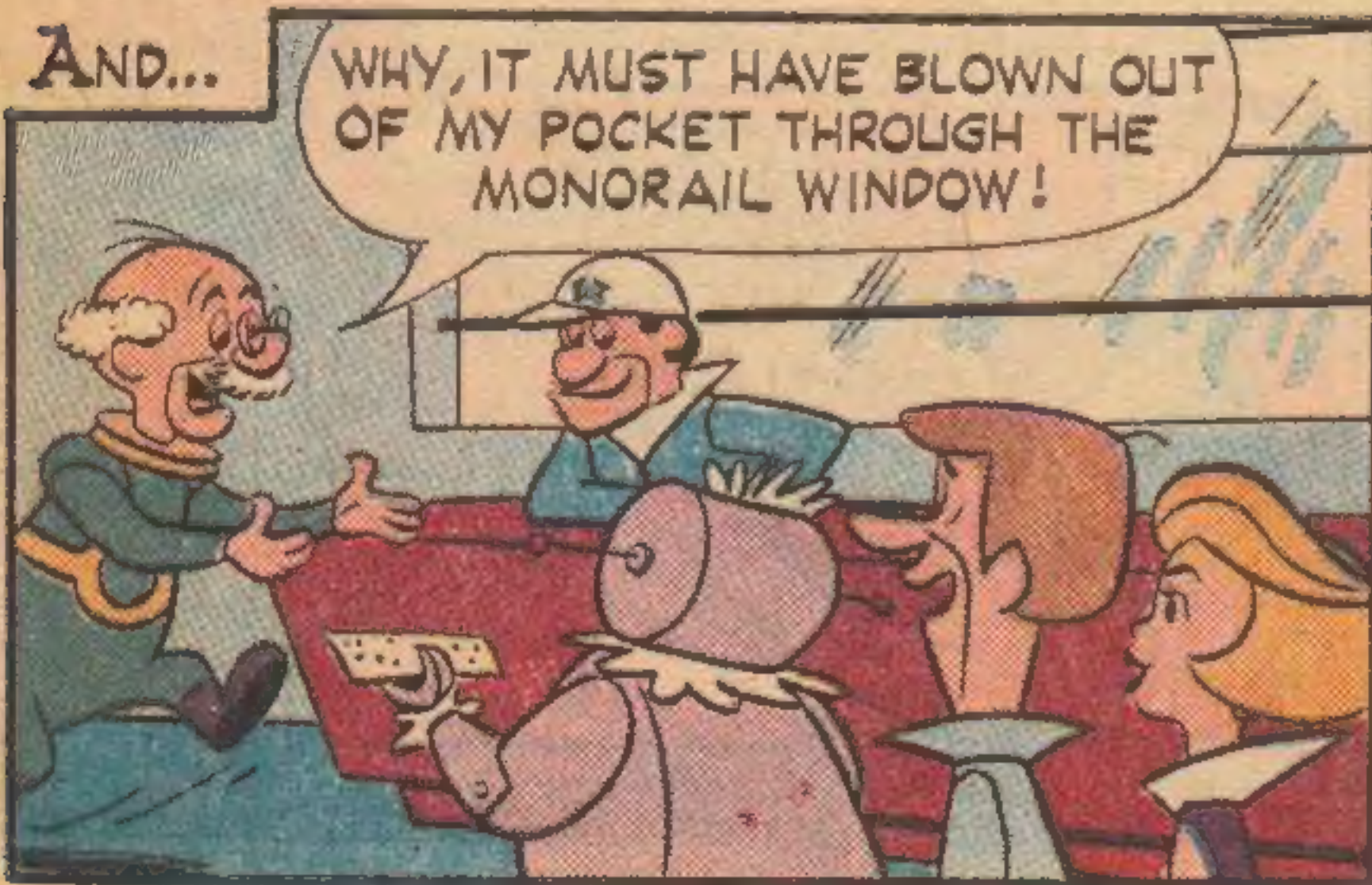
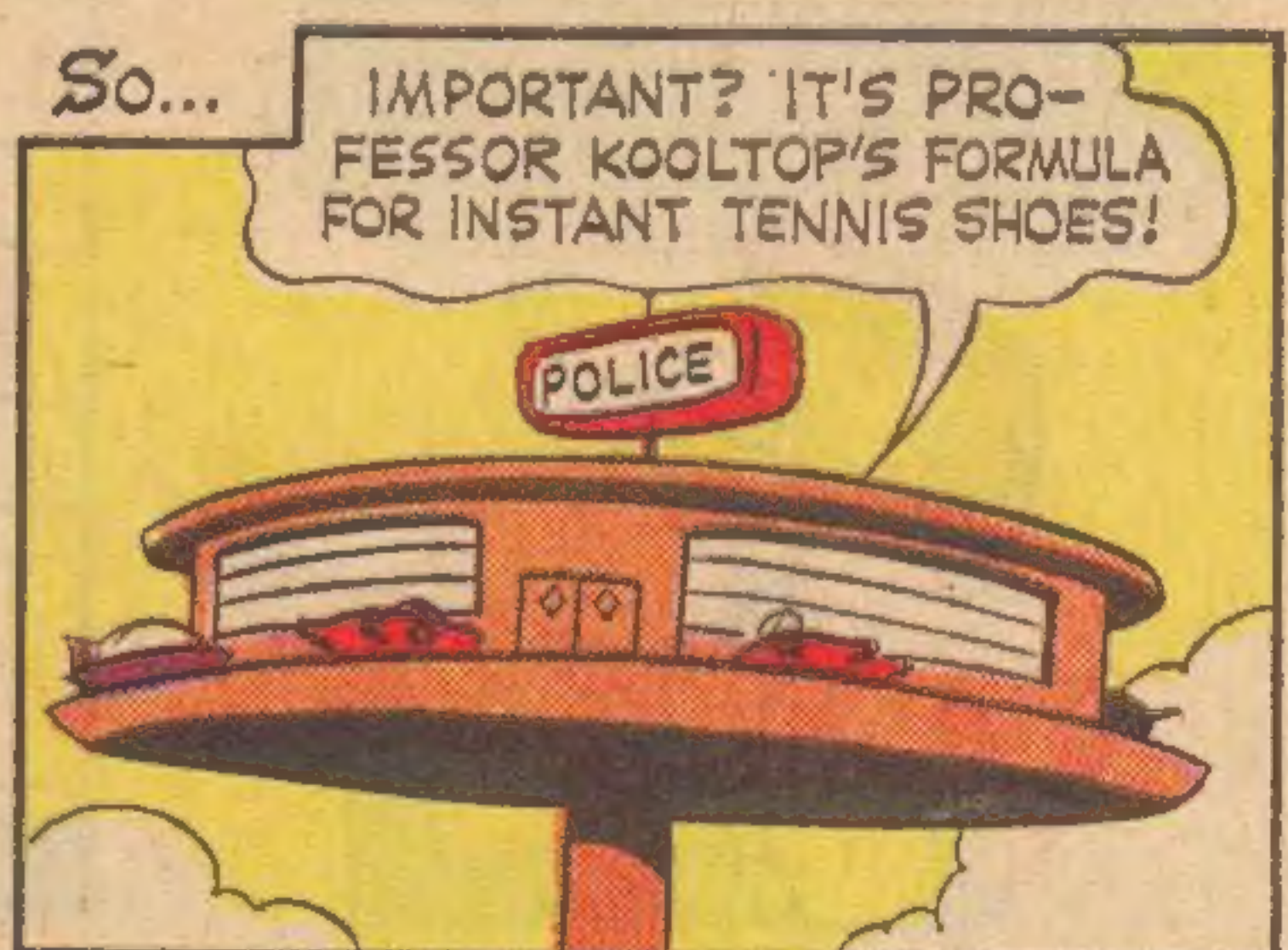
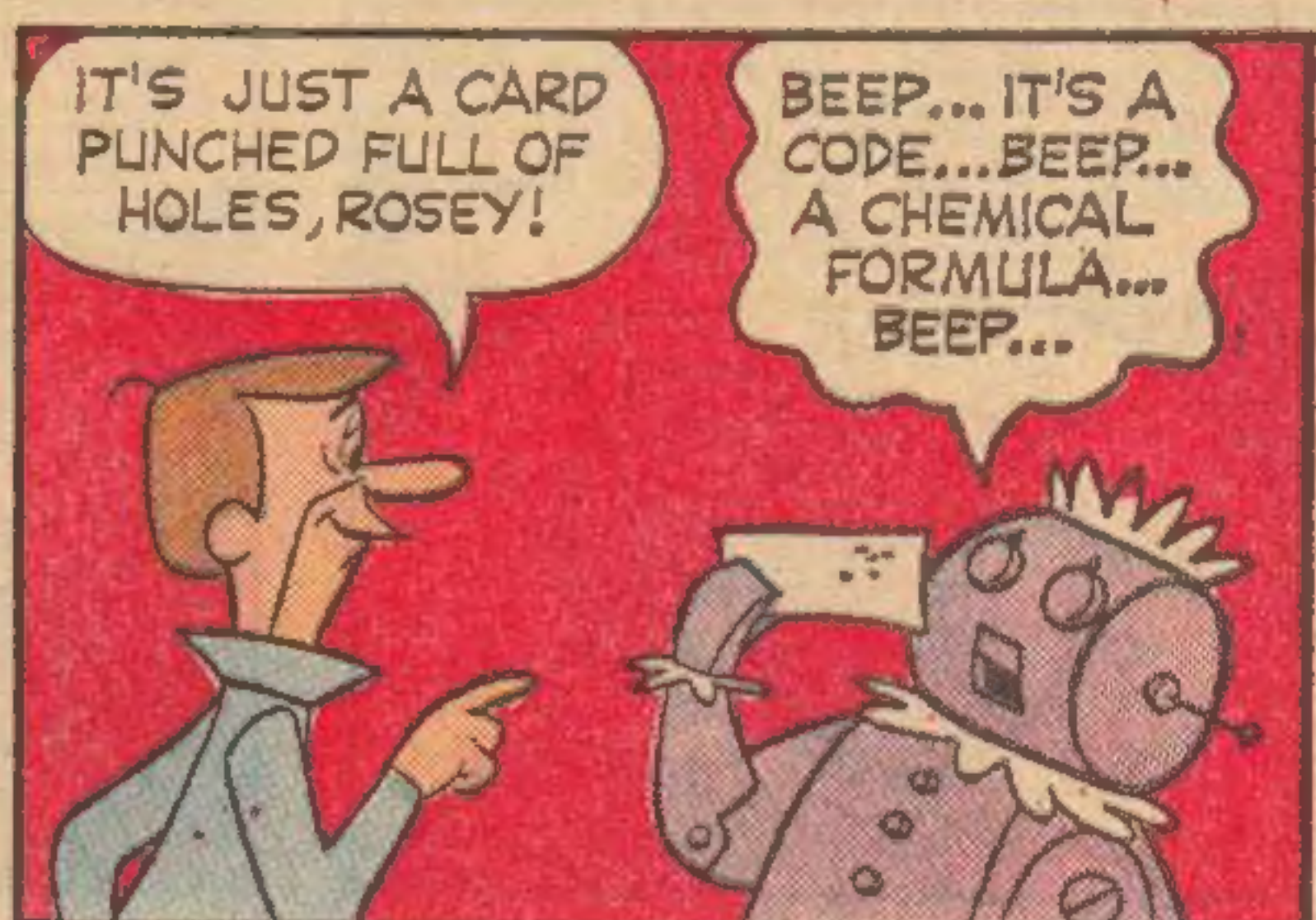
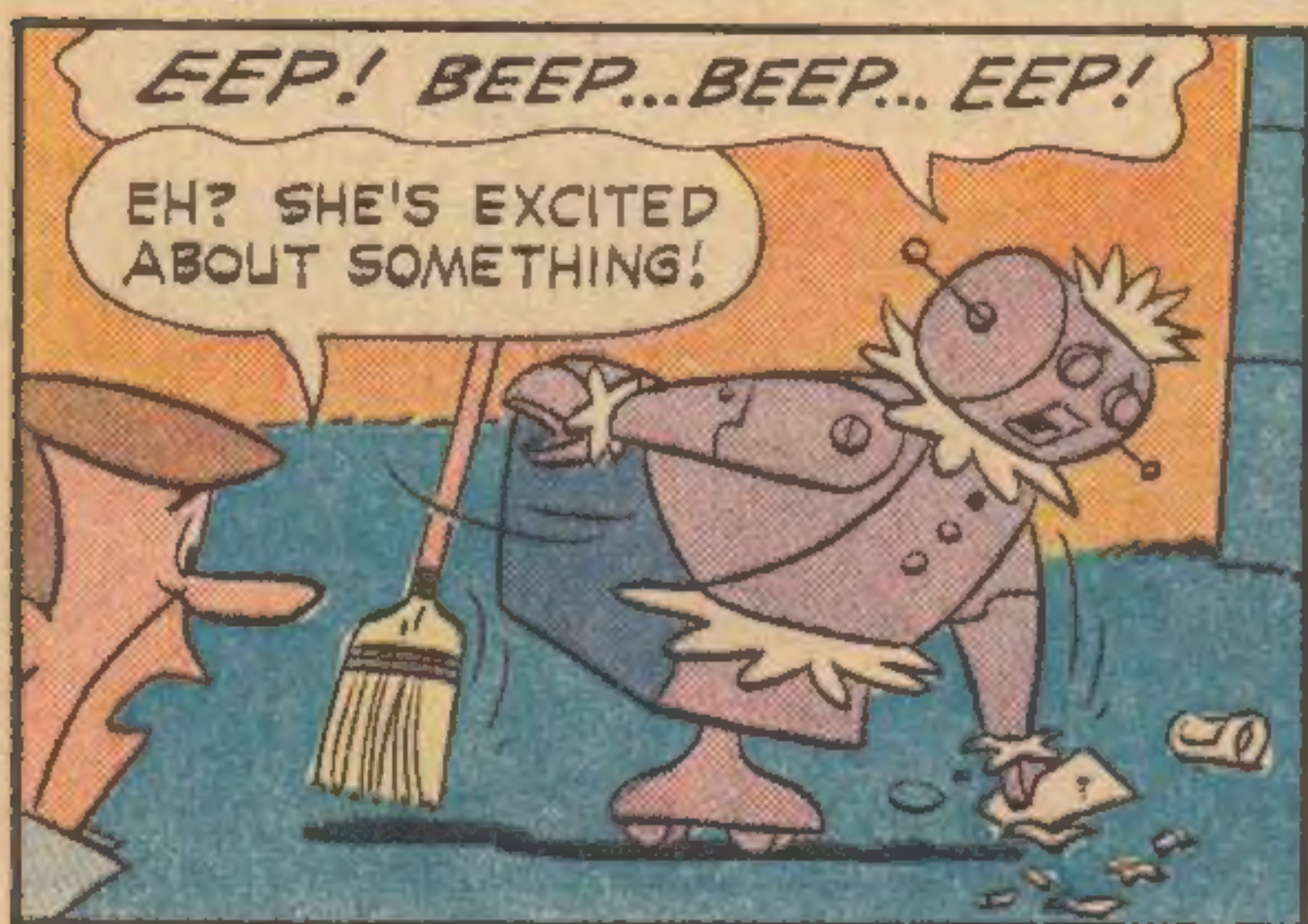
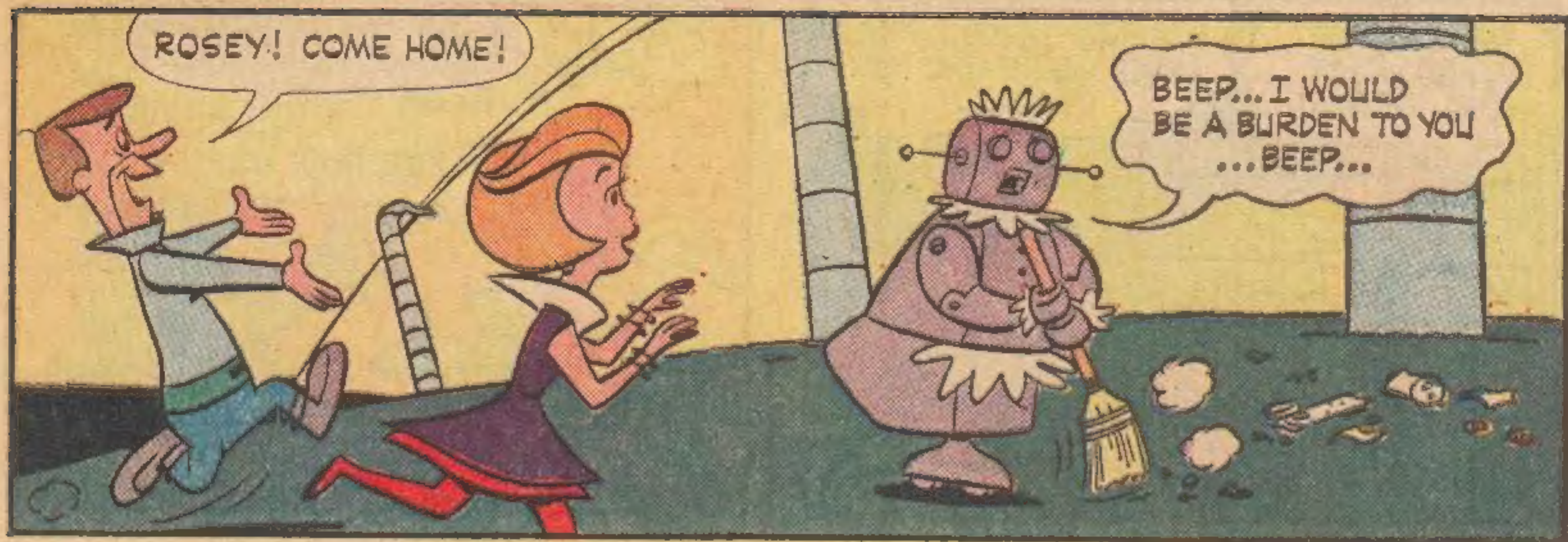
I'VE GOT TO
TAKE A REST
ON MY
CUSHION-
AIR CHAIR!

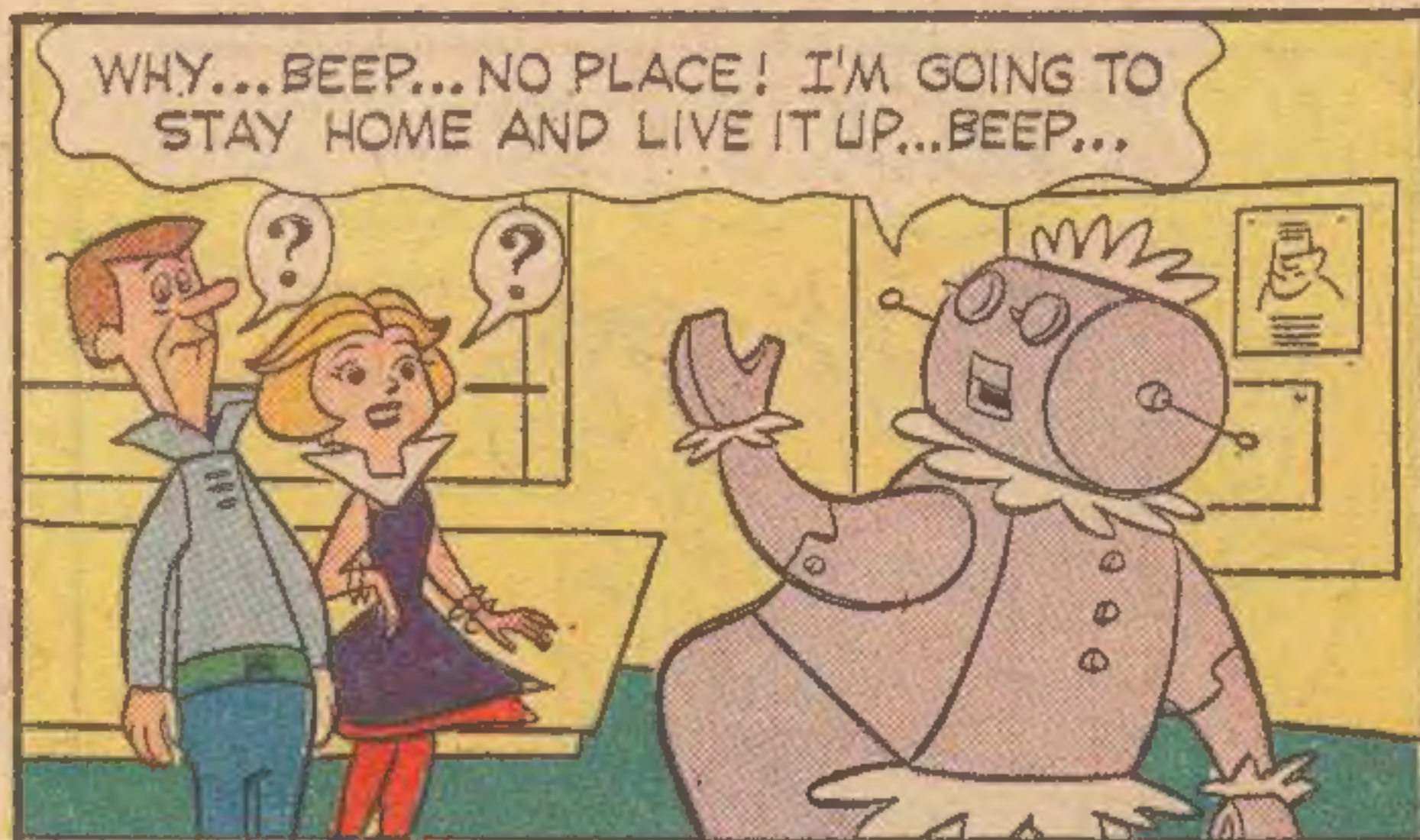
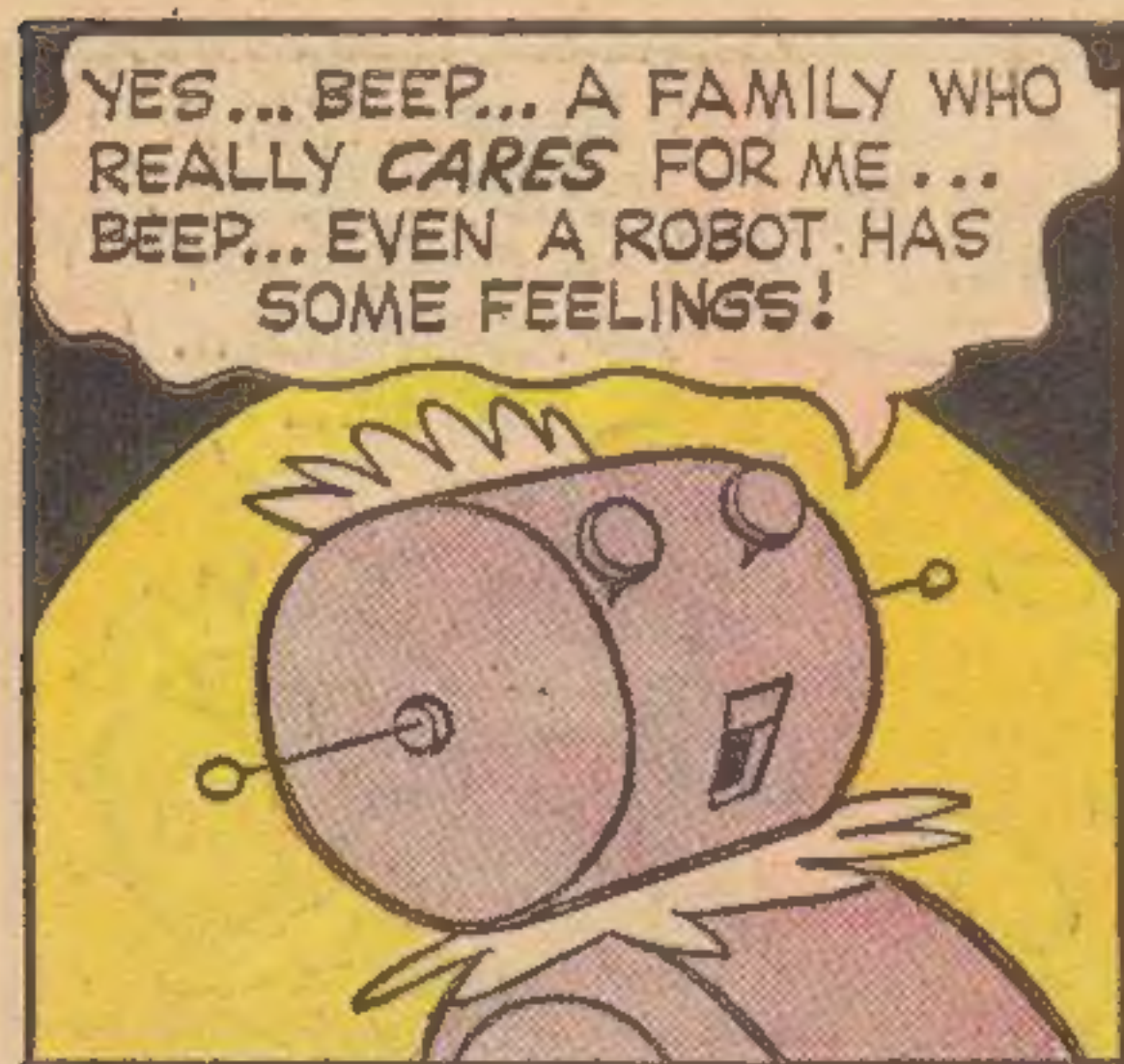
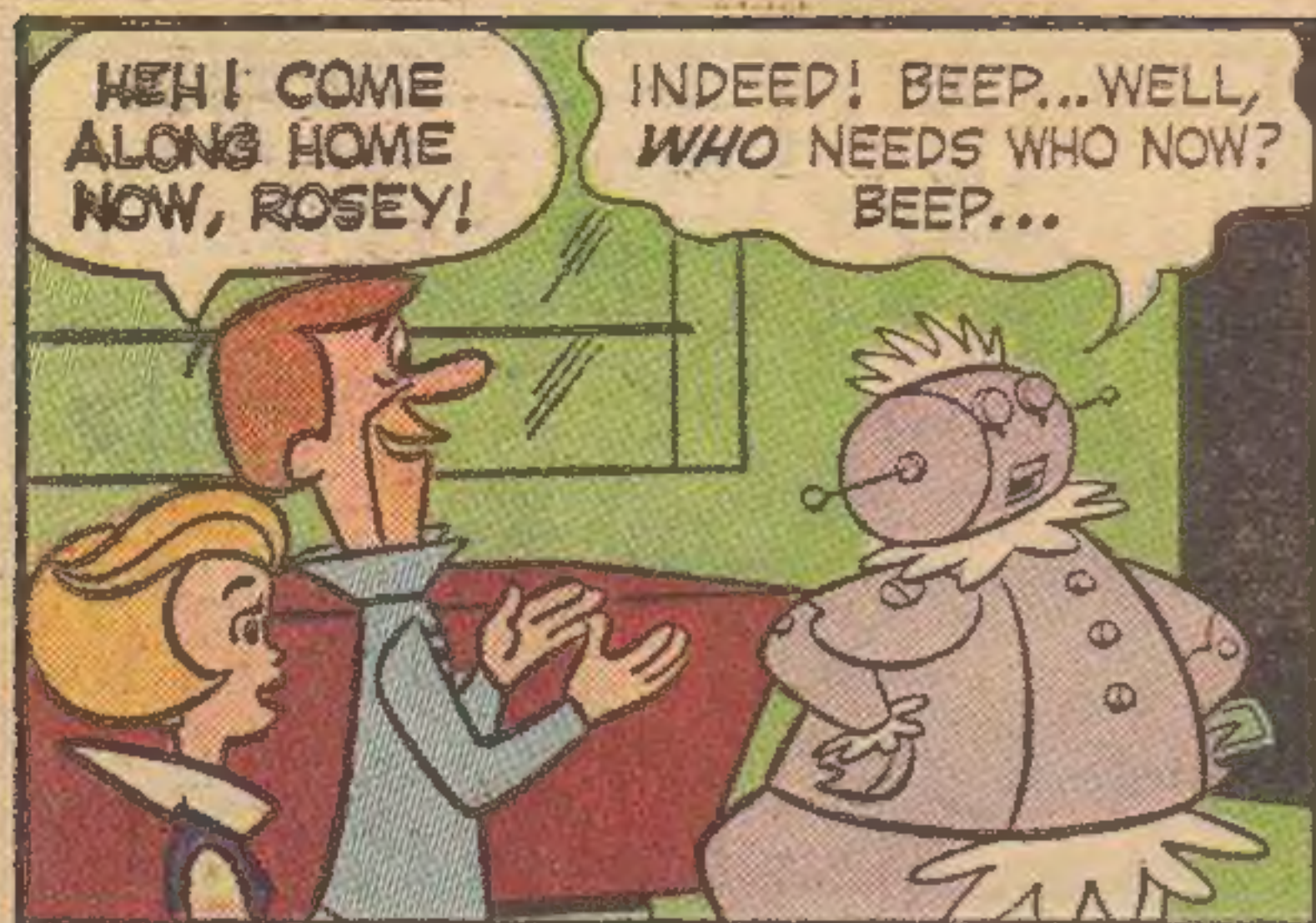












Hanna-Barbera
GEORGE and ASTRO

BIRDS WITHOUT FEATHERS DON'T STICK TOGETHER

ASTRO AND I ARE GOING
BEEP-BIRD HUNTING! BYE-BYE!

RYE-
RYE!

REDUCE
SPEED
TO
18,000
M.P.H.

MODERN HUNTING IS SO
NICE...NO SWEET LITTLE
ANIMALS GET HURT!

WHOOOPS! I'M OVER
THE SHOOTING RANGE
ALREADY!

BEEP!
BEEP!

REAL
BIRDS
KEEP
OUT!

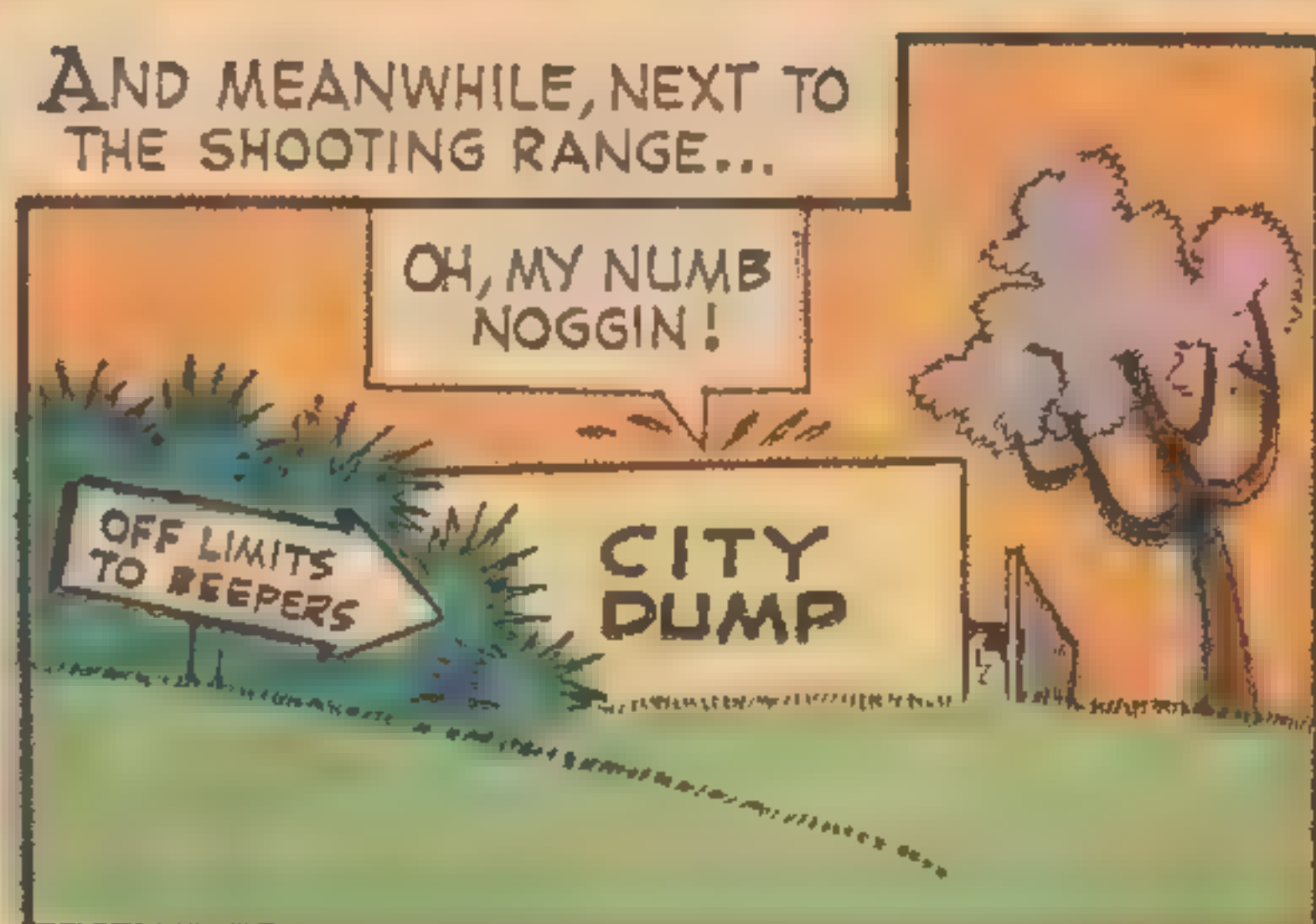
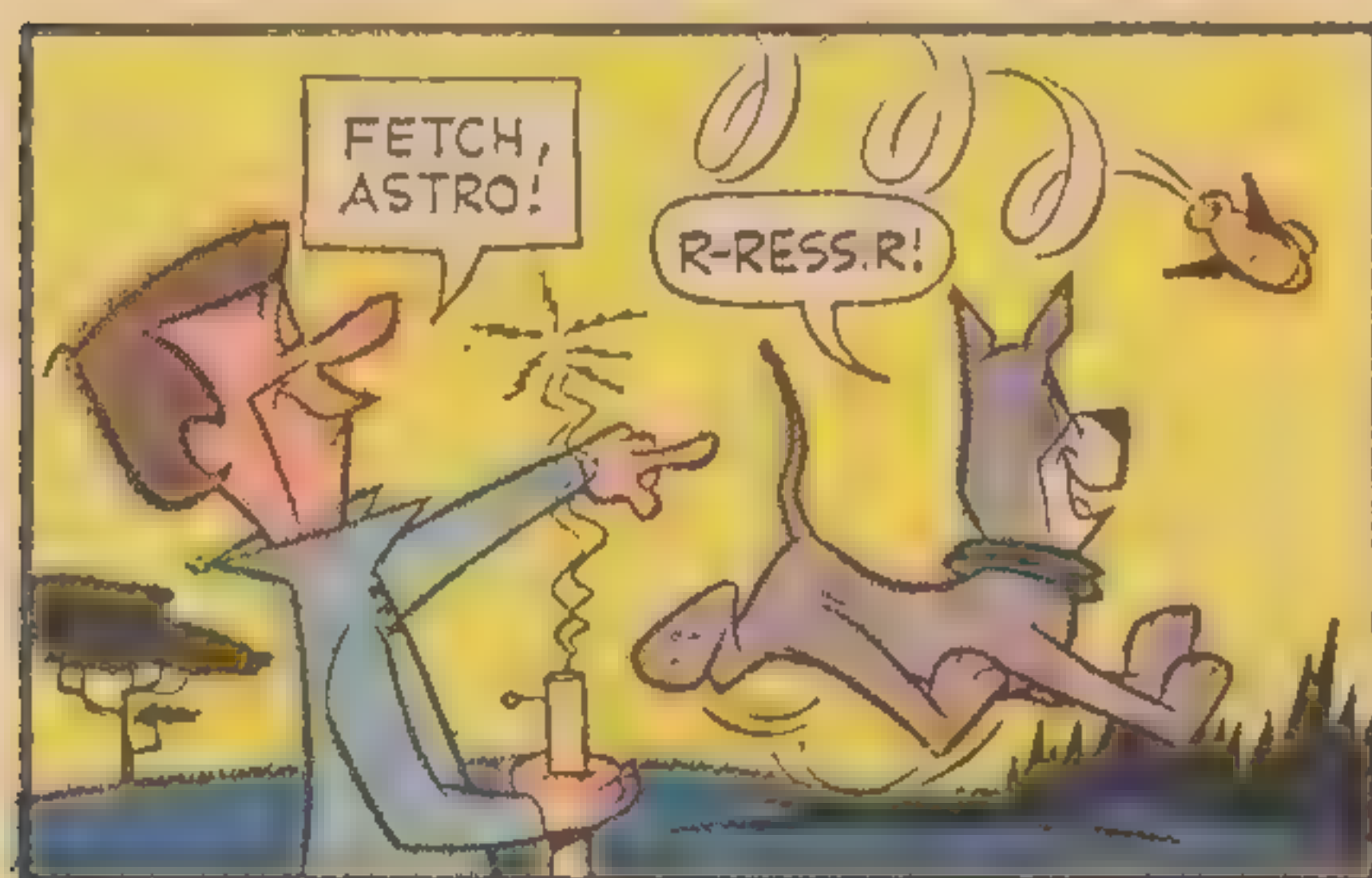
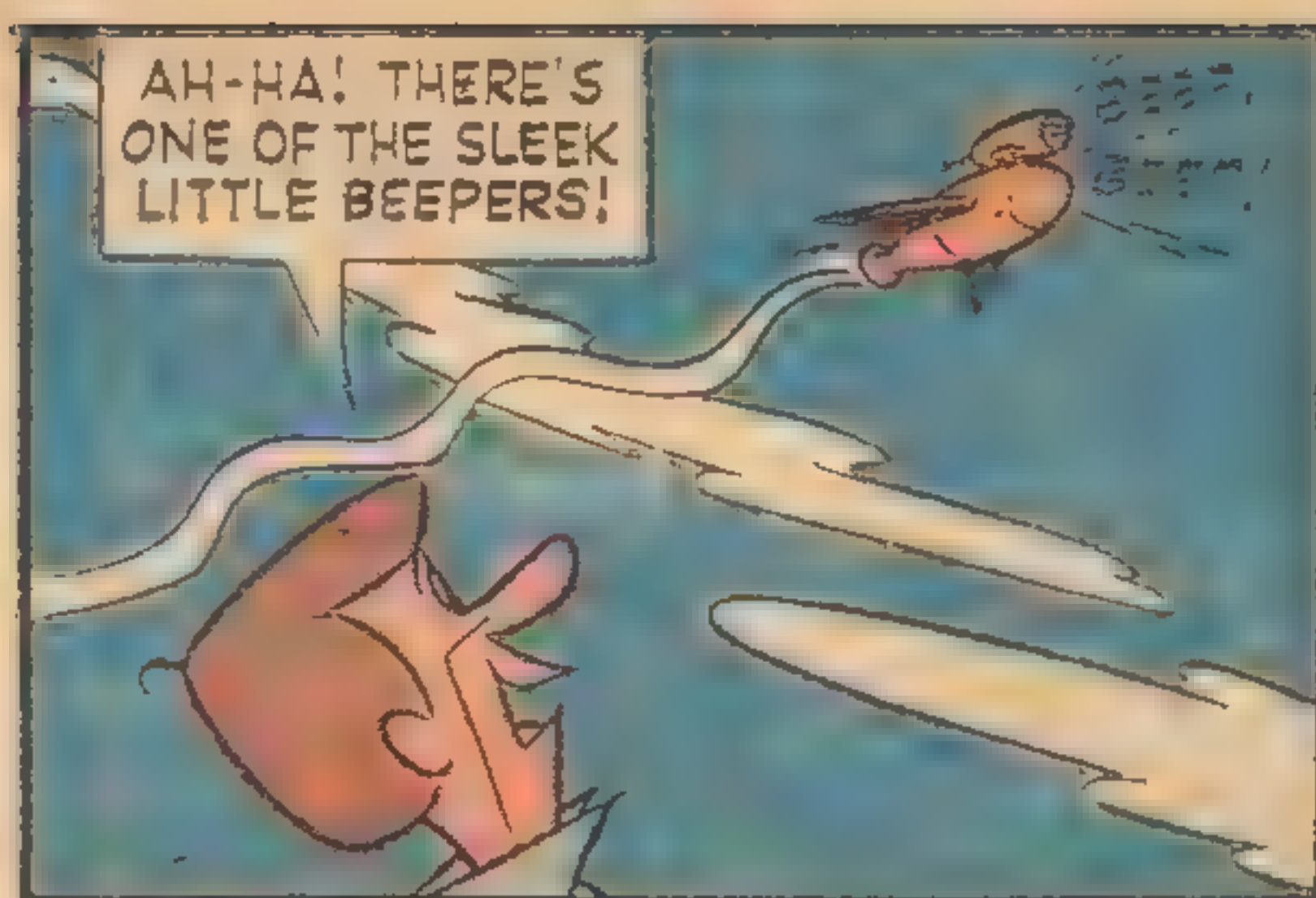
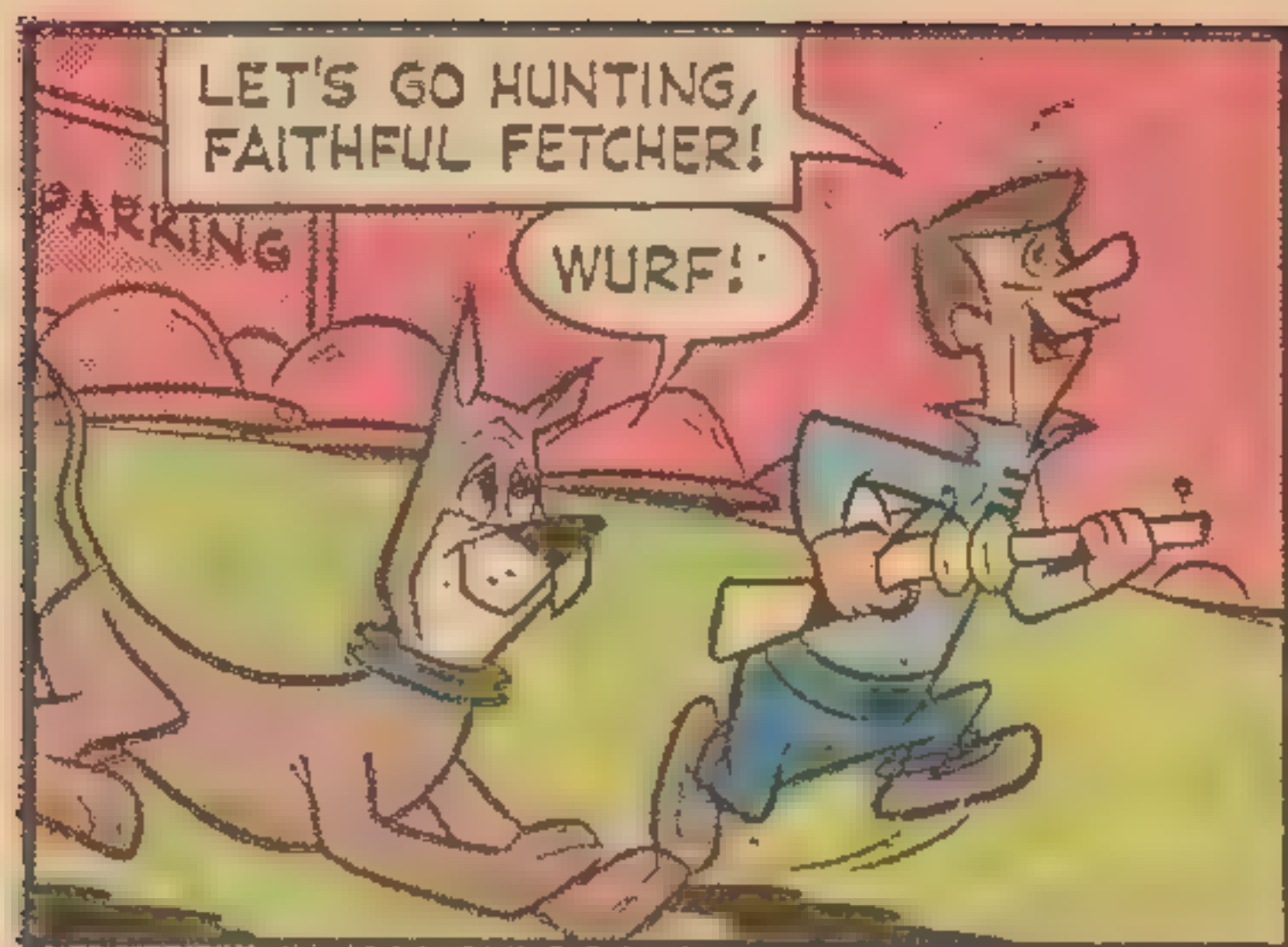
BEEP-BIRD SHOOTING RANGE

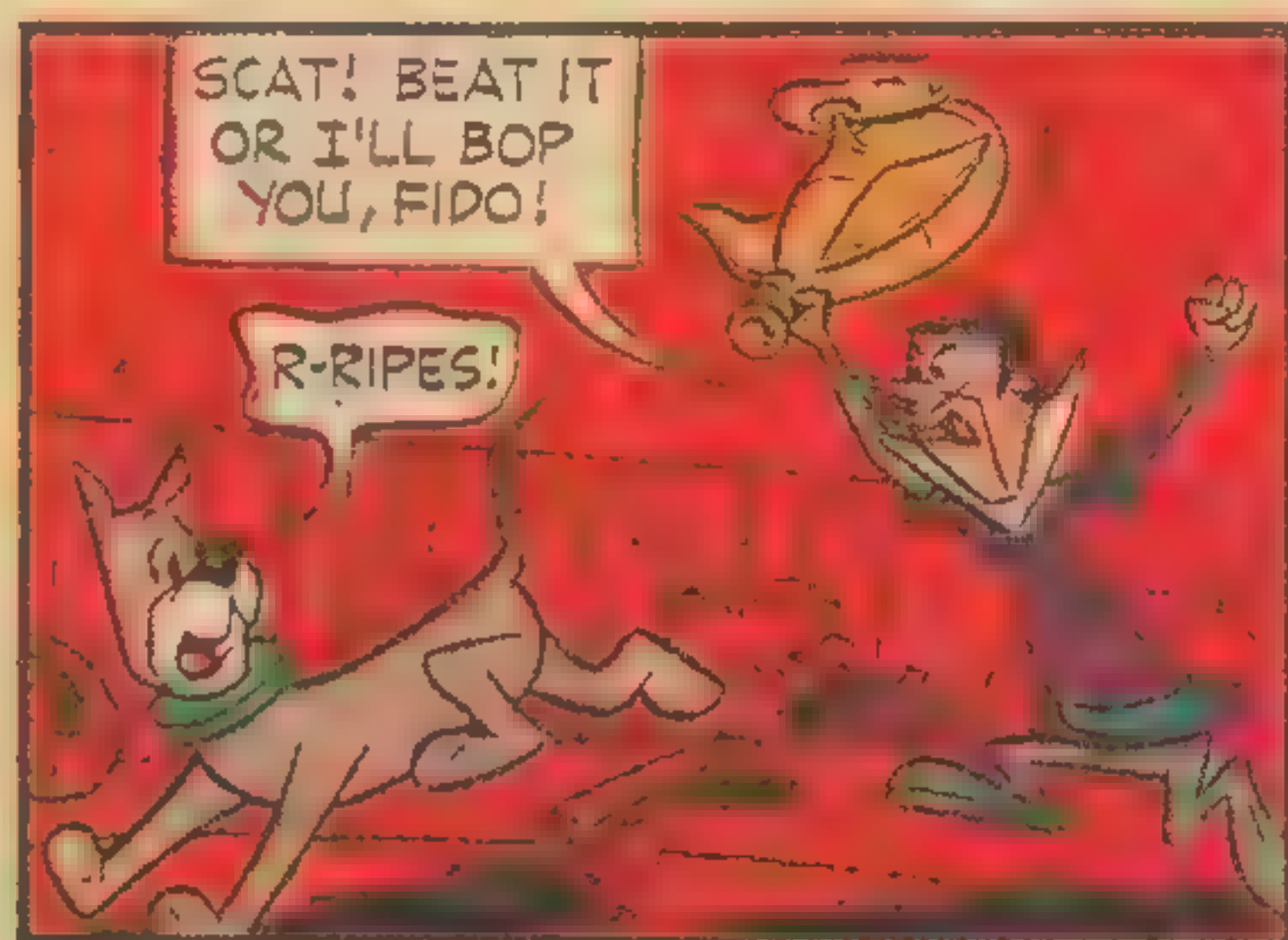
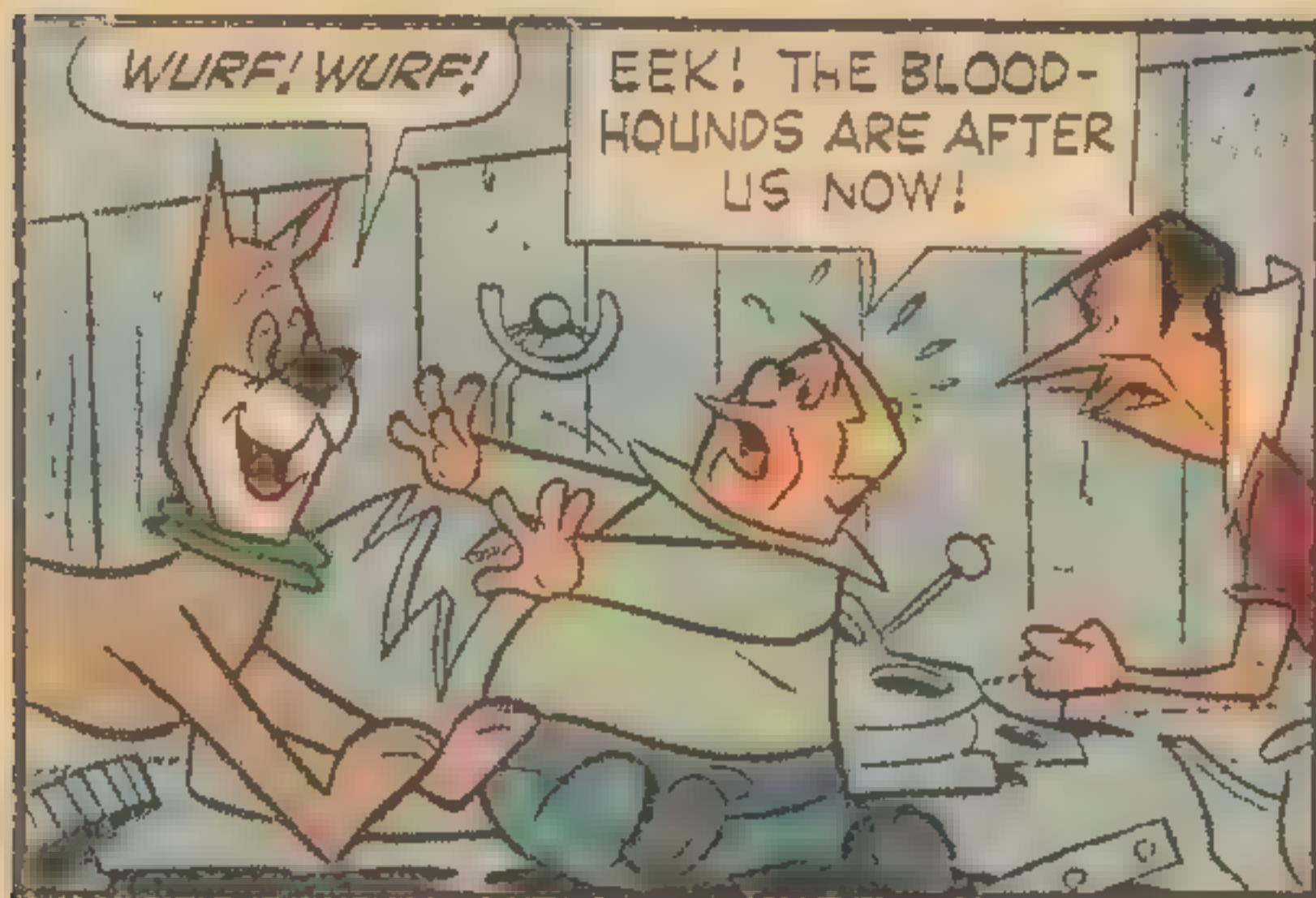
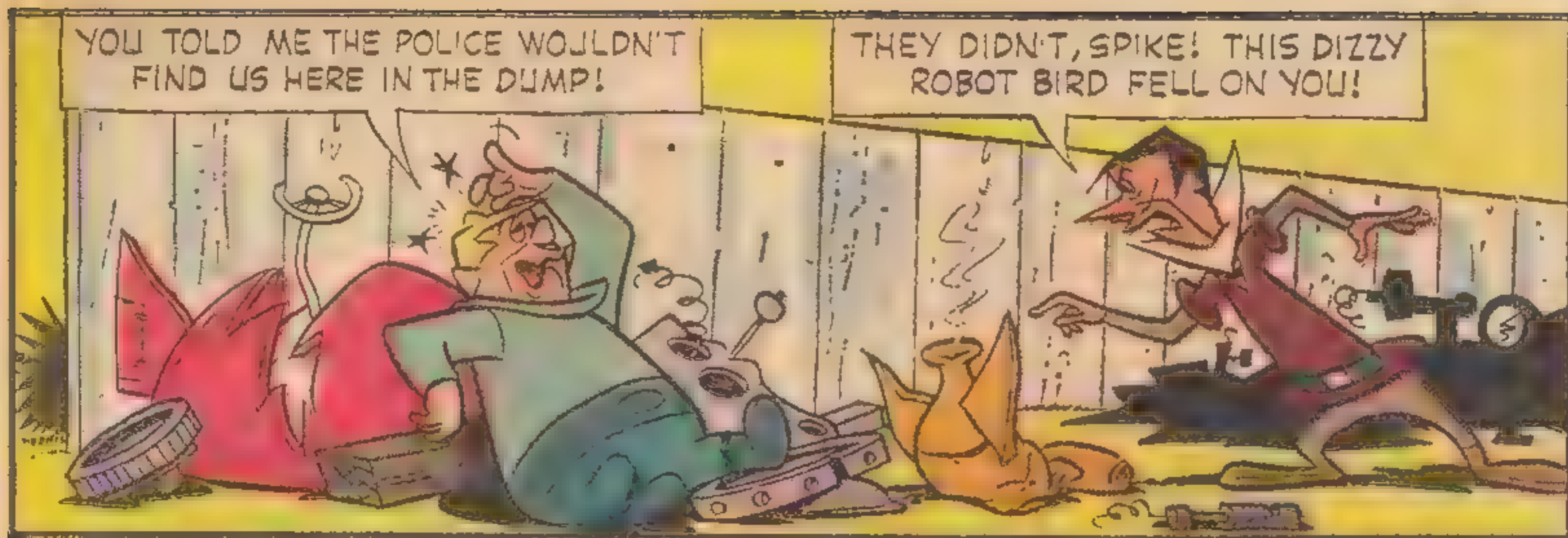
GET YOUR SCOREBOARD
PUNCHED WHEN YOU
TURN IN YOUR
BEEP-BIRDS

(WHEW!) LUCKY I WASN'T MISTAKEN
FOR A BEEP-BIRD AND SHOT DOWN
BY SOME TRIGGER-HAPPY HUNTER!

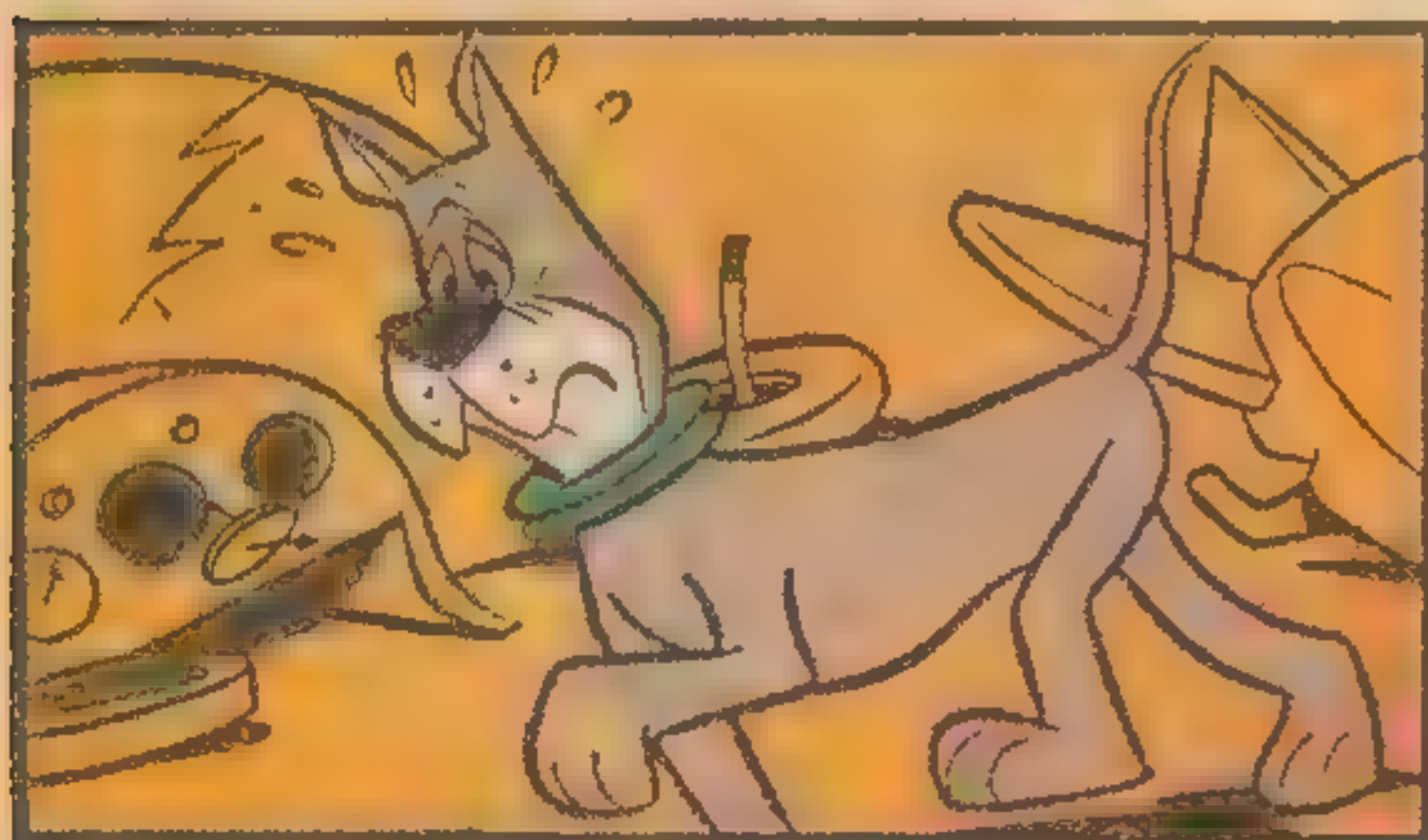
PAY
HERE

SCREECH!

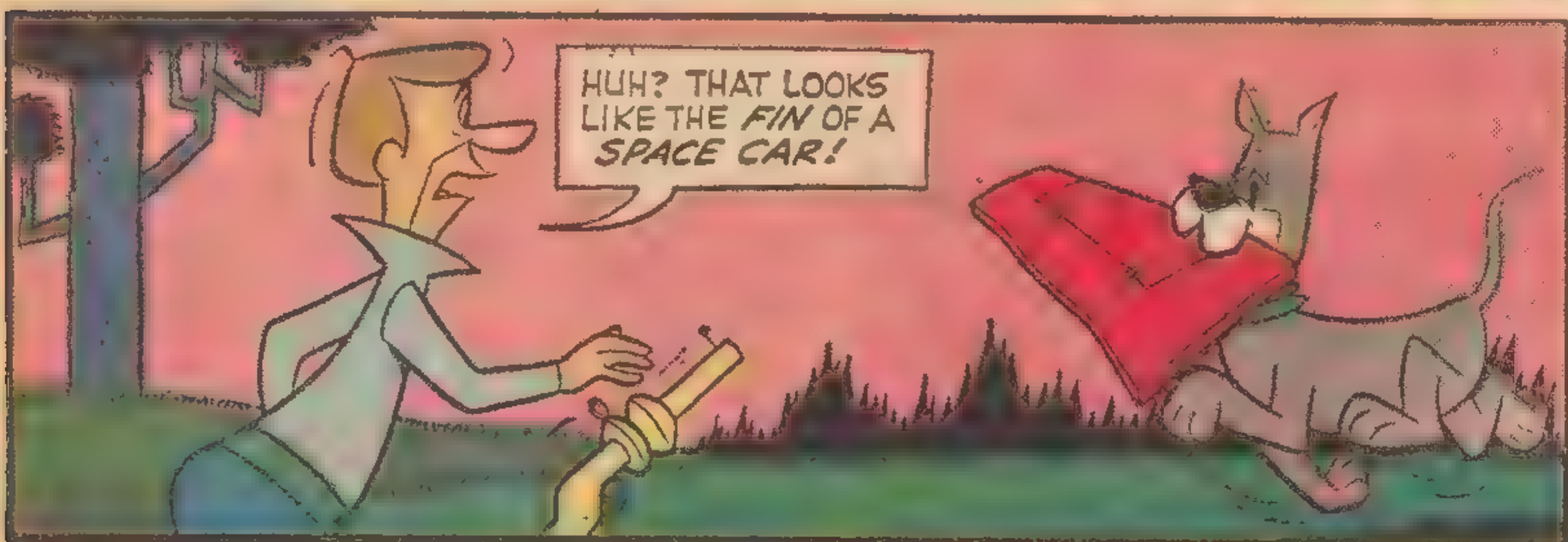
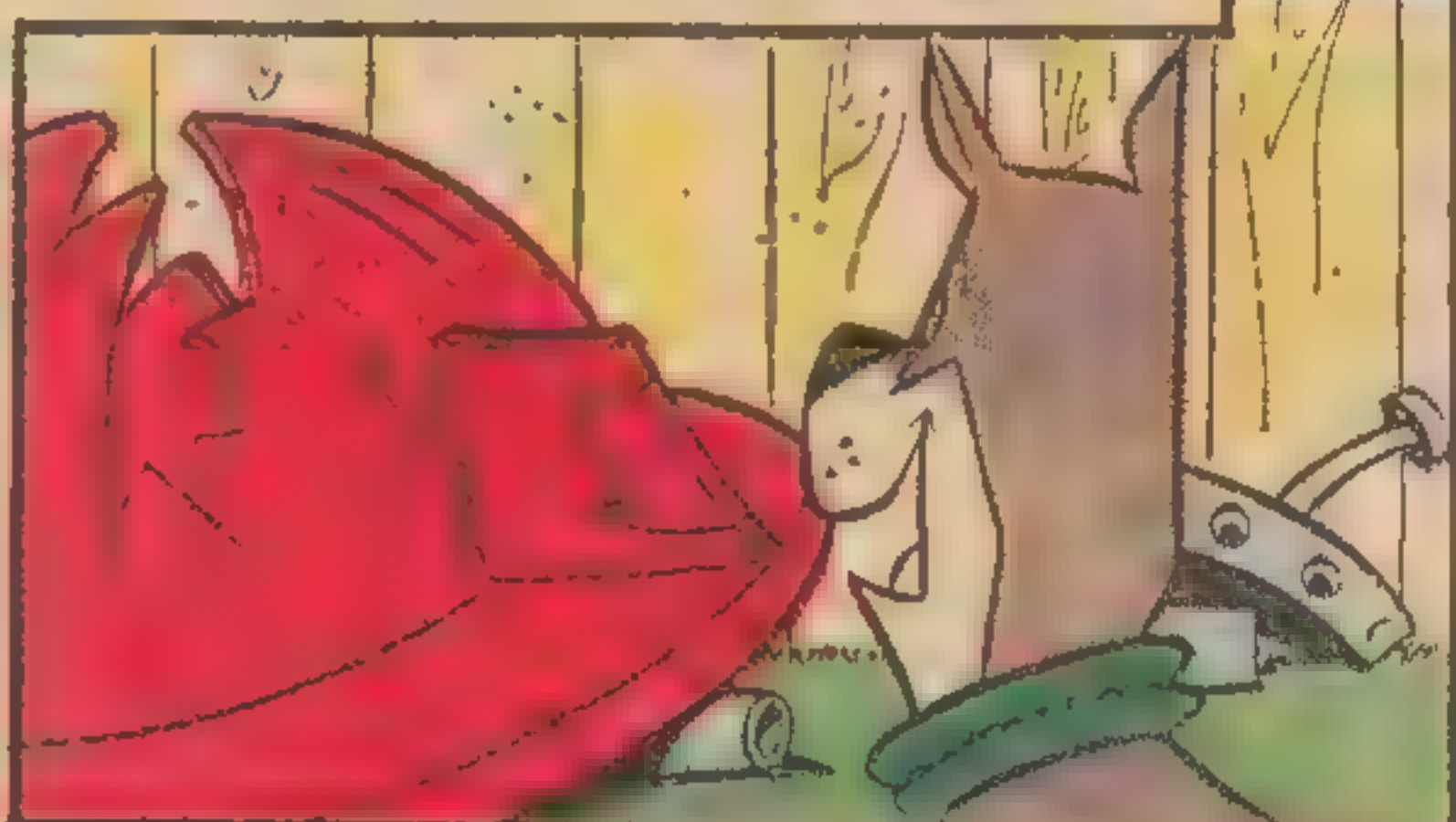


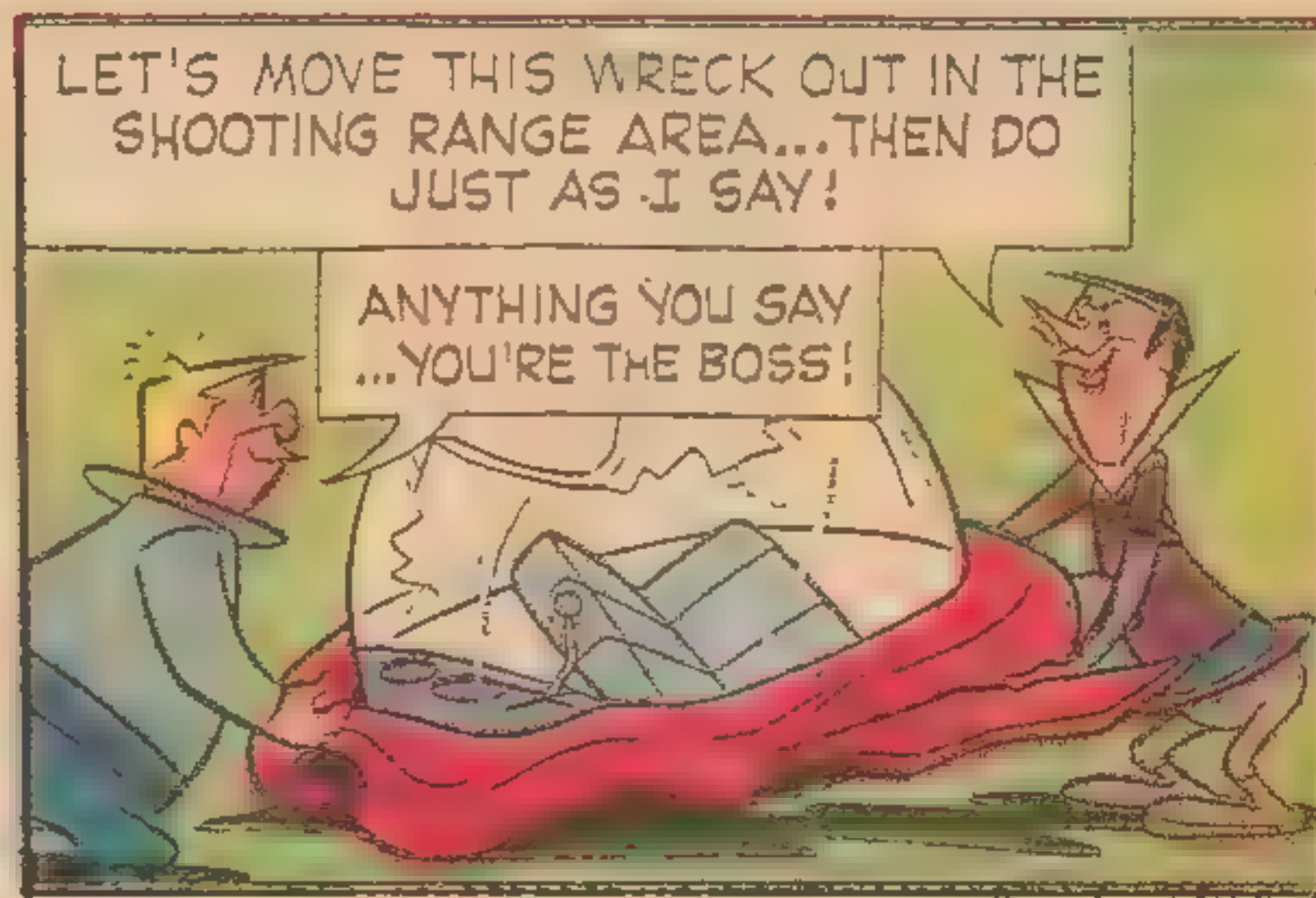
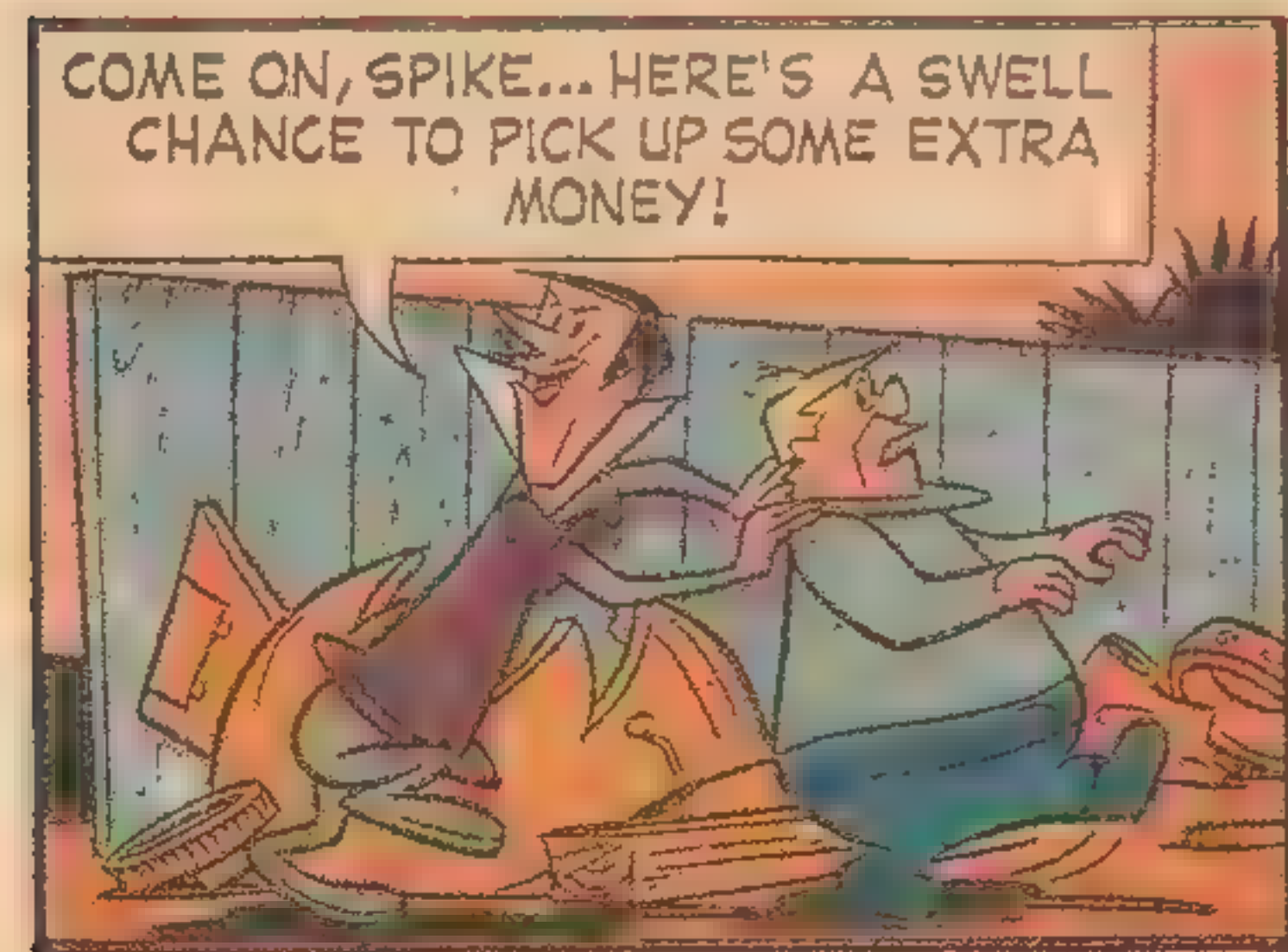
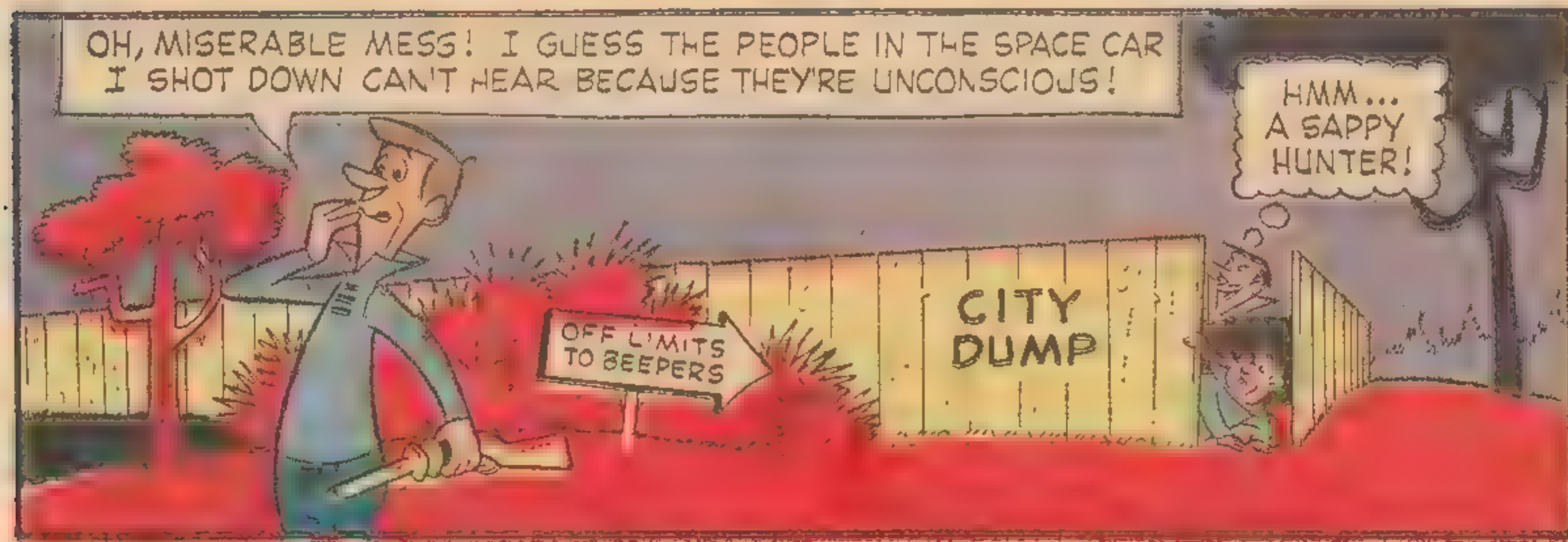
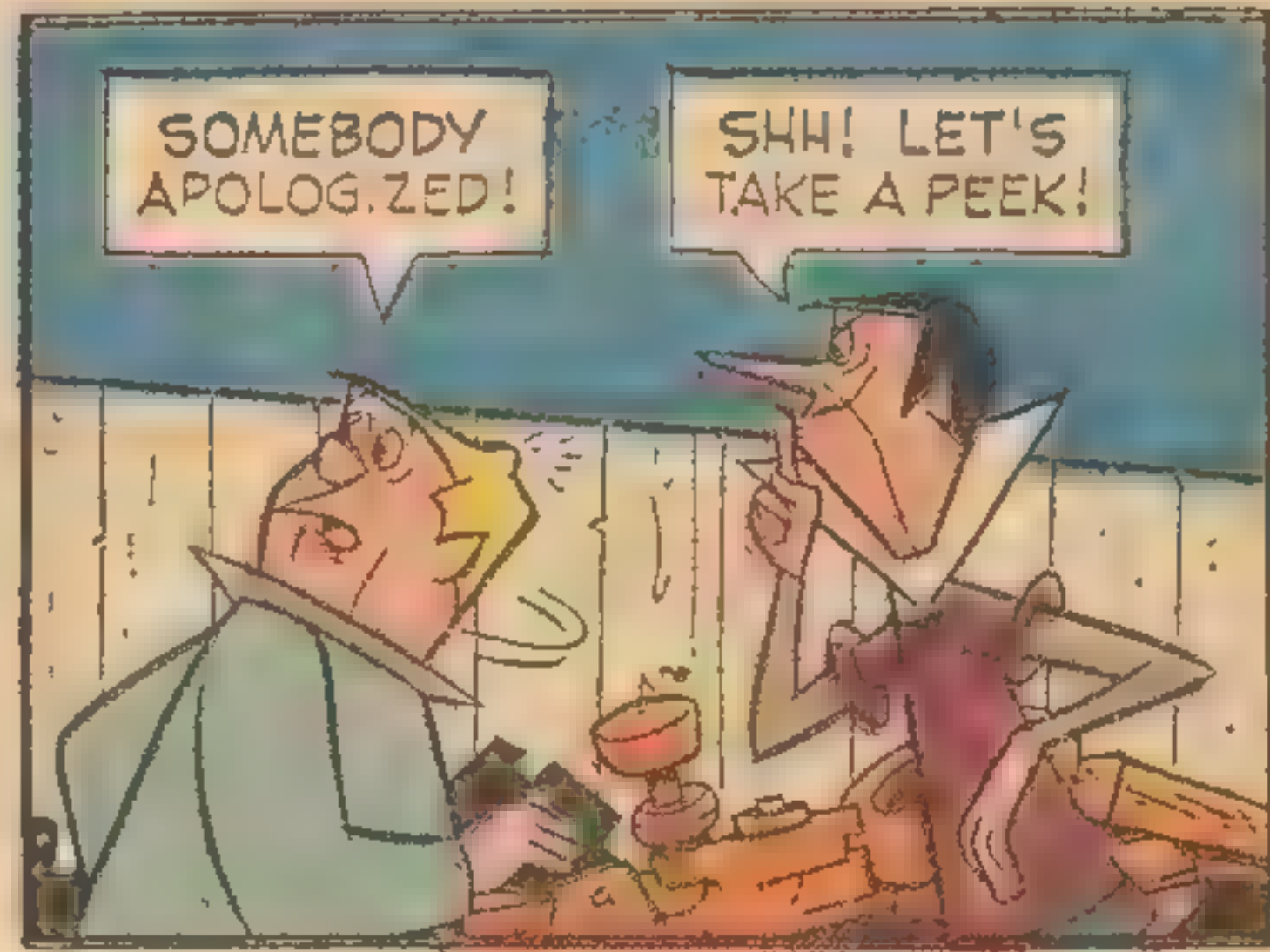
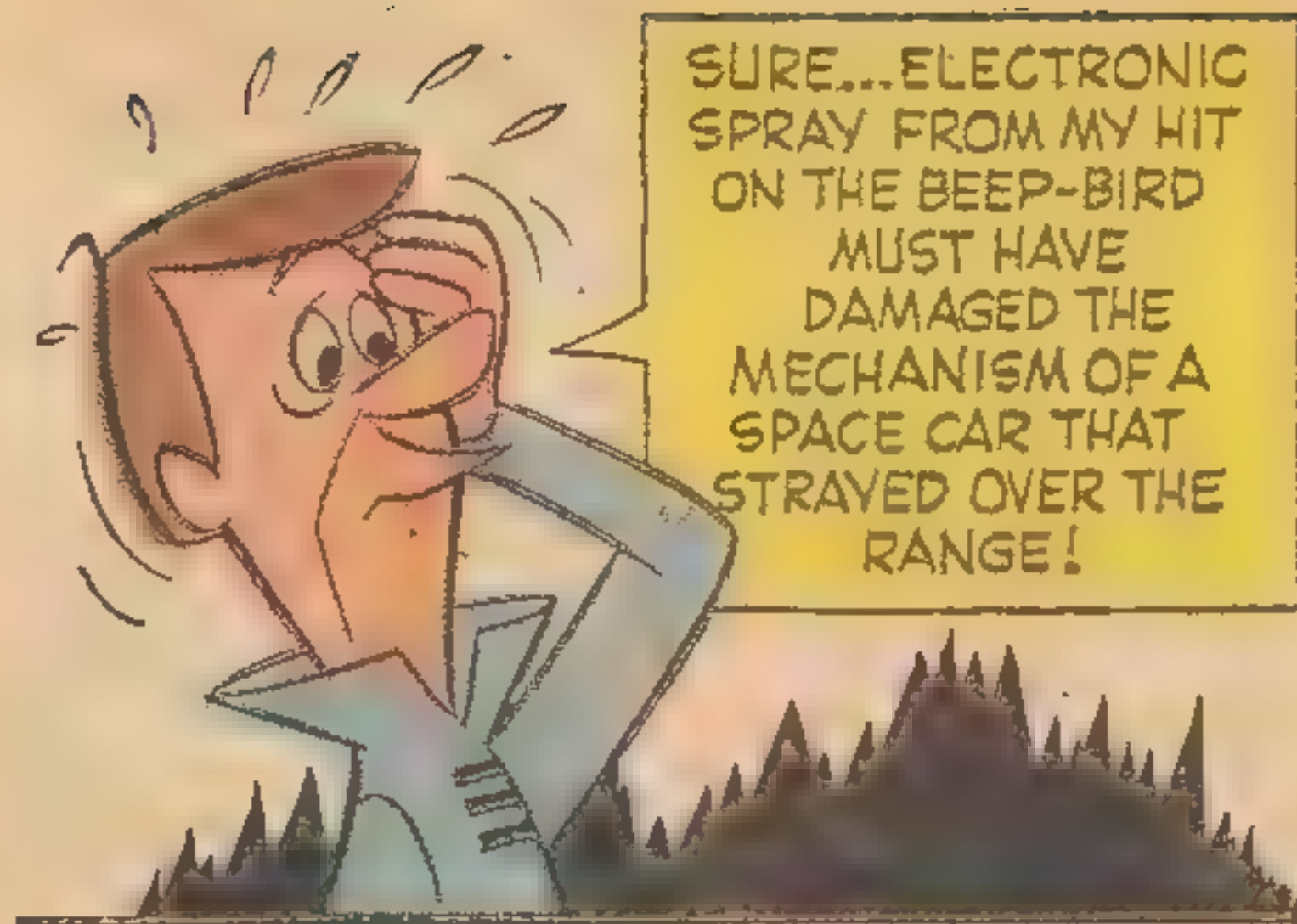
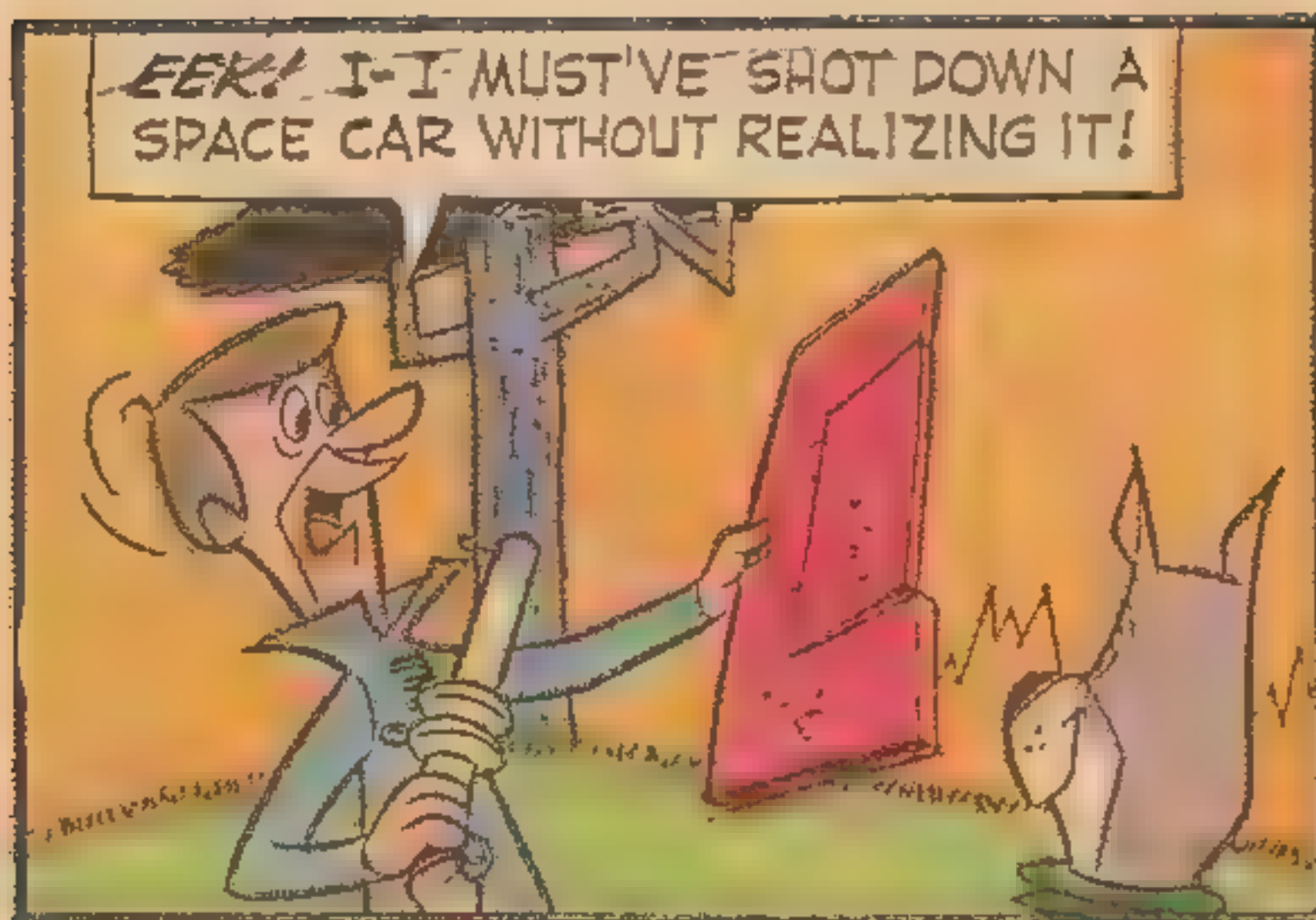


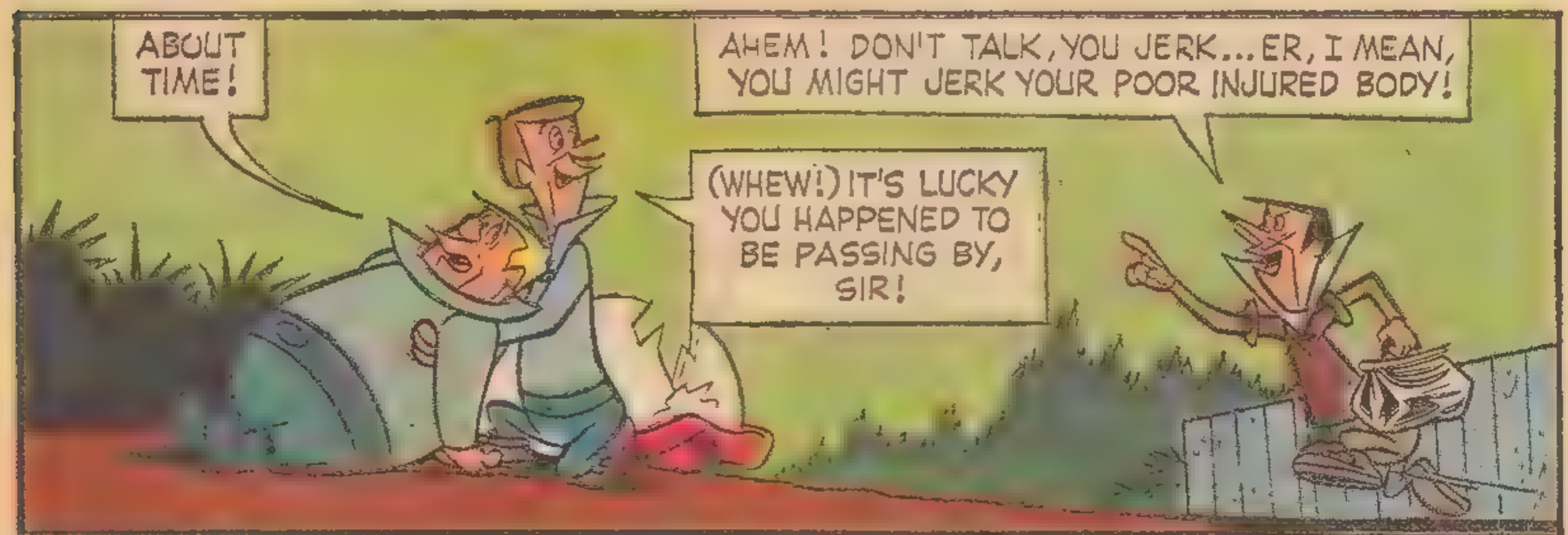
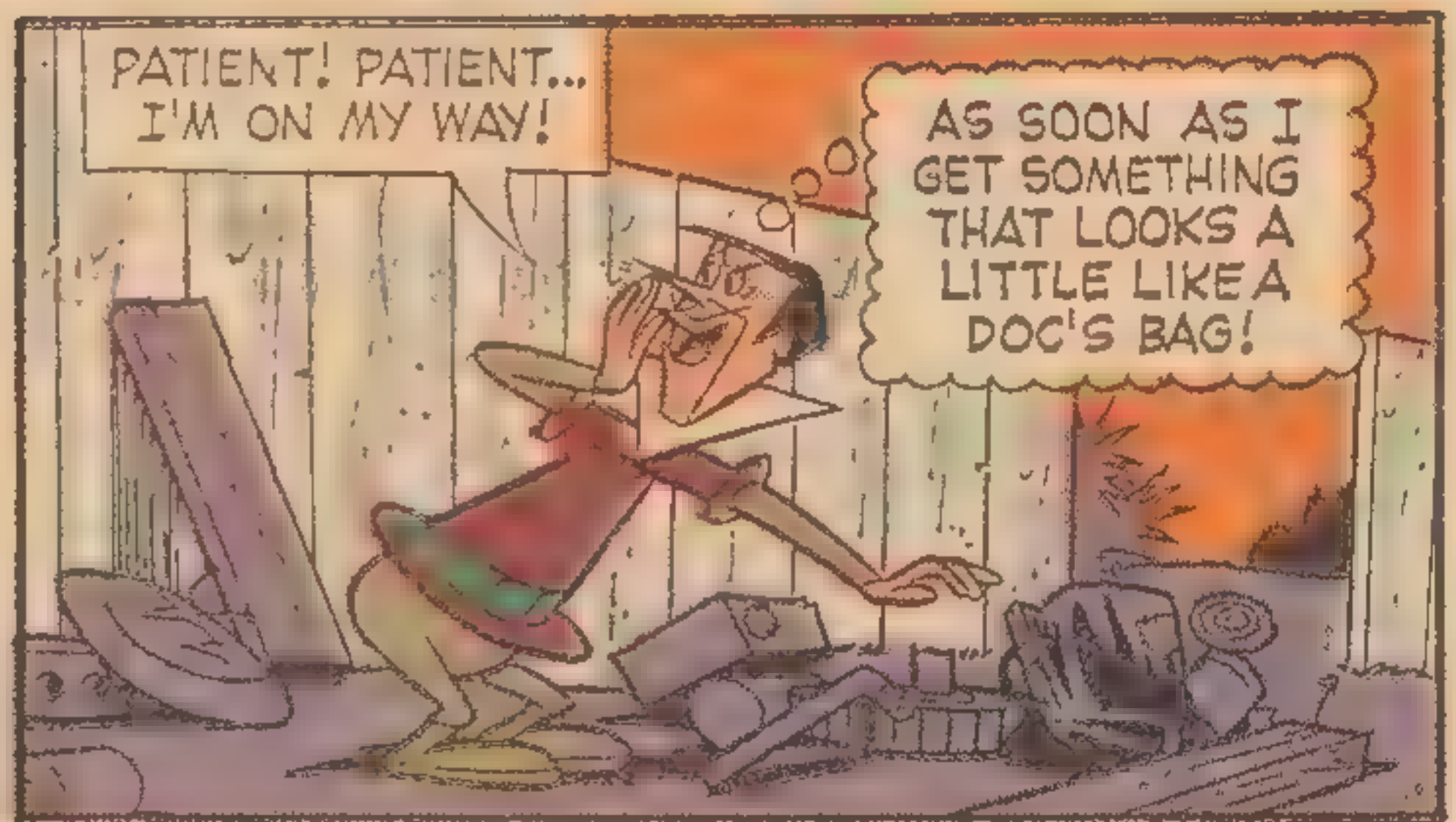
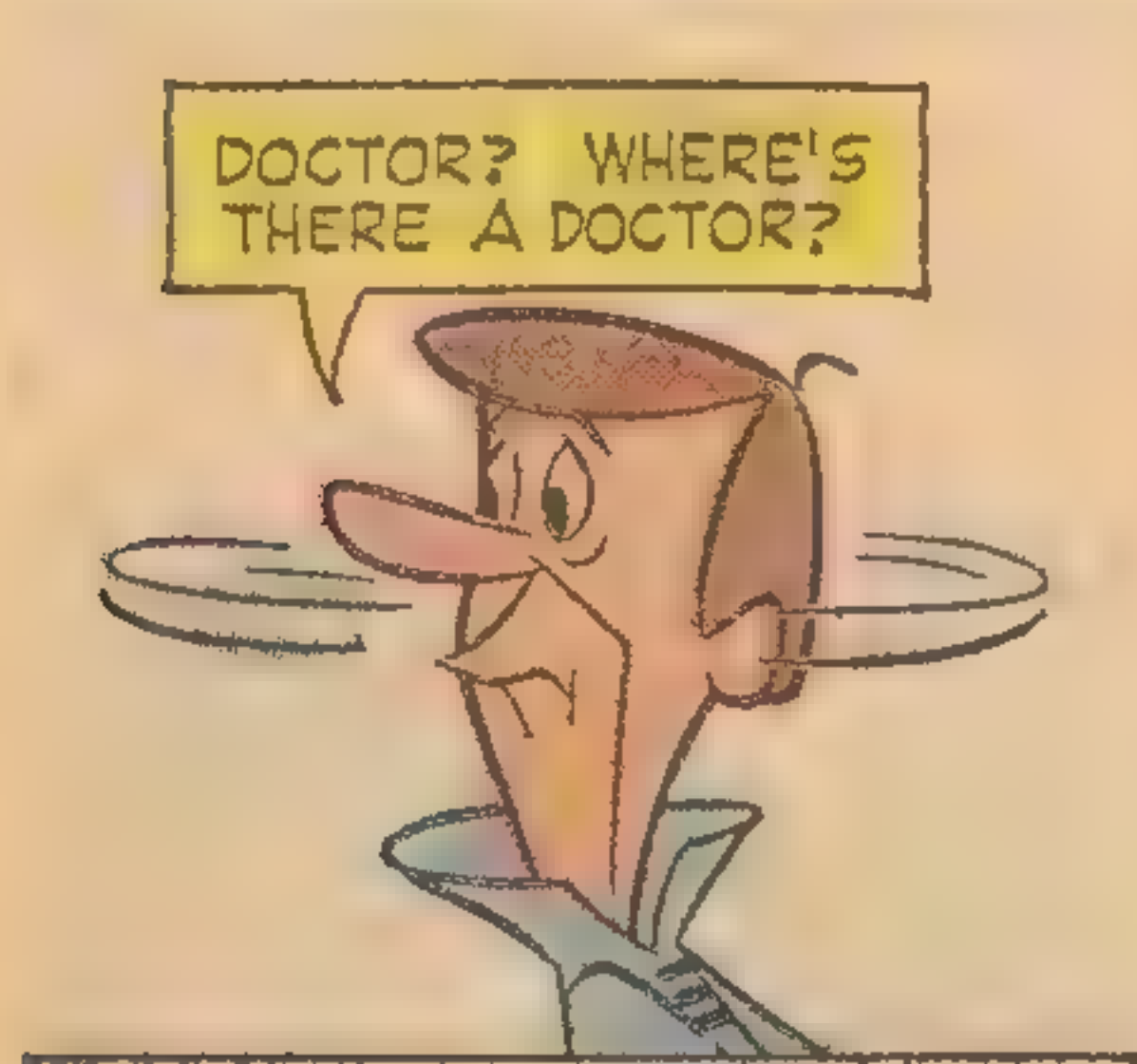
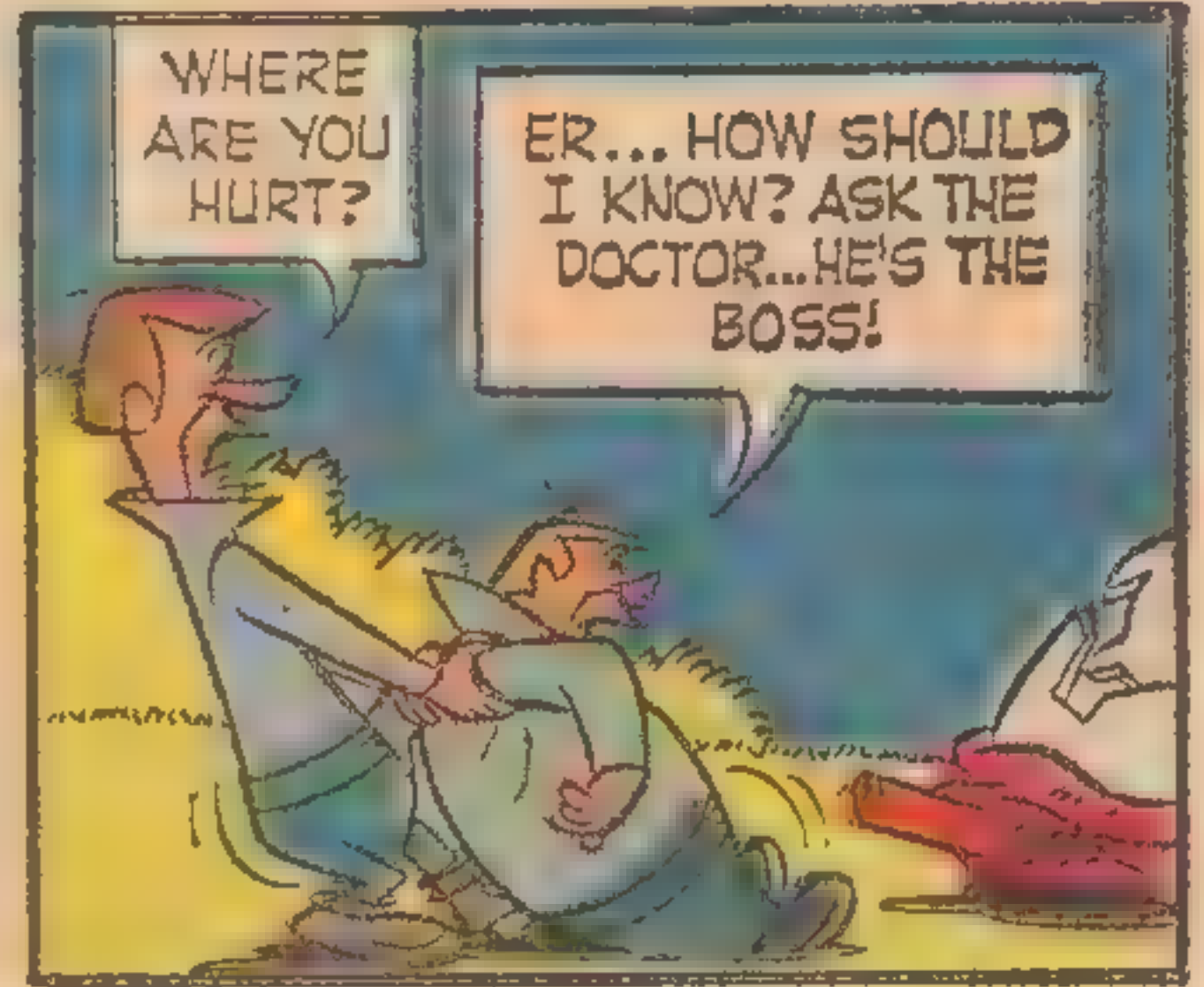
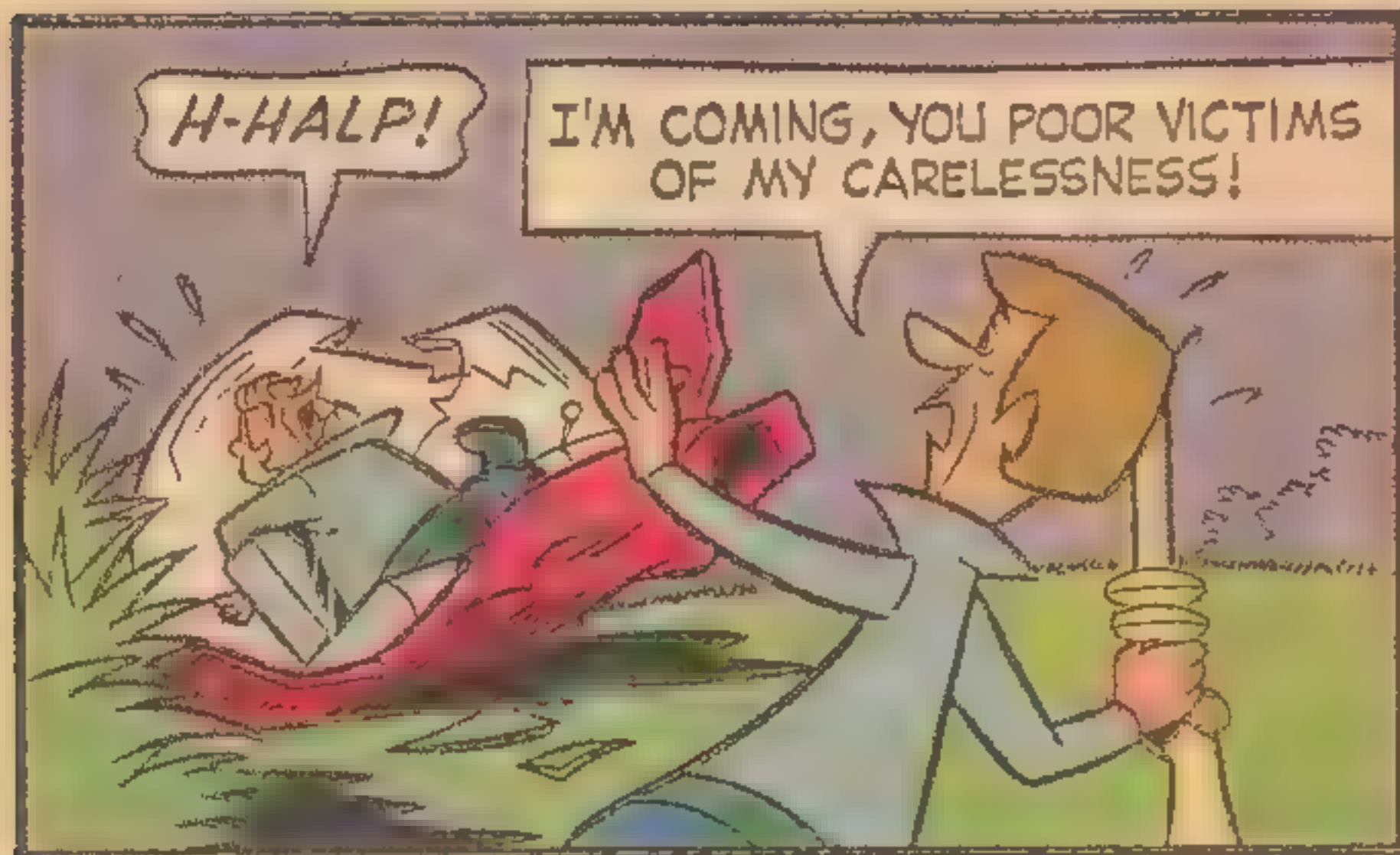
POOR ASTRO! HOW CAN HE RETURN EMPTY-MOULTHED TO HIS MASTER?

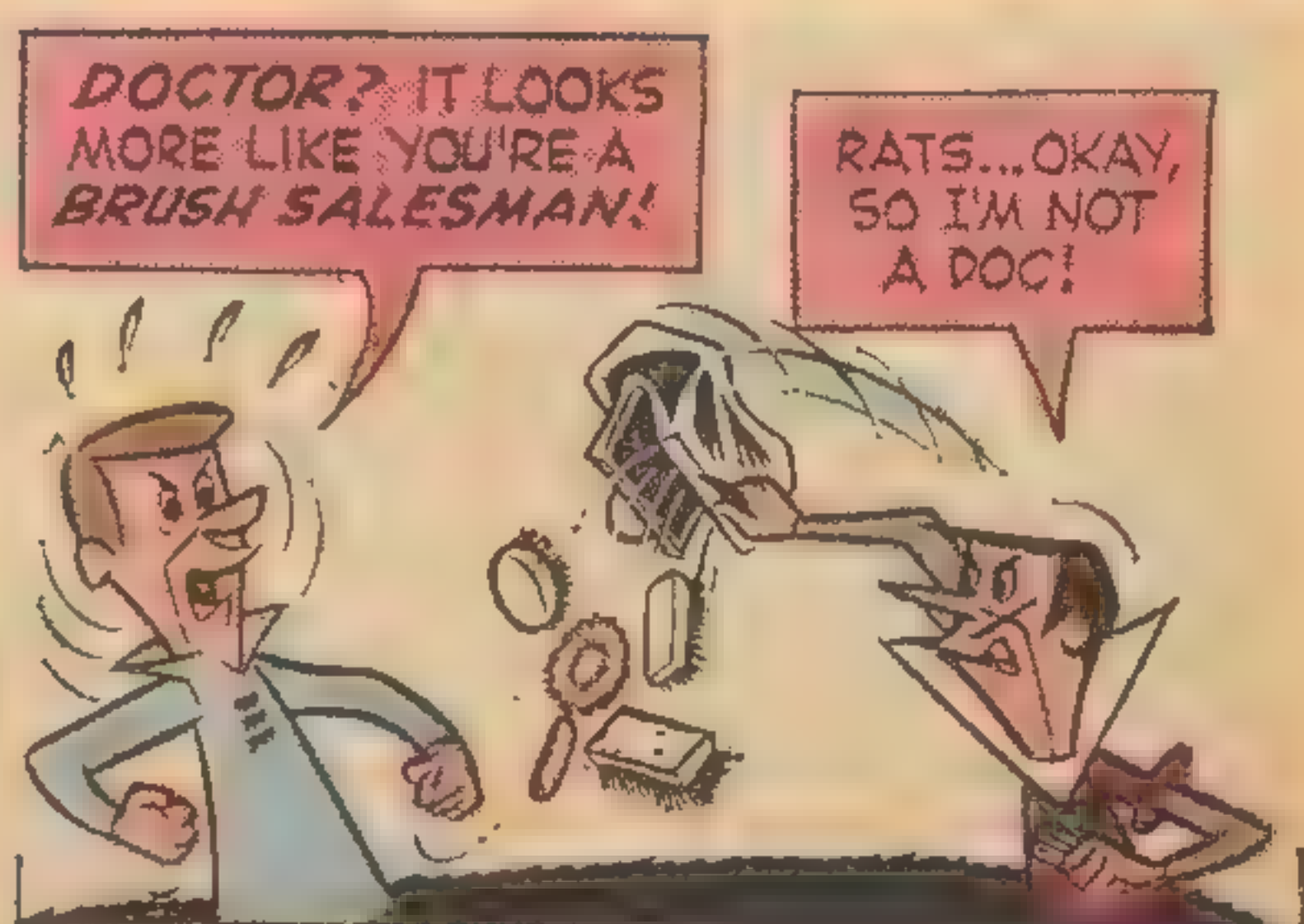
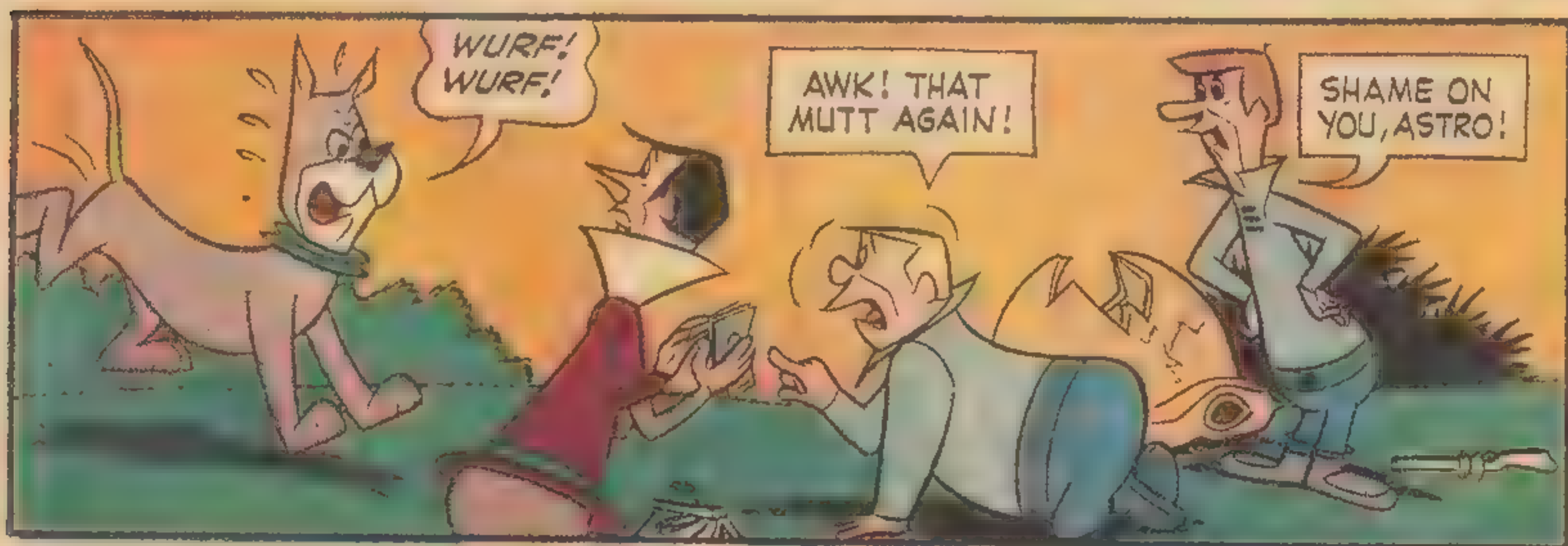
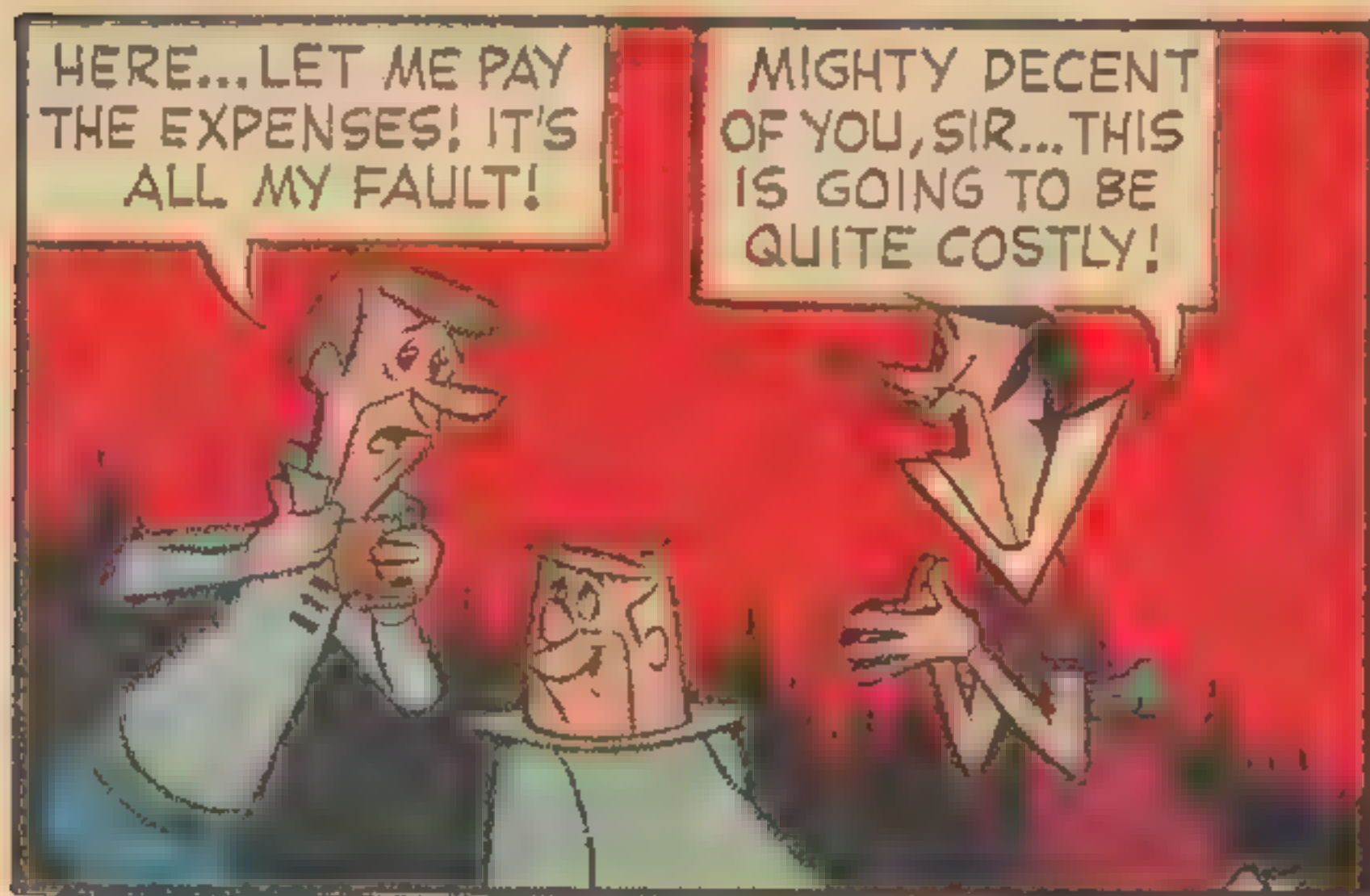
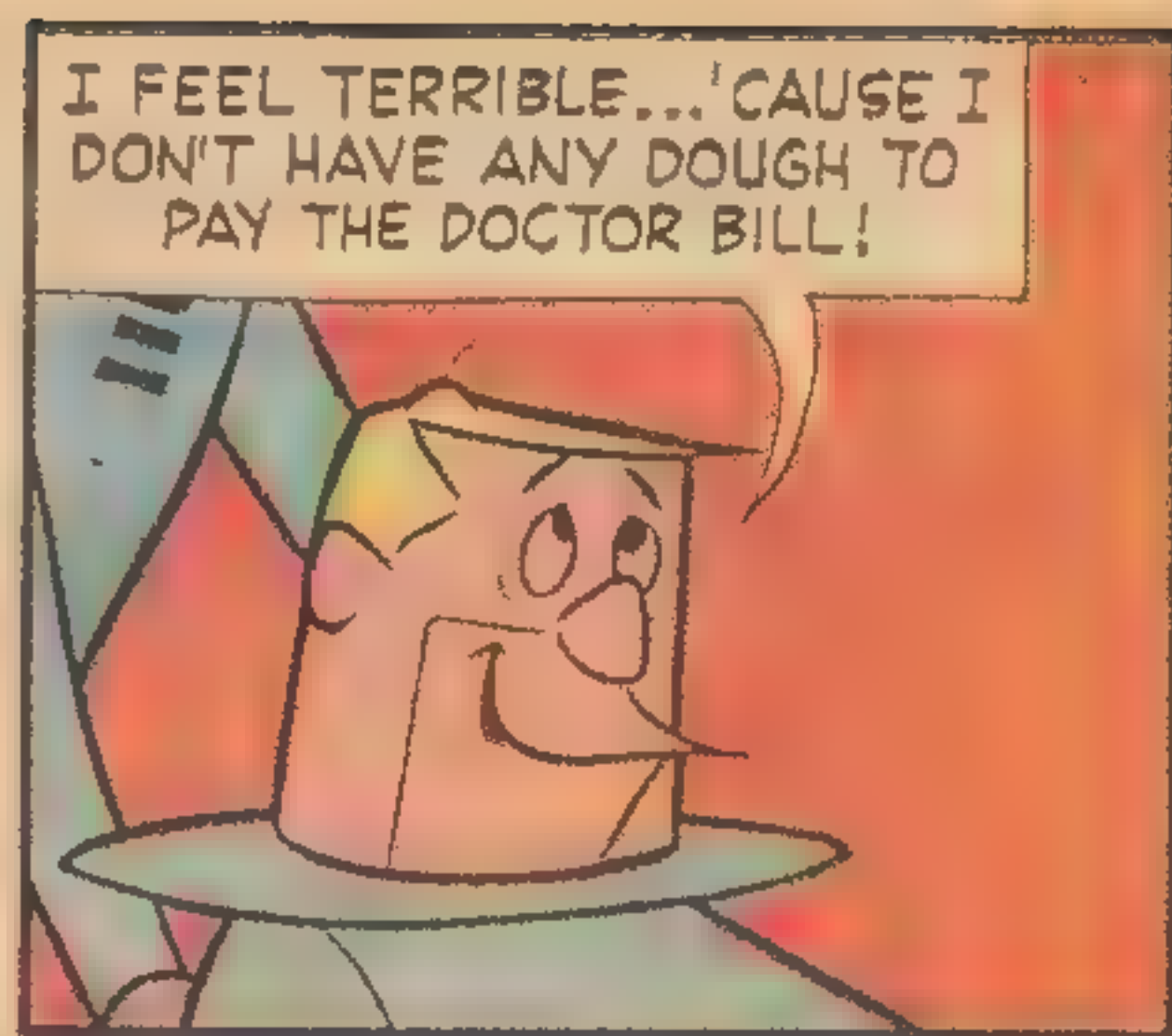
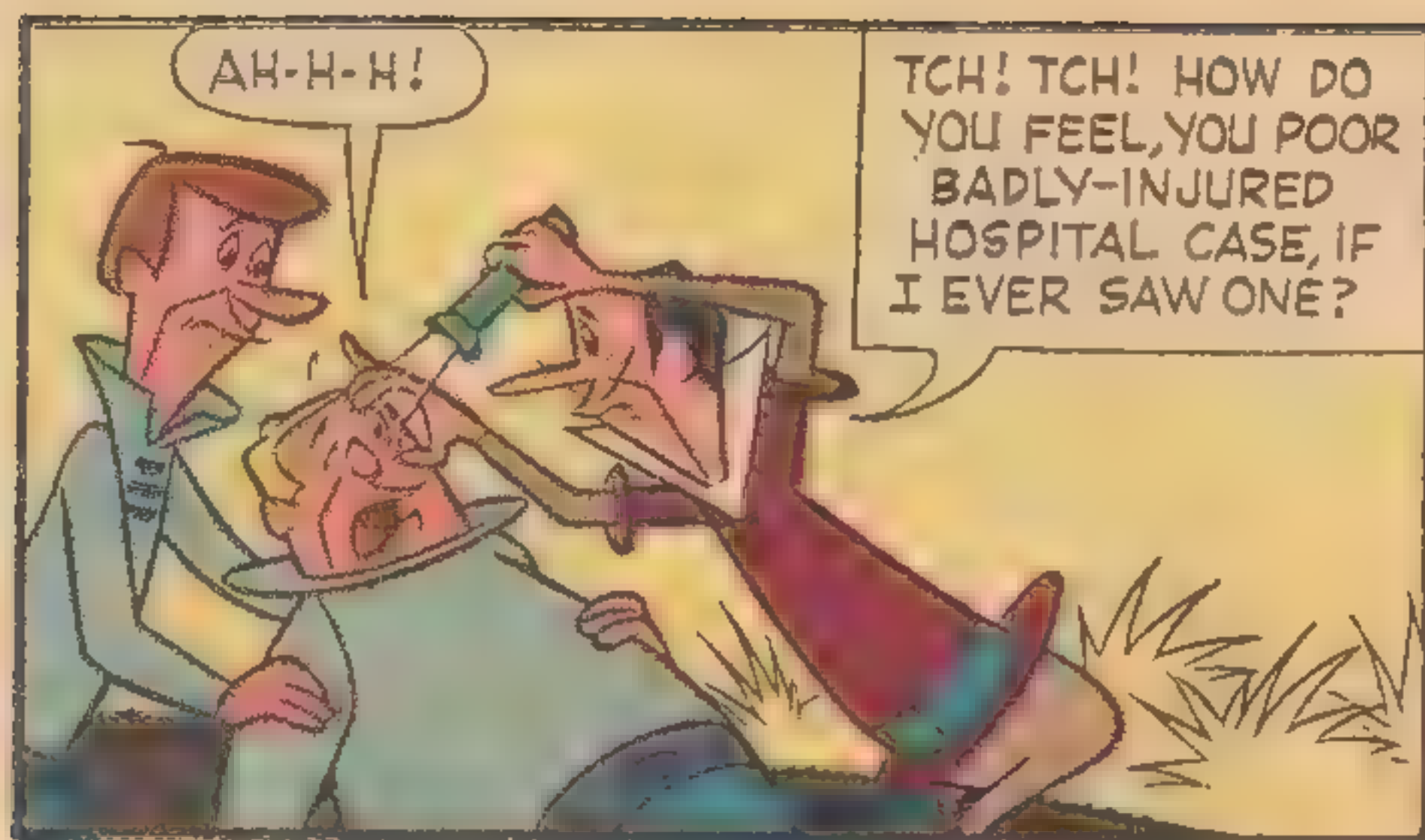


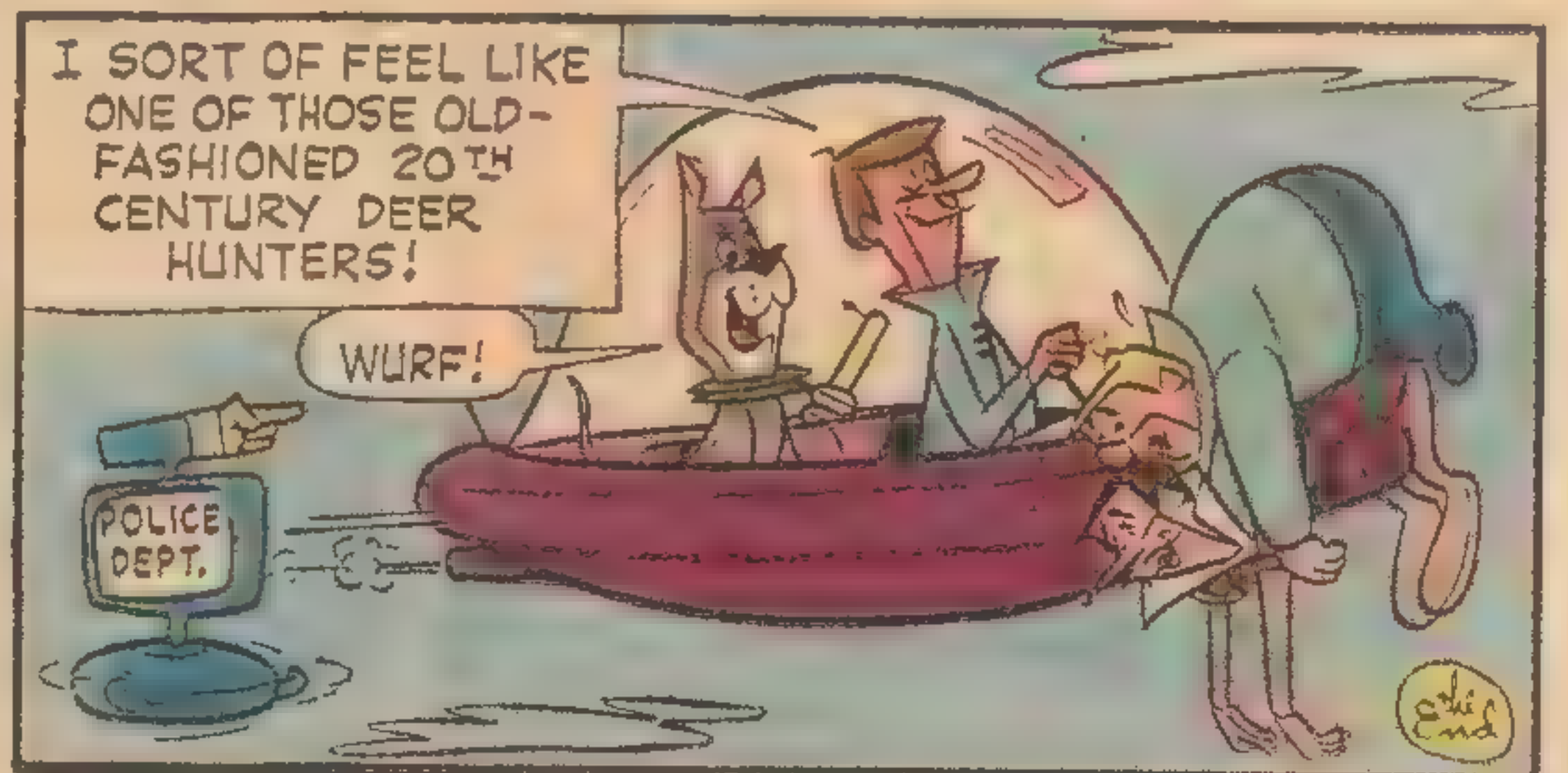
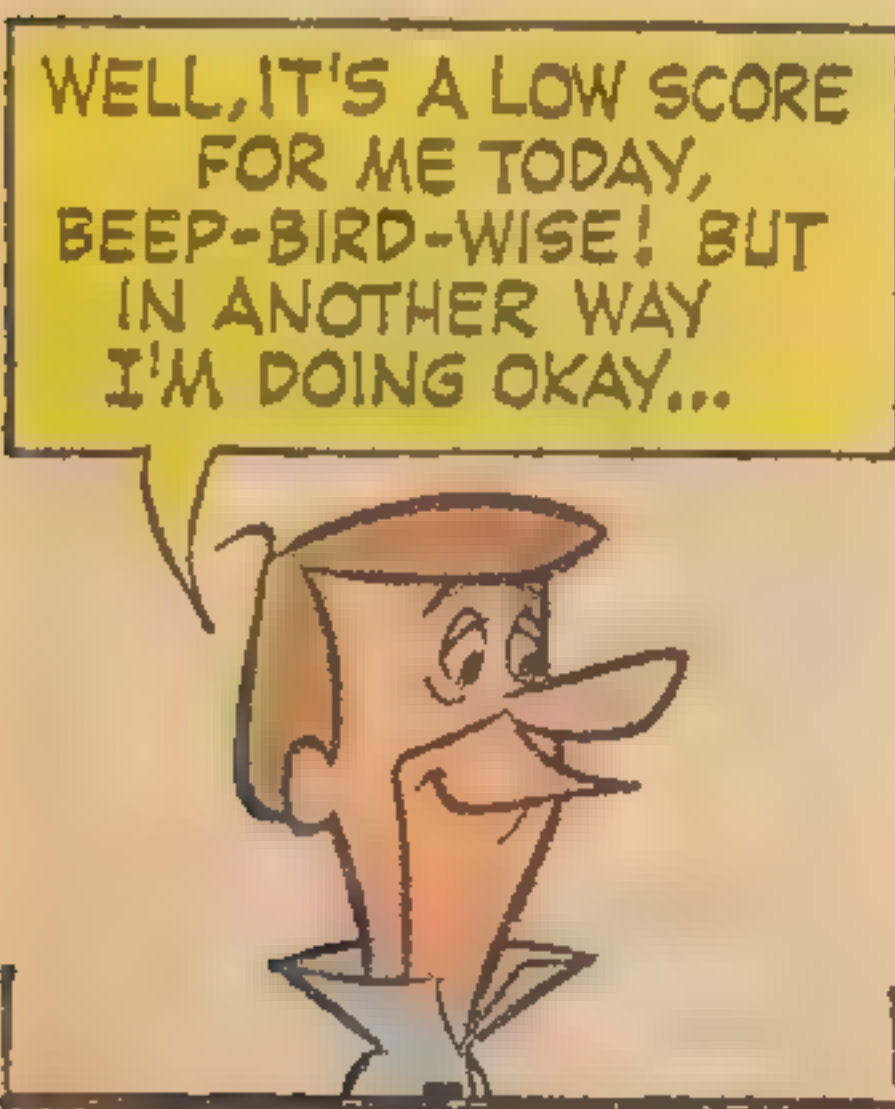
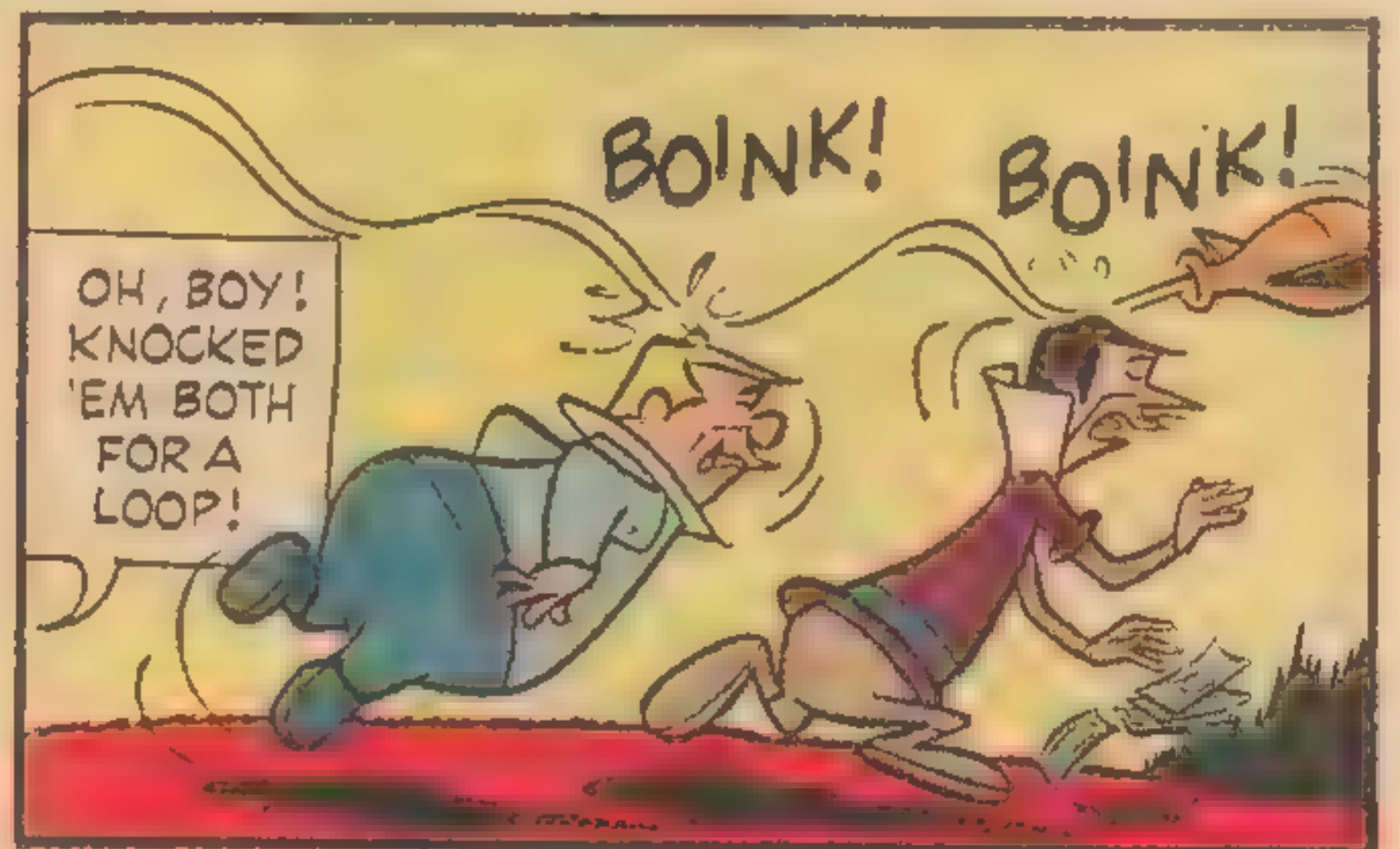
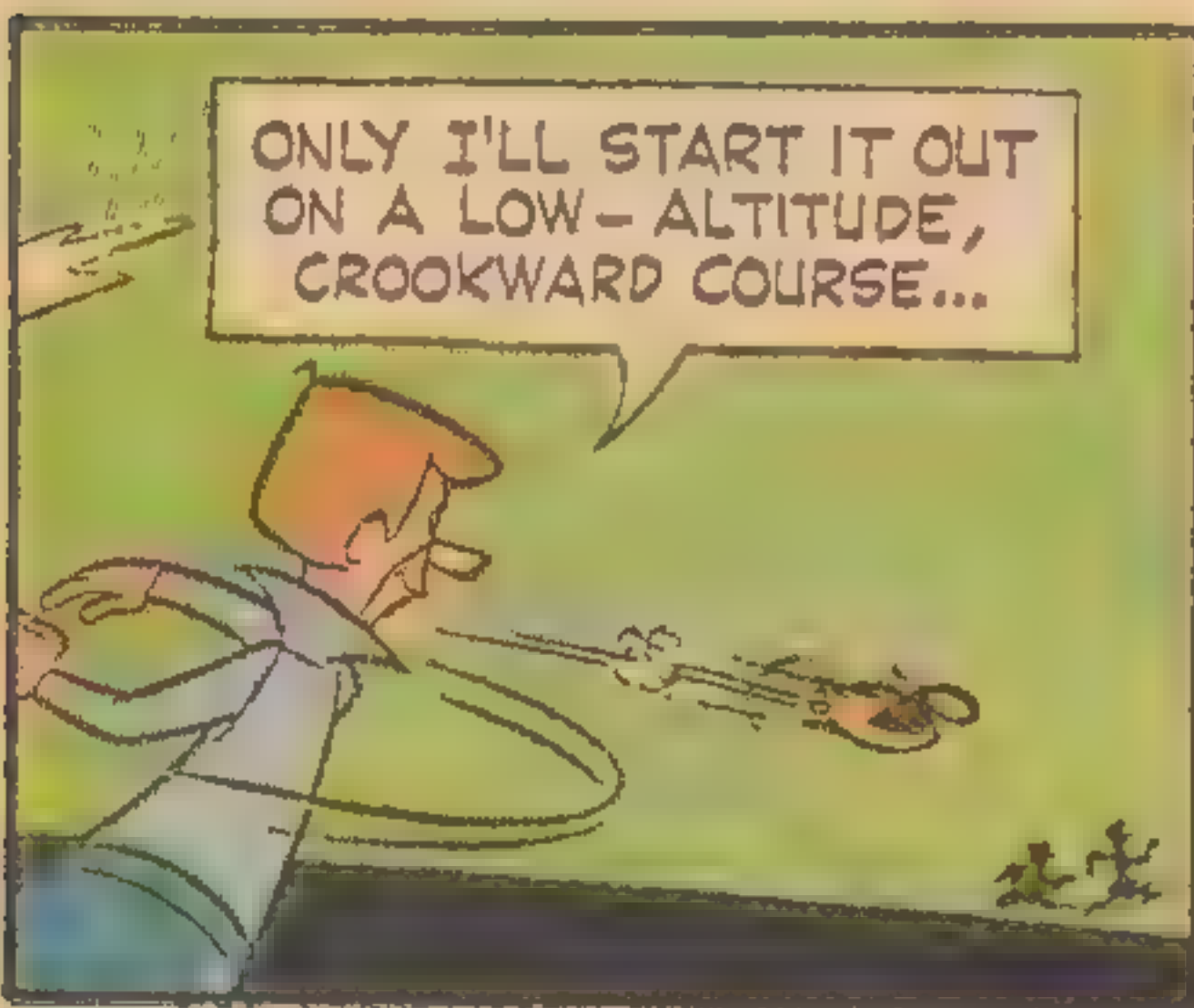
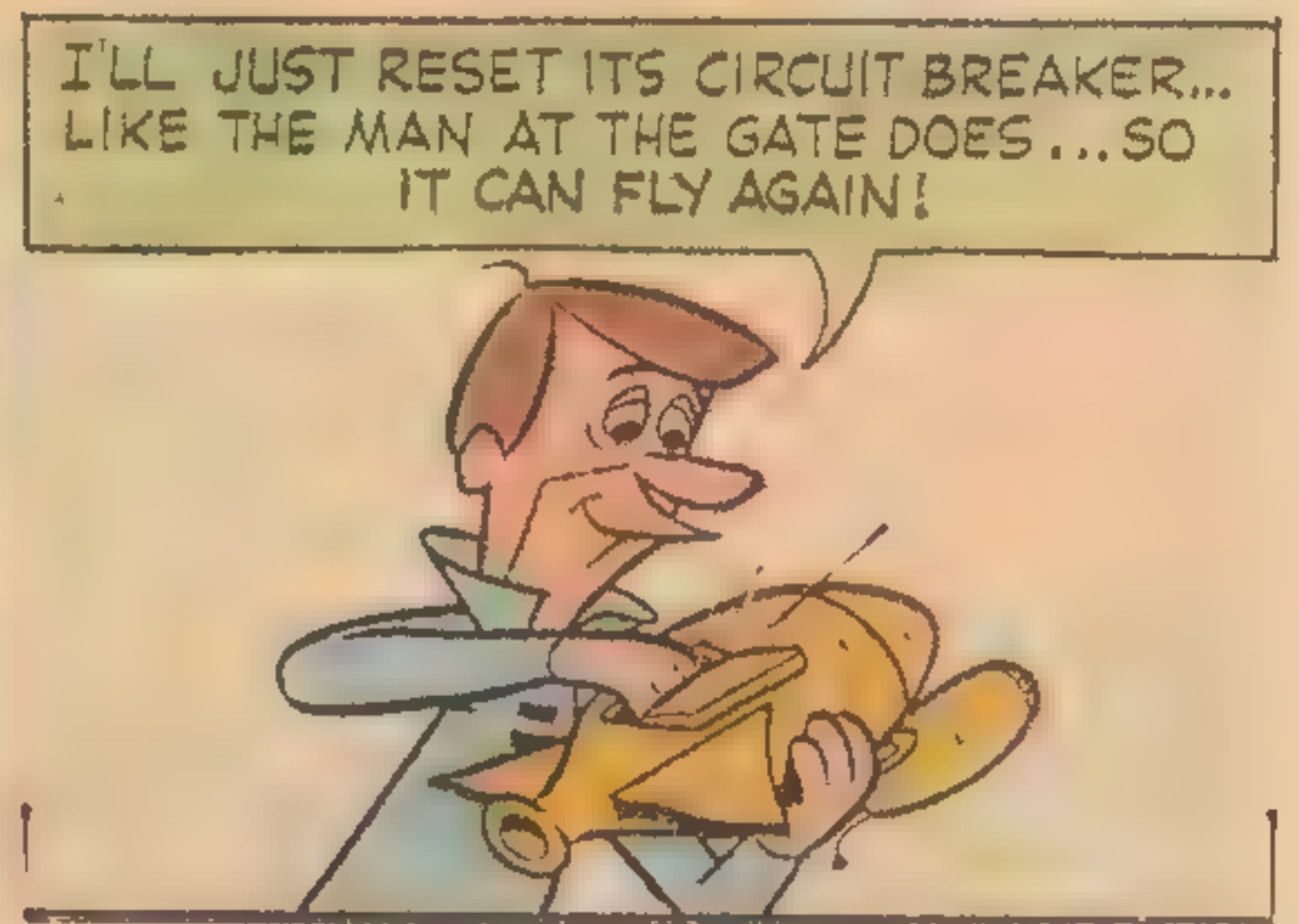
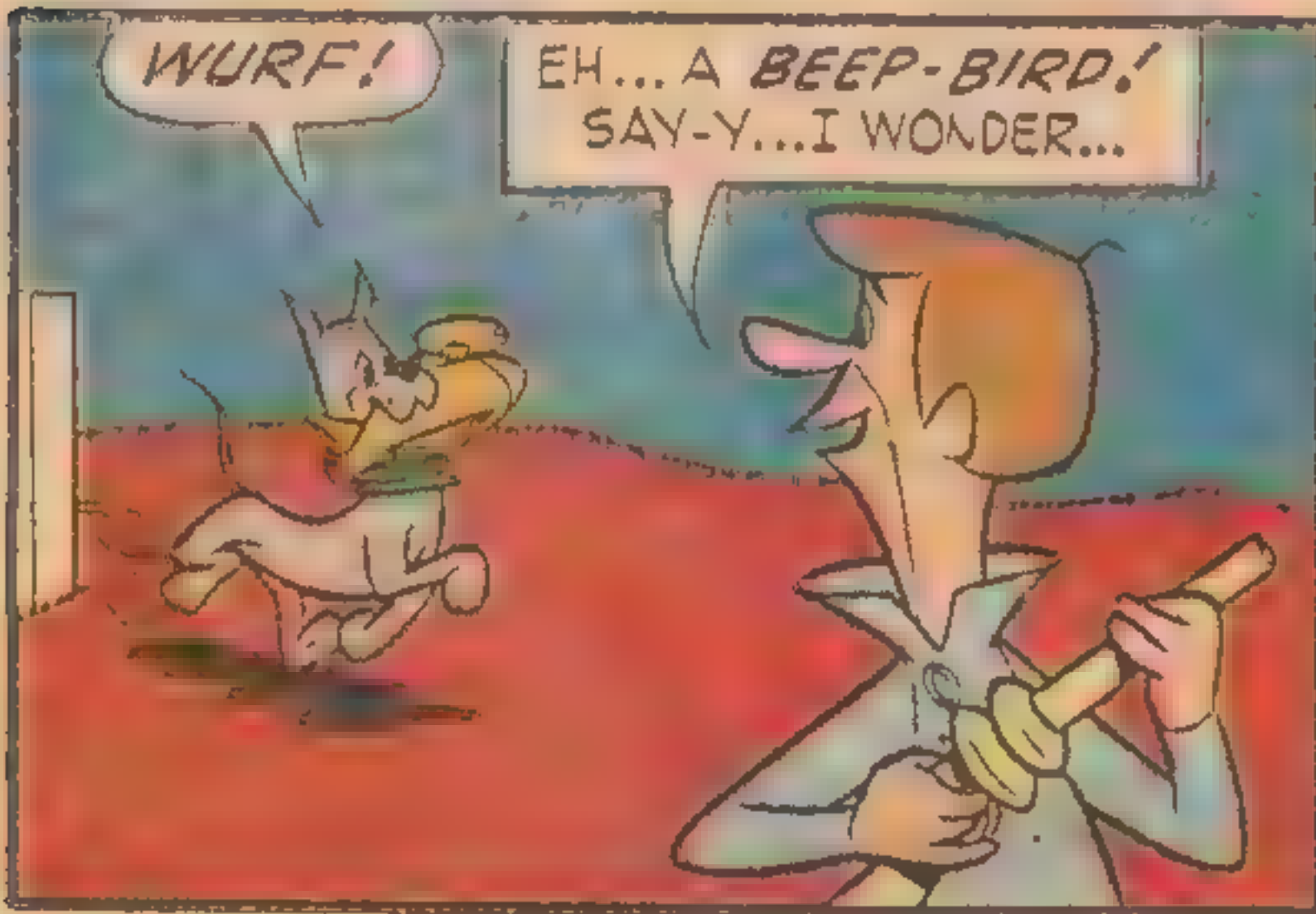
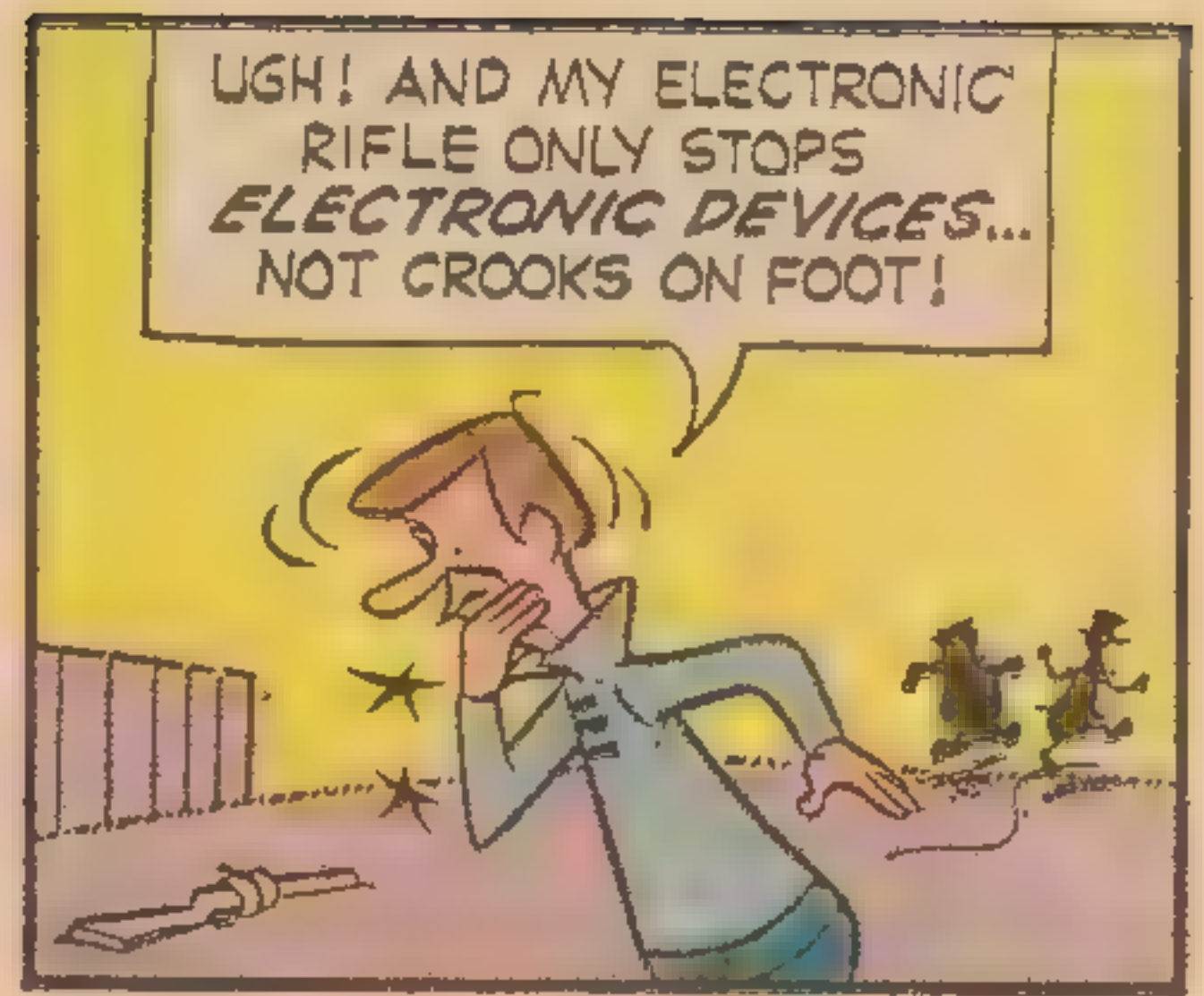
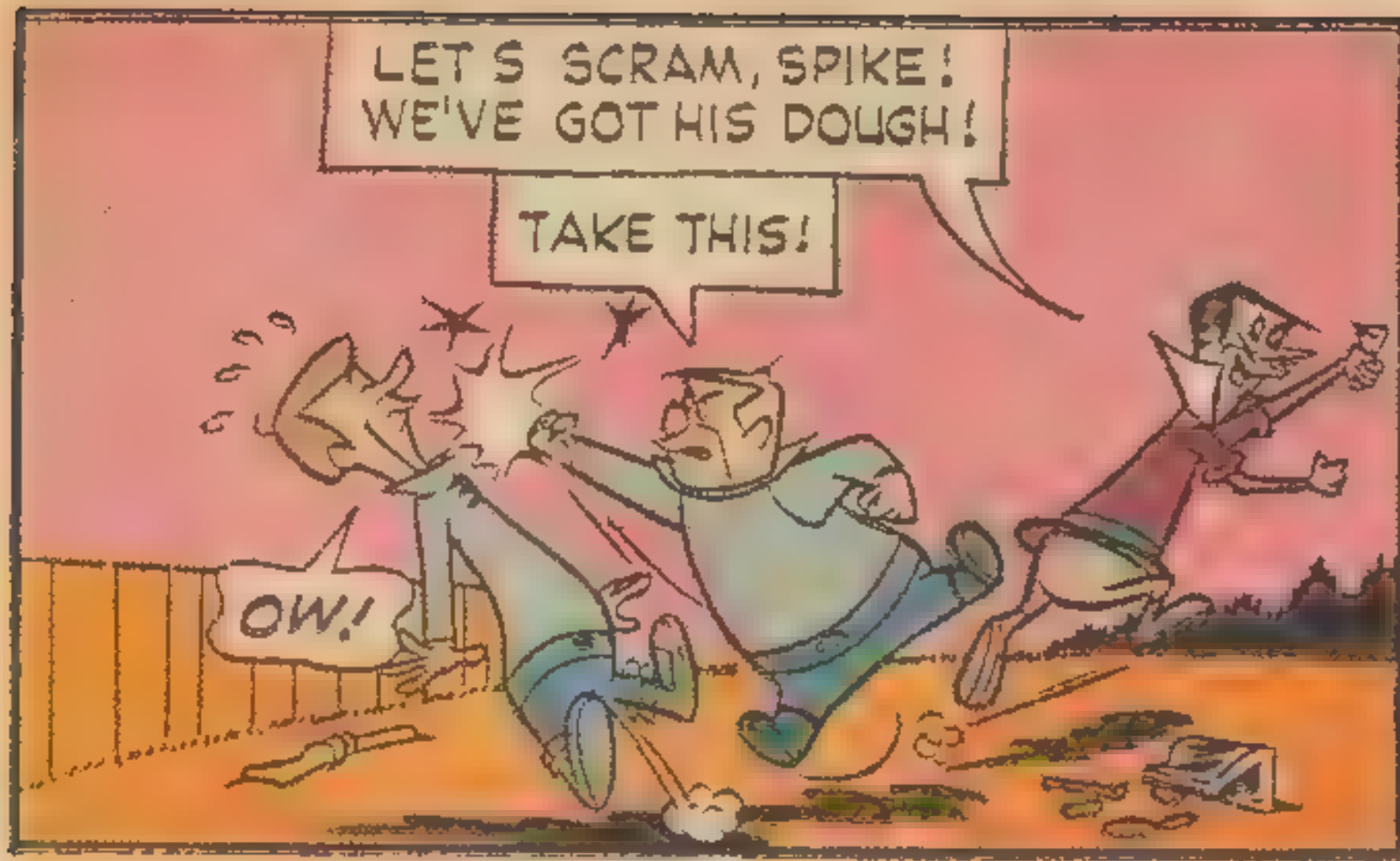
OH, WELL...THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHER STUFF TO BRING BACK!







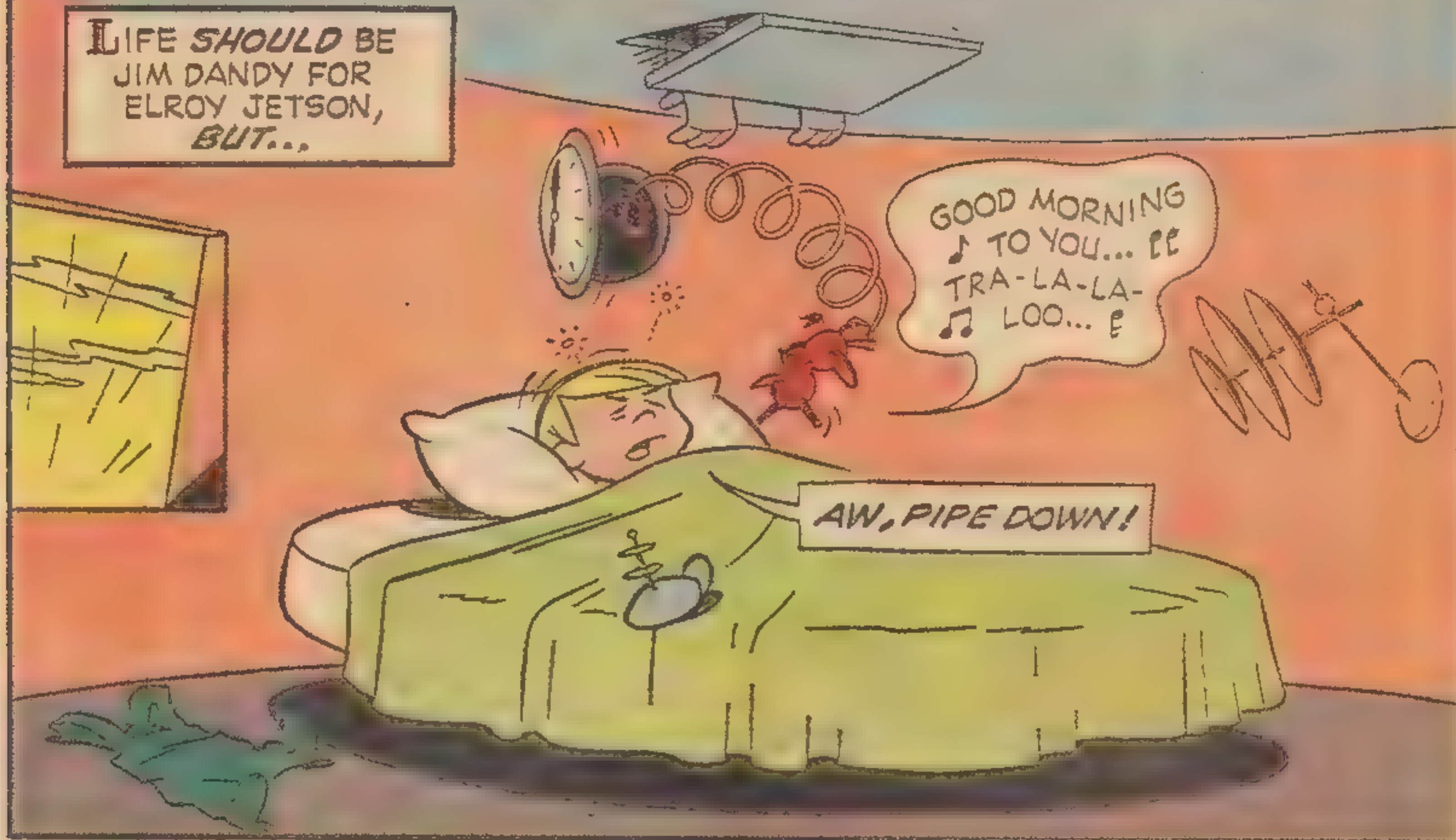




Hanna-Barbera **THE JETSONS**

THE PLAY IS THE THING

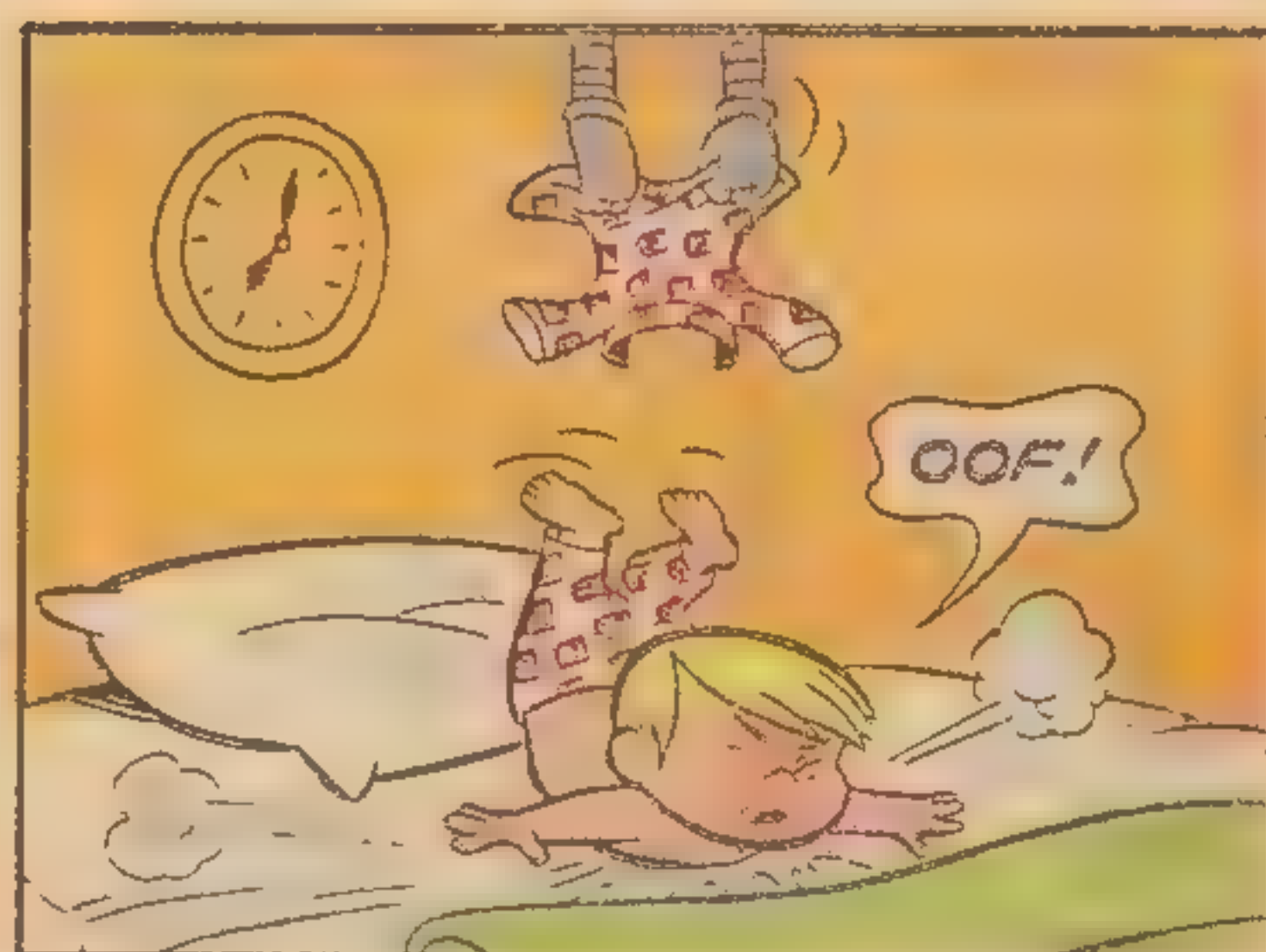
LIFE *SHOULD* BE
JIM DANDY FOR
ELROY JETSON,
BUT...



I WANNA SLEEP
A LITTLE
LONGER! Z-Z-Z-

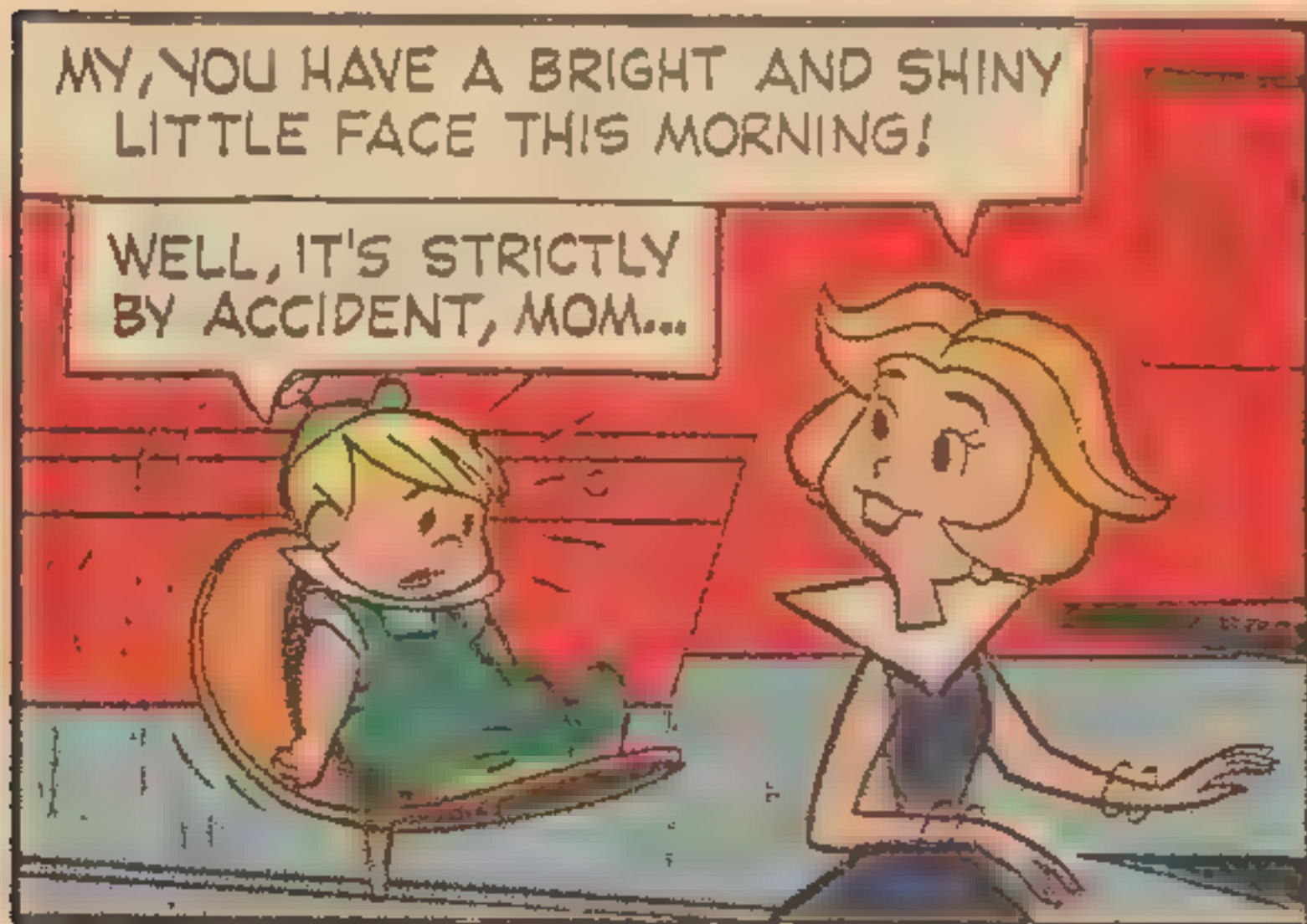


BUT
YOU
CAN'T
BUCK
AN
AUTO-
MATIC
GETTER-
UPPER...



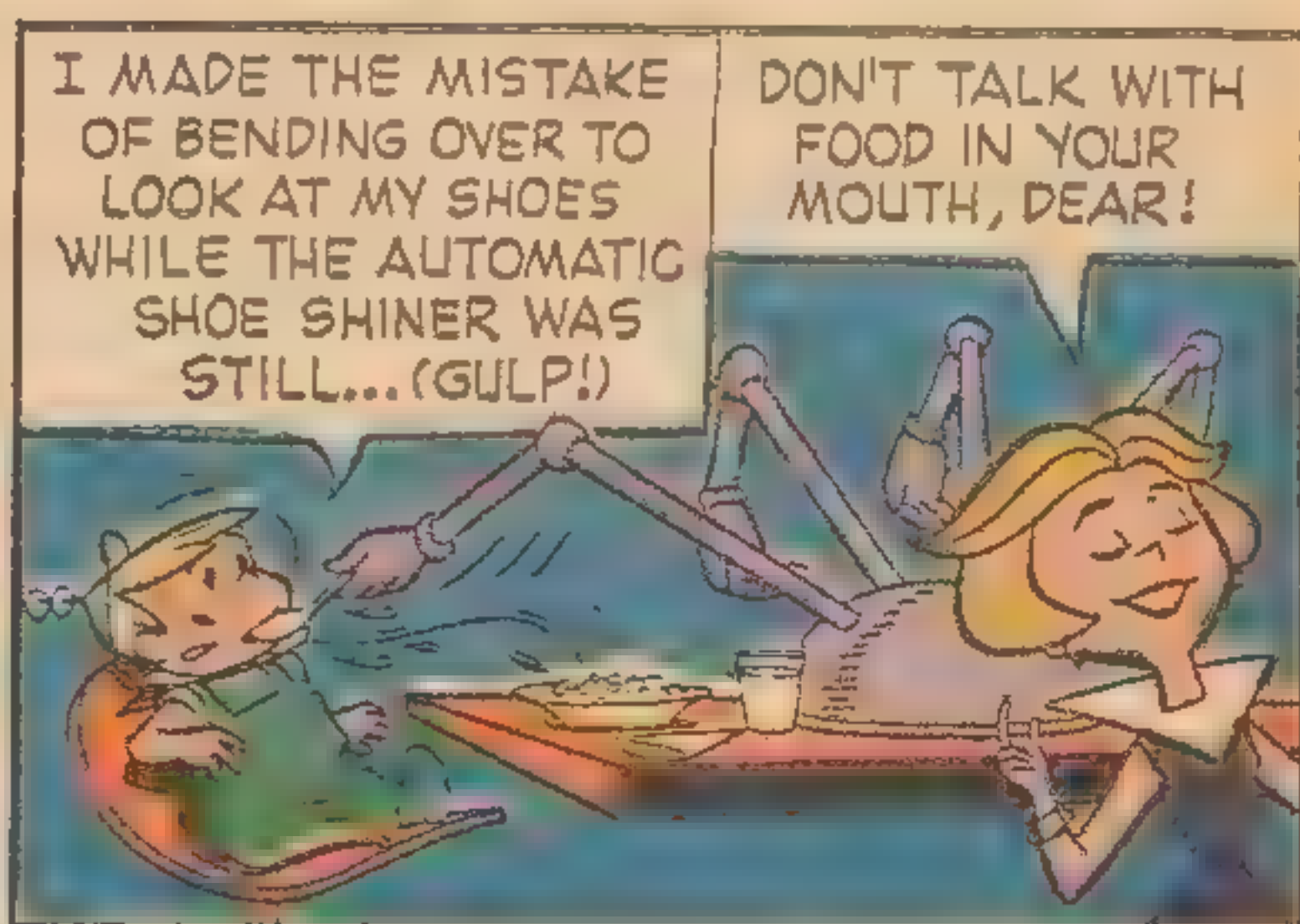
MY, YOU HAVE A BRIGHT AND SHINY
LITTLE FACE THIS MORNING!

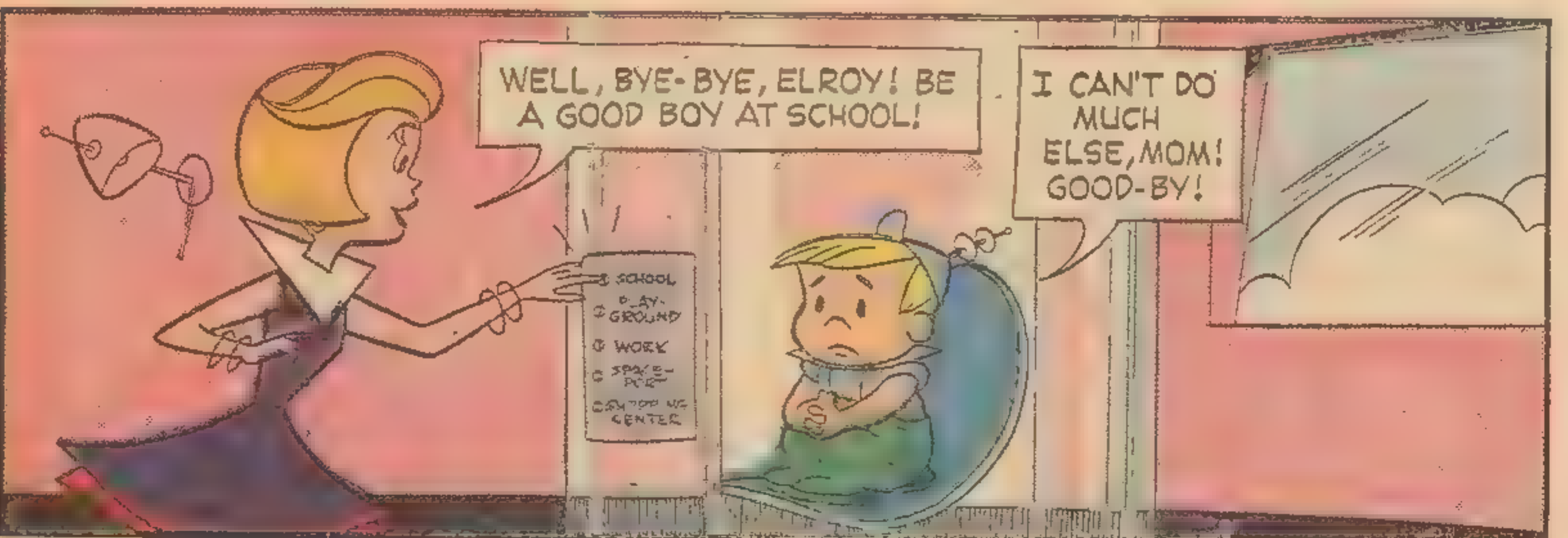
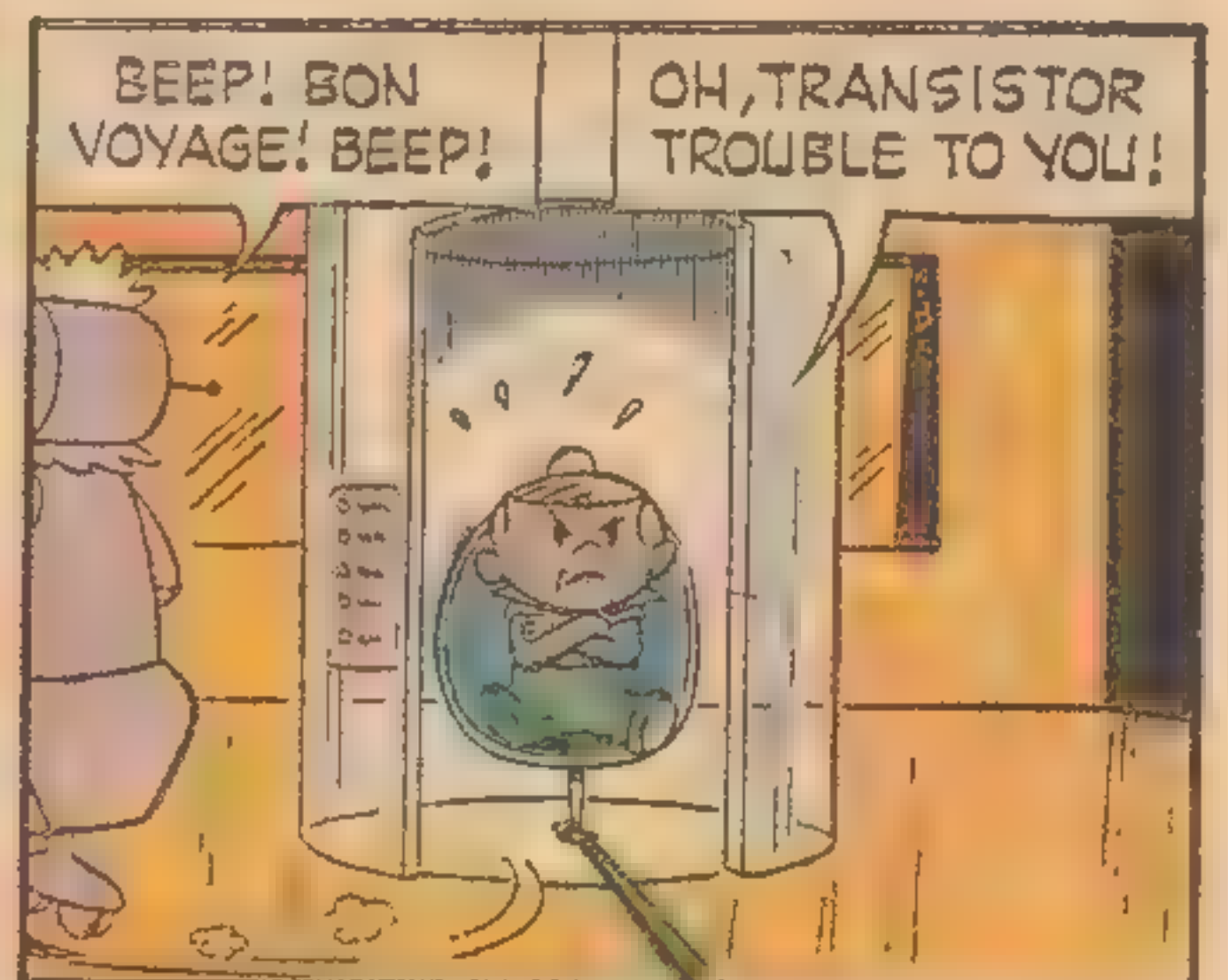
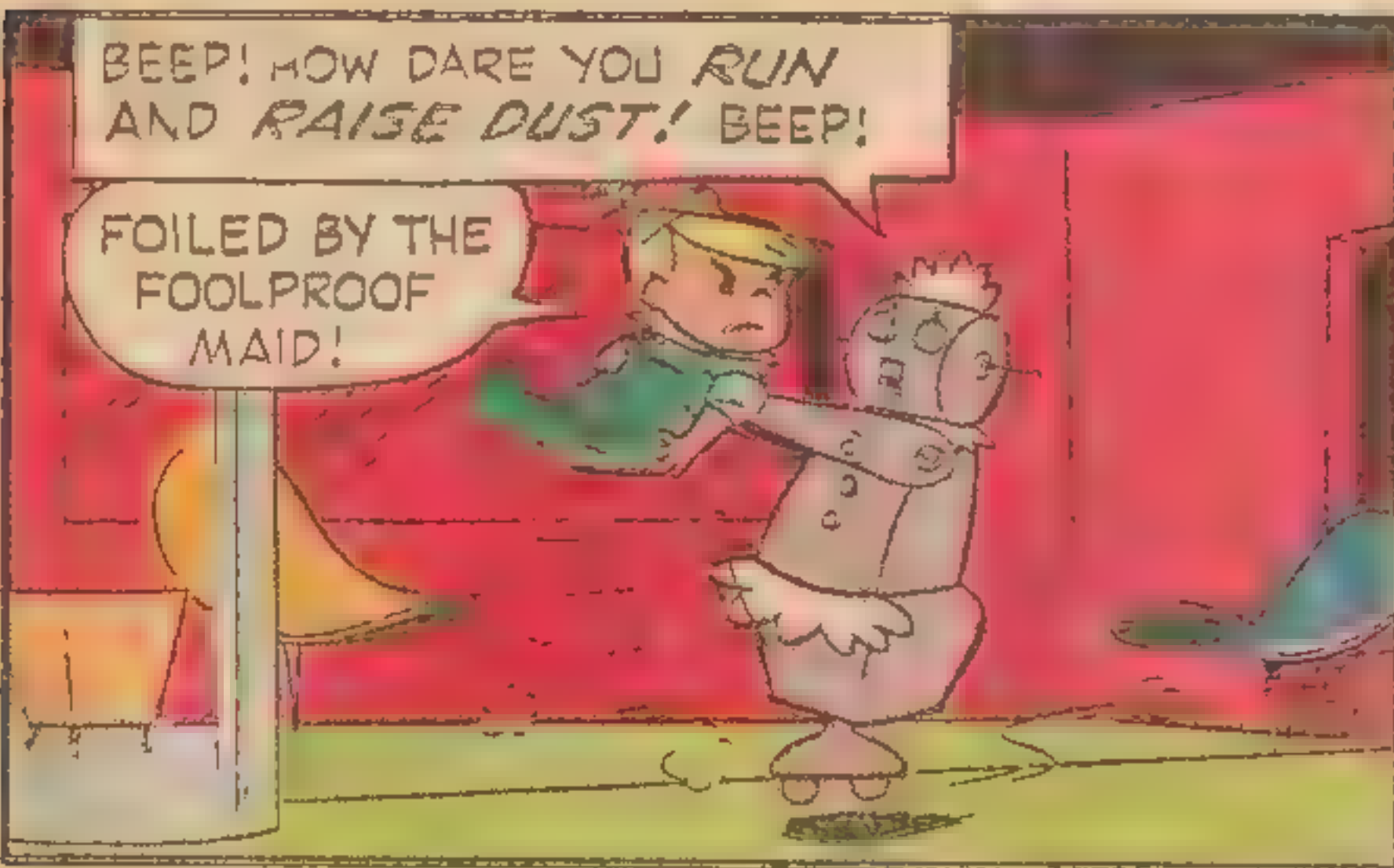
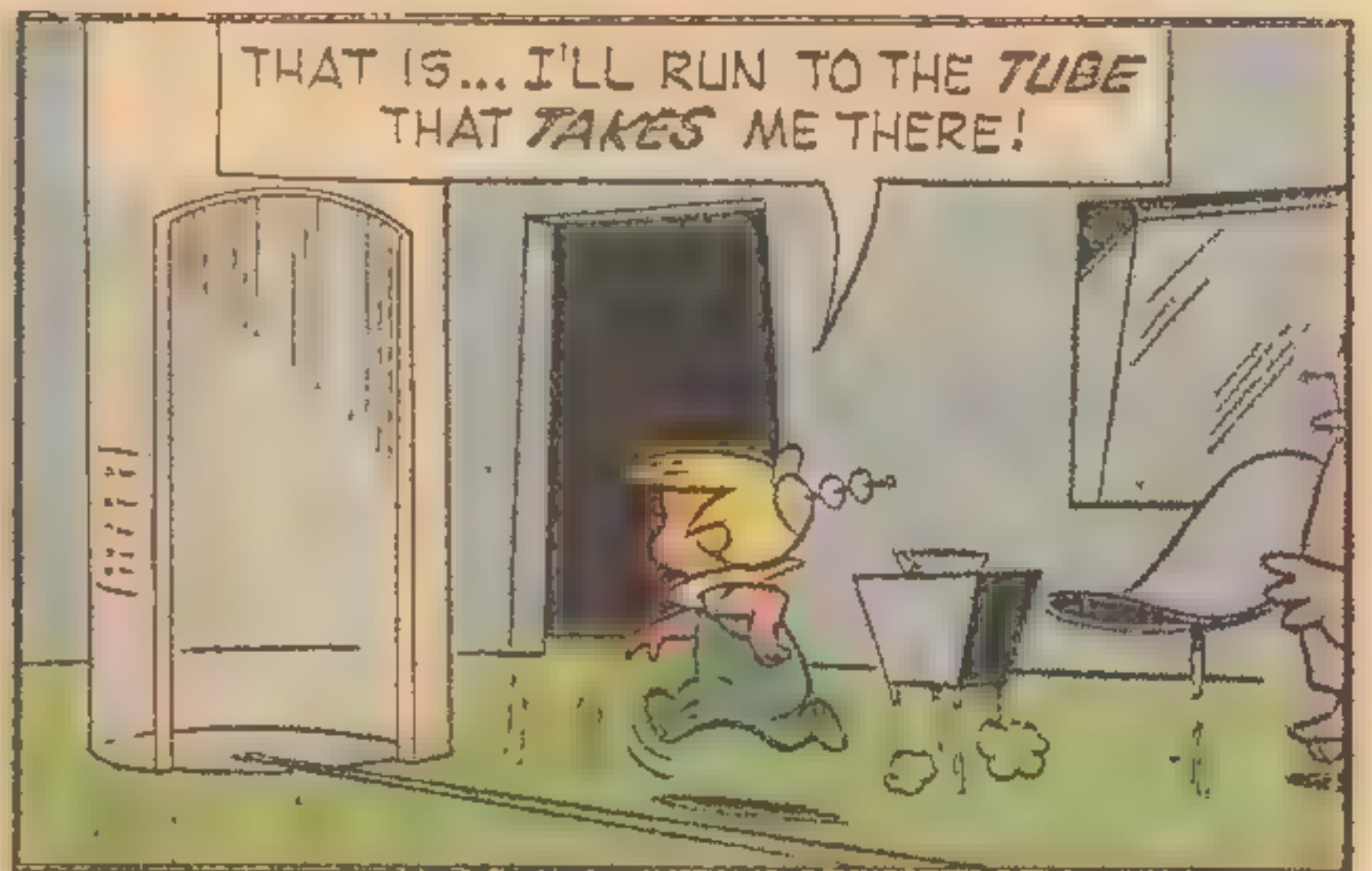
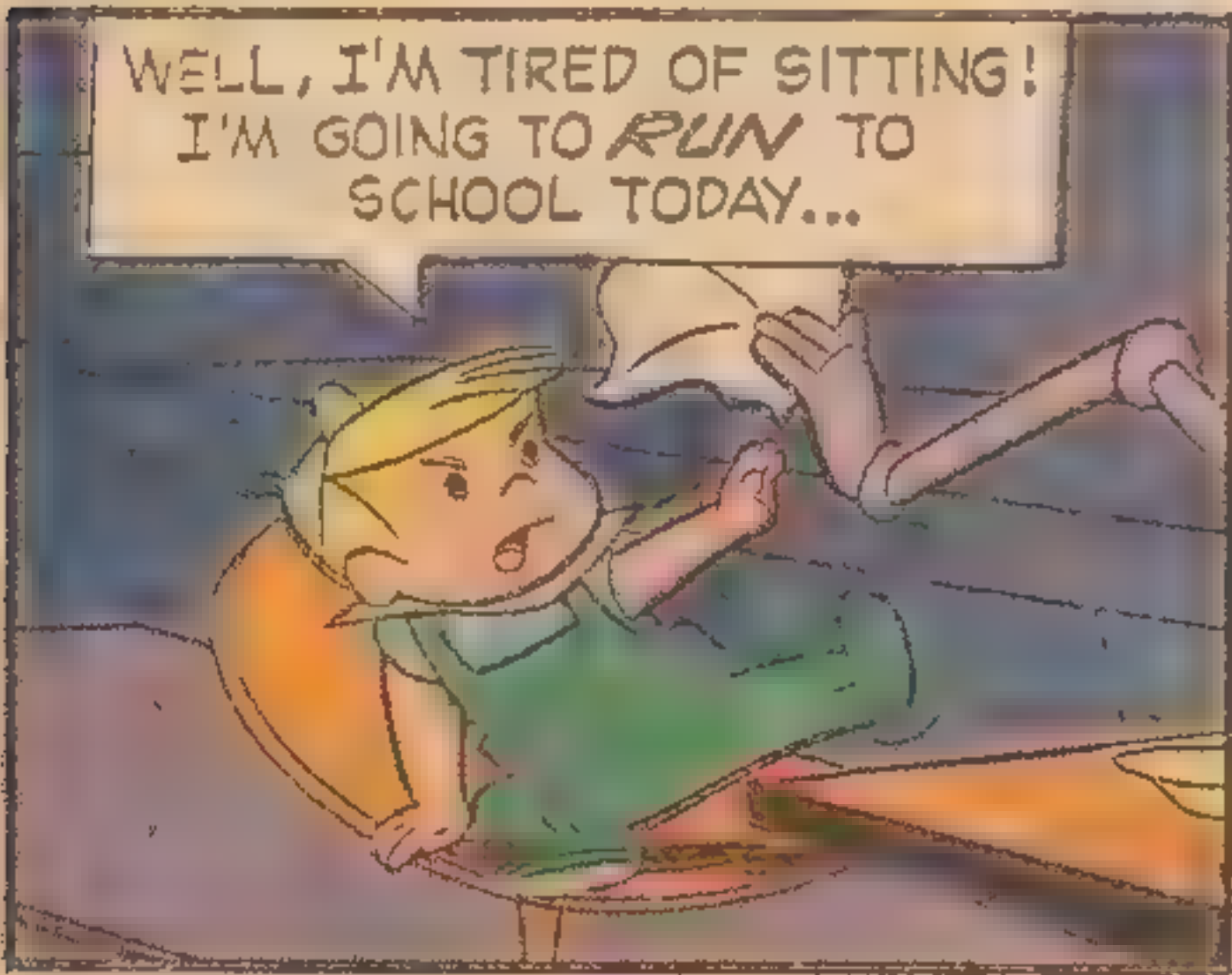
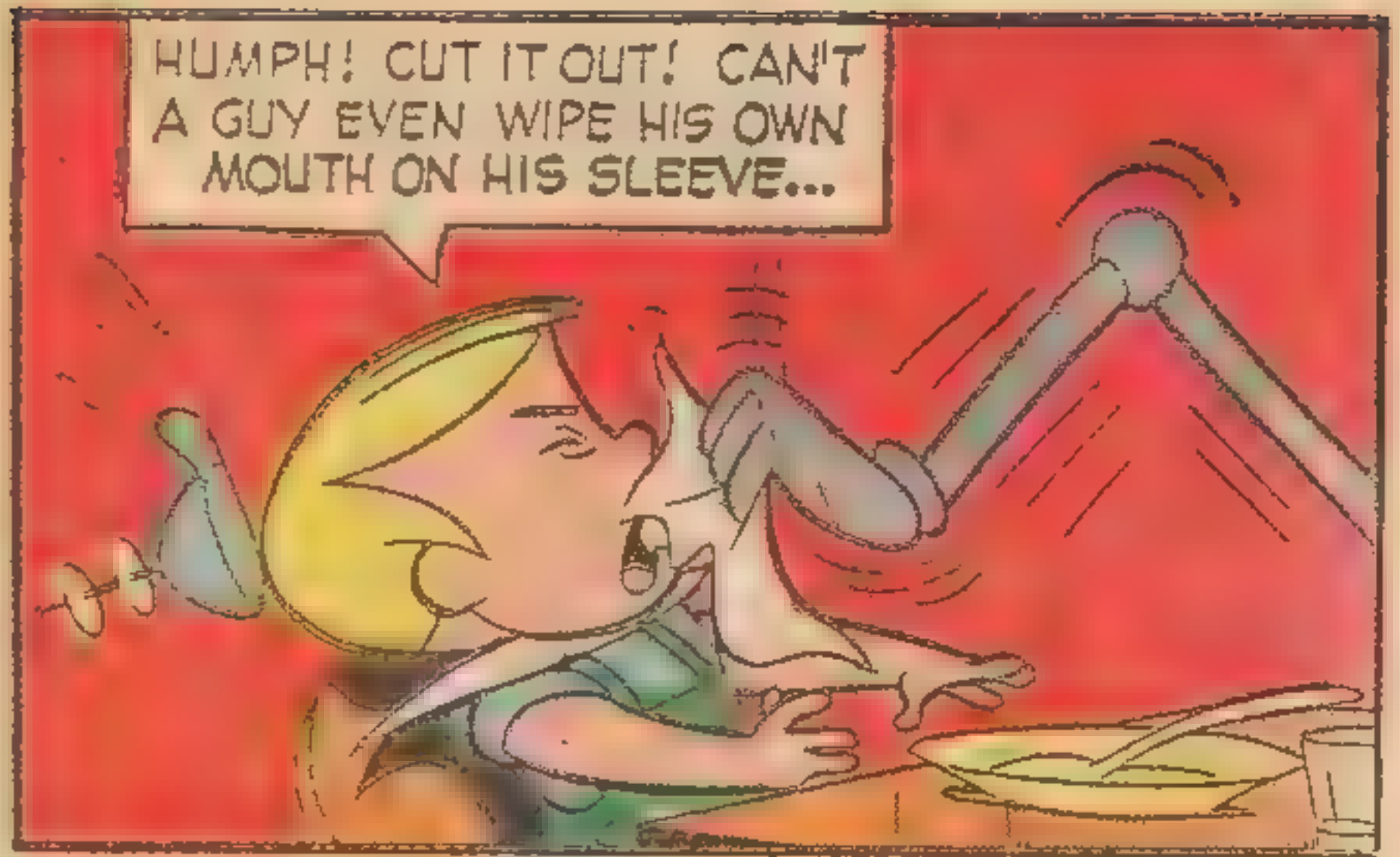
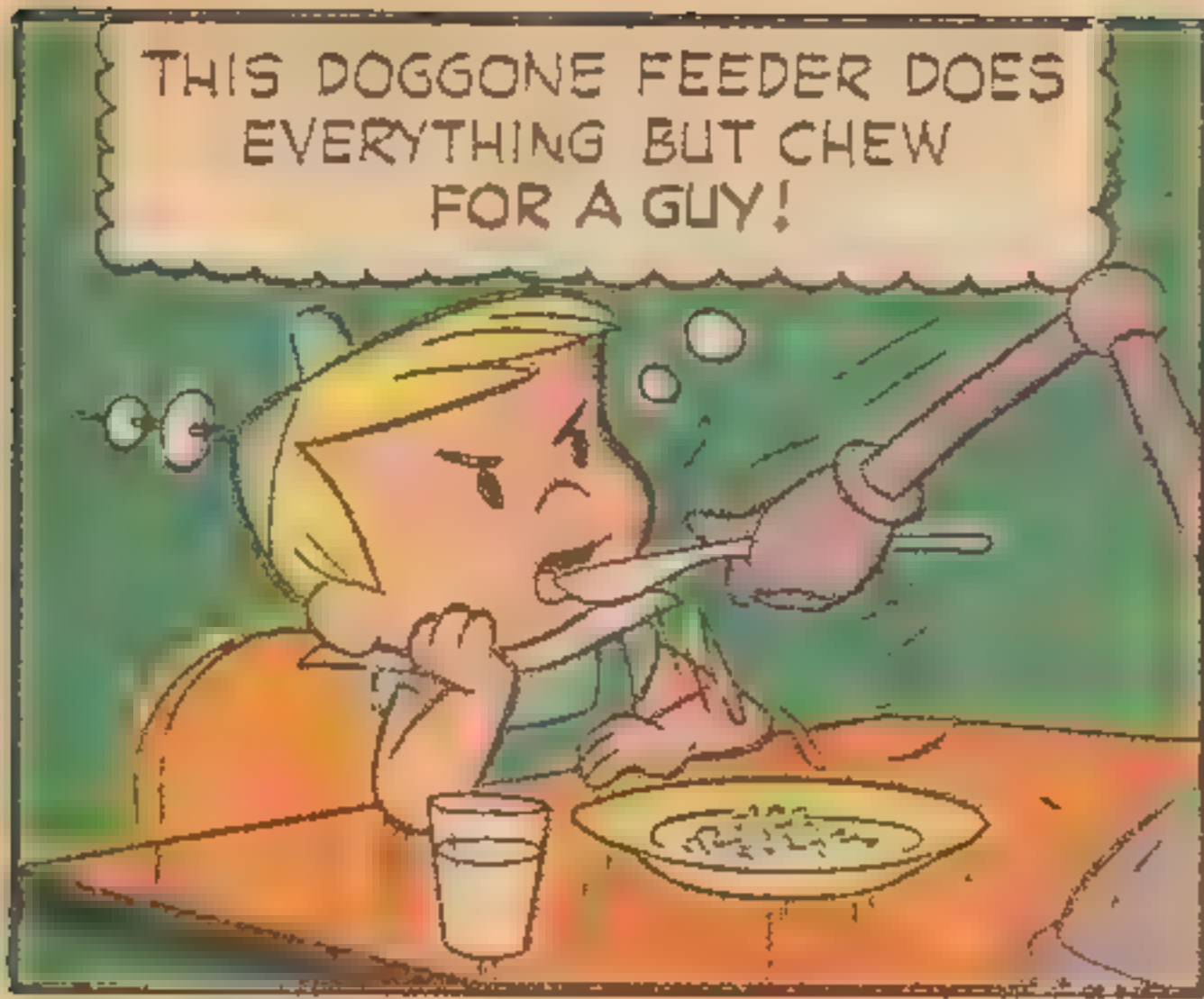
WELL, IT'S STRICTLY
BY ACCIDENT, MOM...



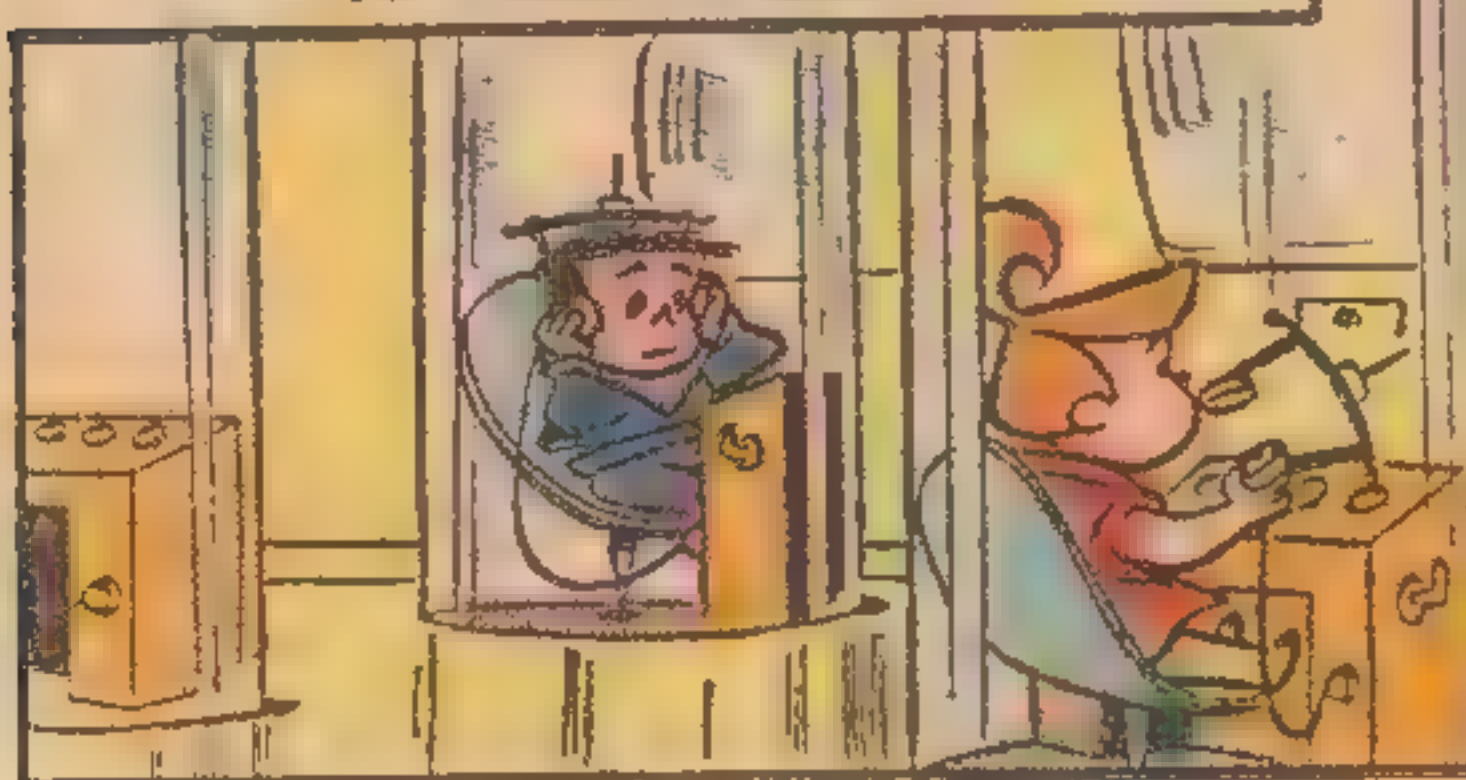
I MADE THE MISTAKE
OF BENDING OVER TO
LOOK AT MY SHOES
WHILE THE AUTOMATIC
SHOE SHINER WAS
STILL... (GULP!)

DON'T TALK WITH
FOOD IN YOUR
MOUTH, DEAR!

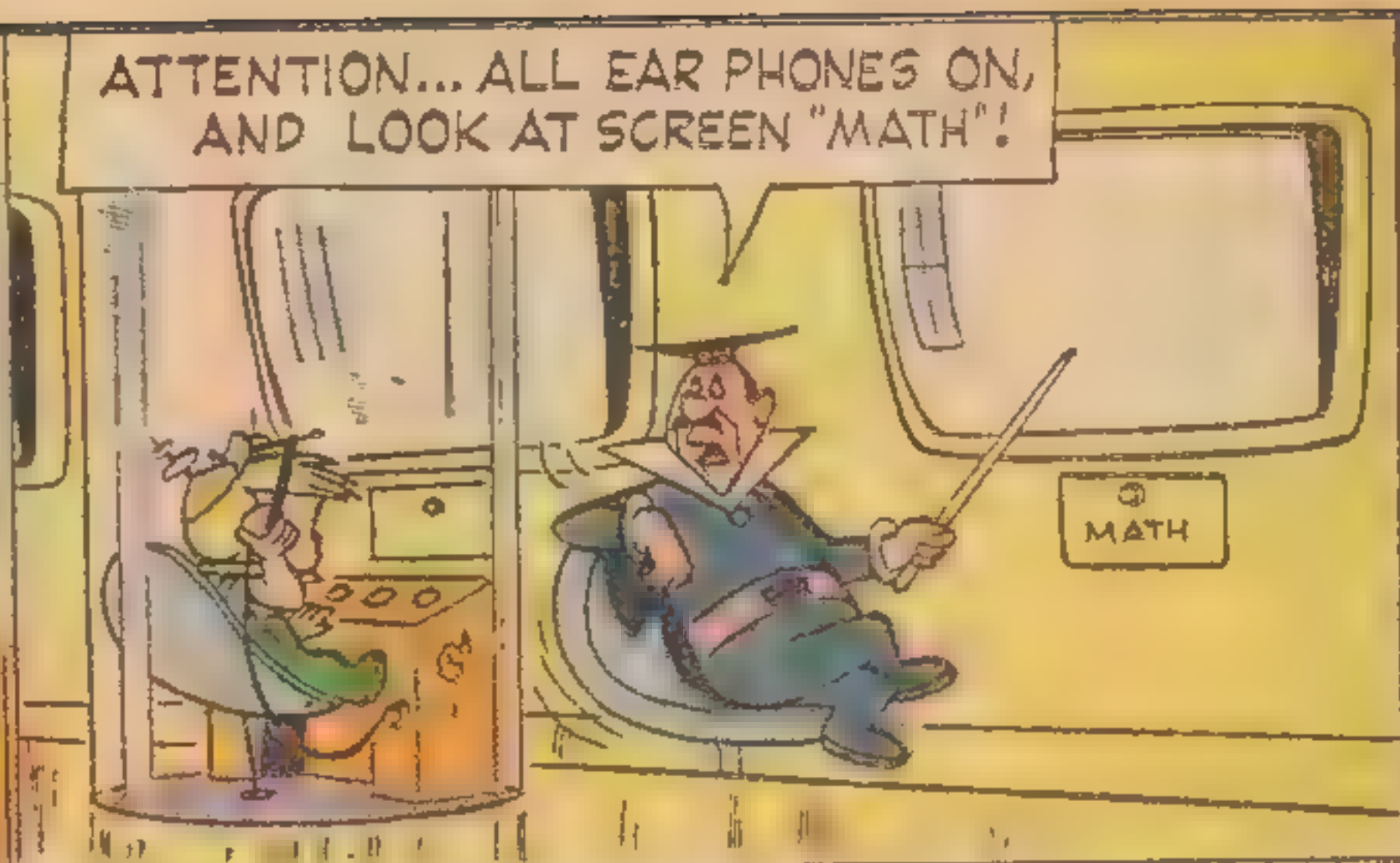




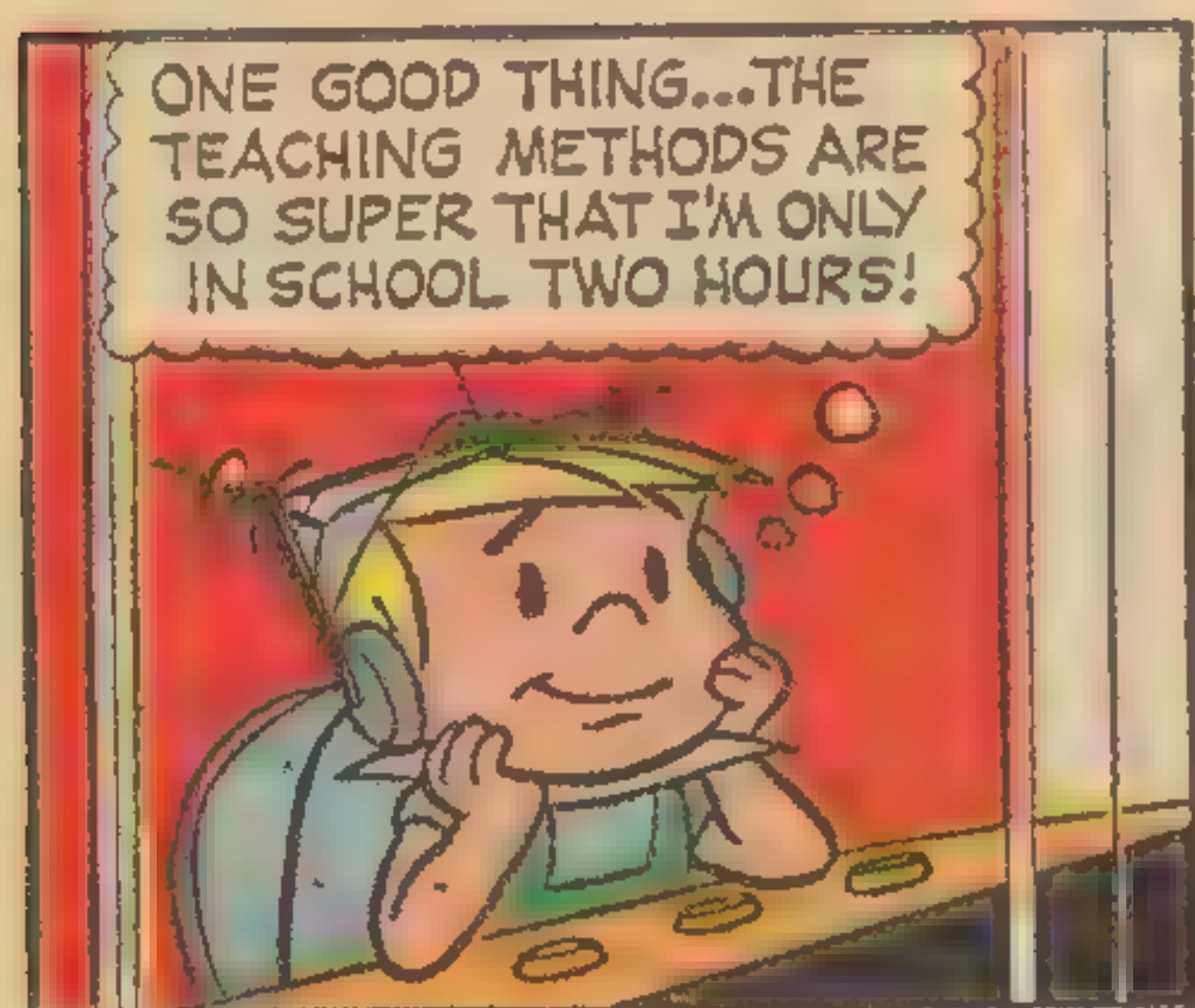
YES, IN THE MODERN CLASSROOM
NO ONE CAN GET INTO TROUBLE...
BECAUSE THEY CAN'T GET OUT
OF THEIR TUBES...



ATTENTION... ALL EAR PHONES ON,
AND LOOK AT SCREEN "MATH"!



ONE GOOD THING...THE
TEACHING METHODS ARE
SO SUPER THAT I'M ONLY
IN SCHOOL TWO HOURS!

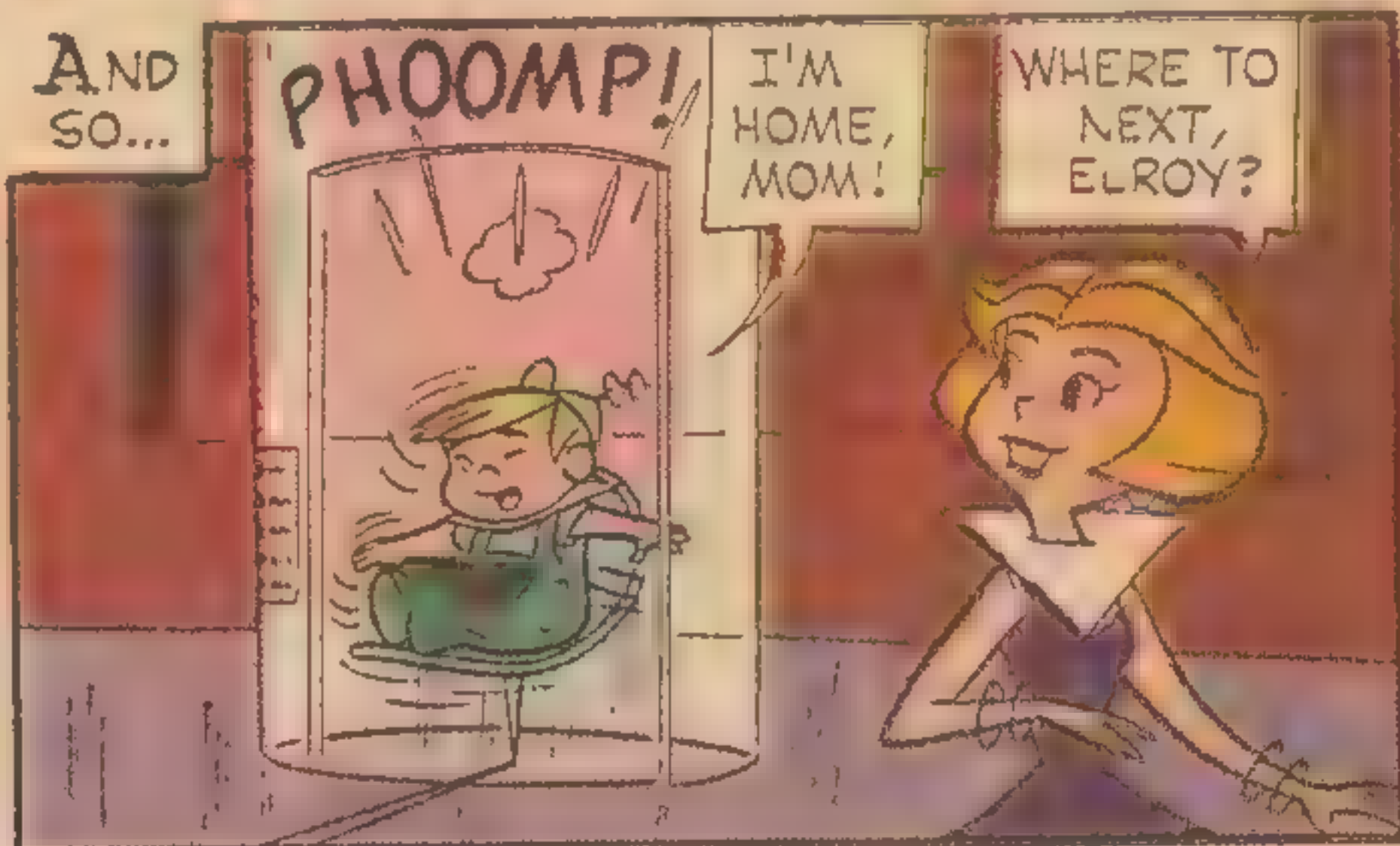


AND
SO...

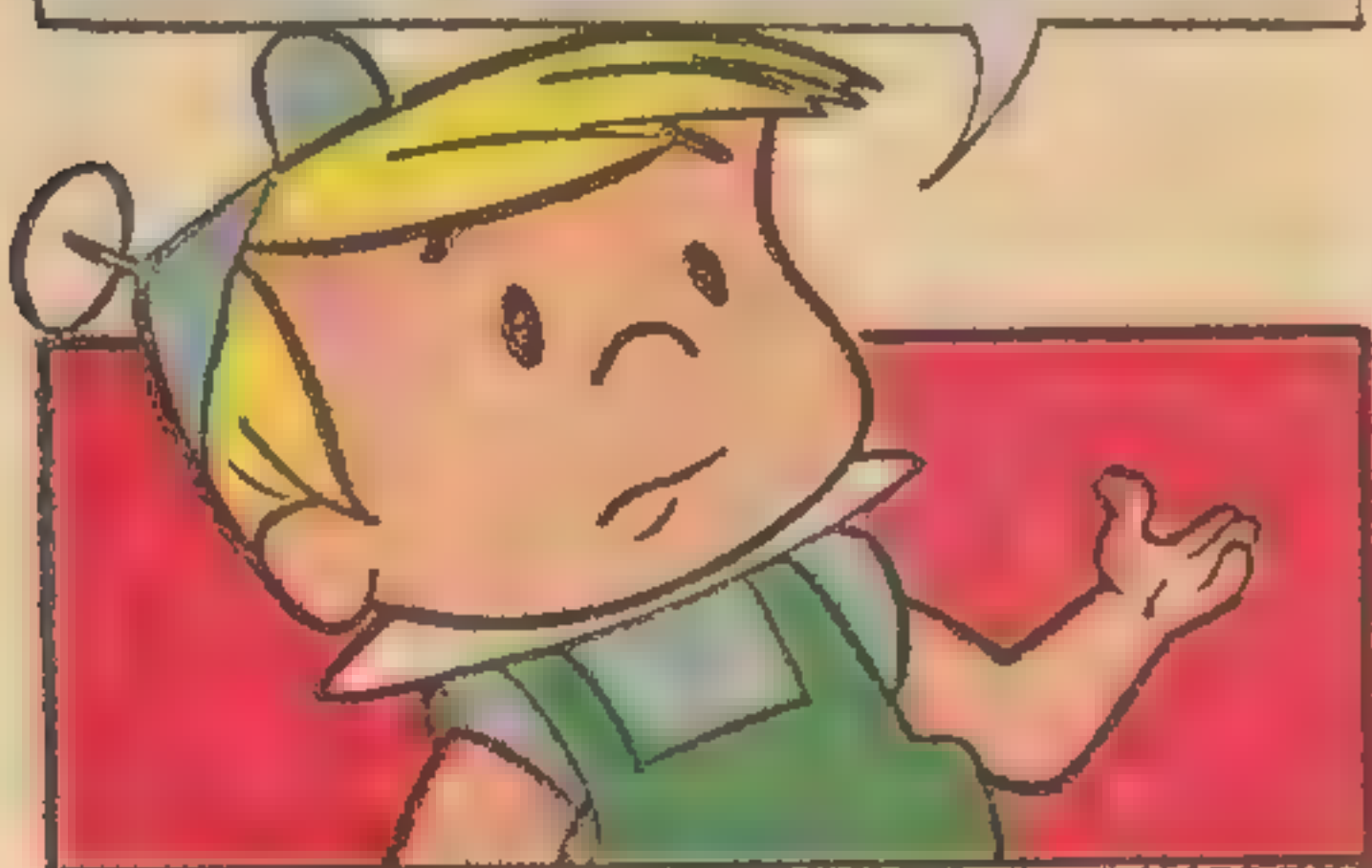
PHOOMP!

I'M
HOME,
MOM!

WHERE TO
NEXT,
ELROY?

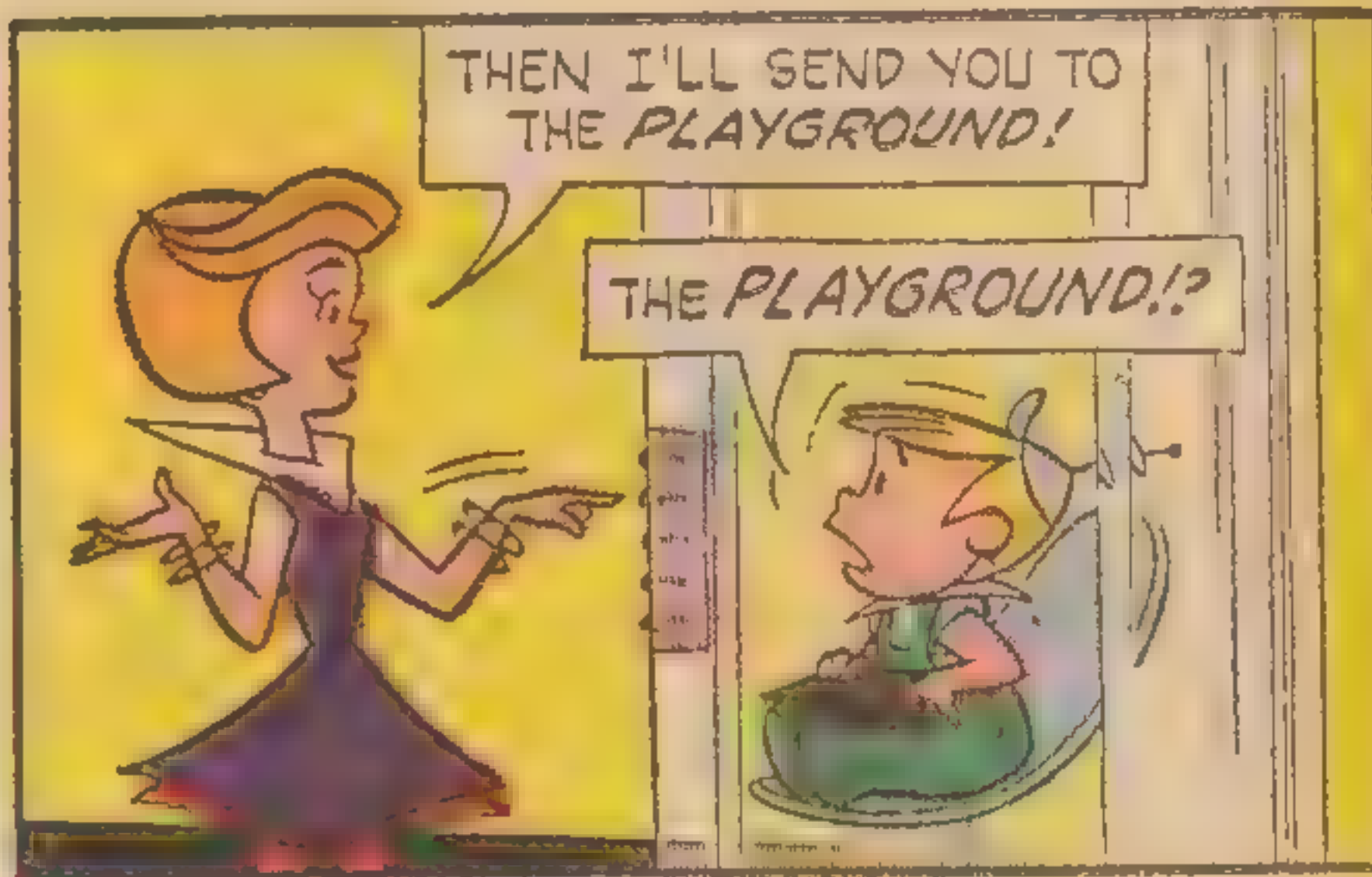


ER...I'D LIKE SOME *EXERCISE* FOR
A CHANGE, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

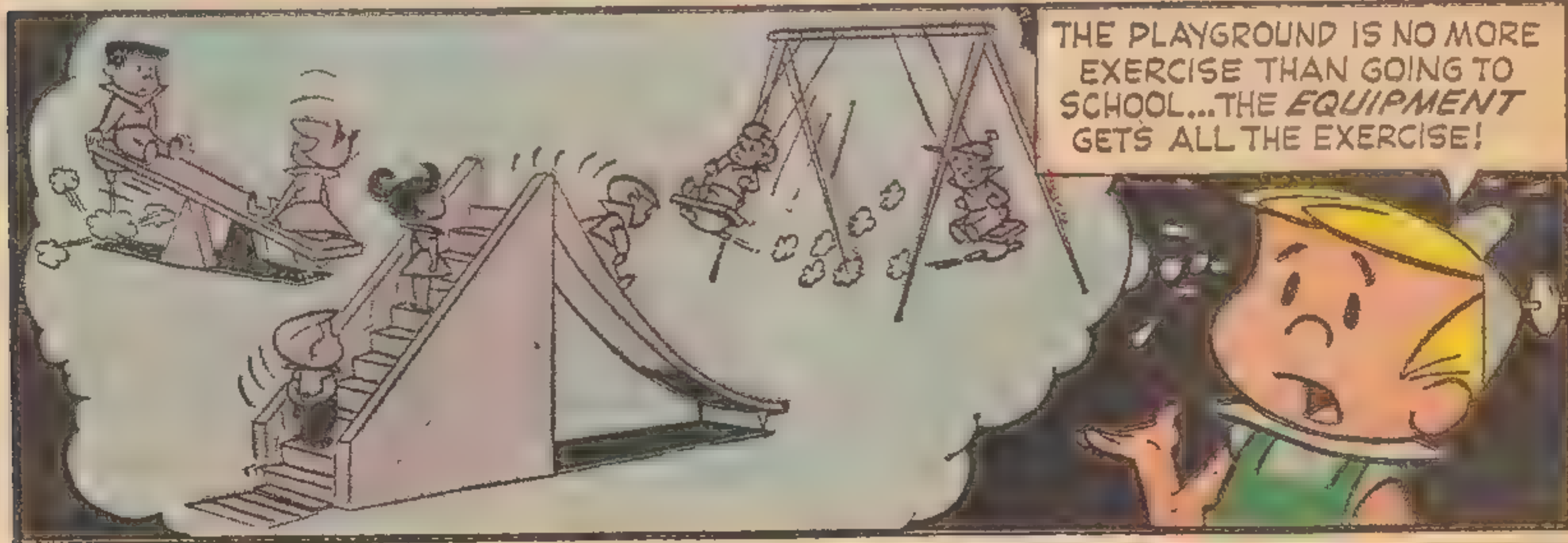


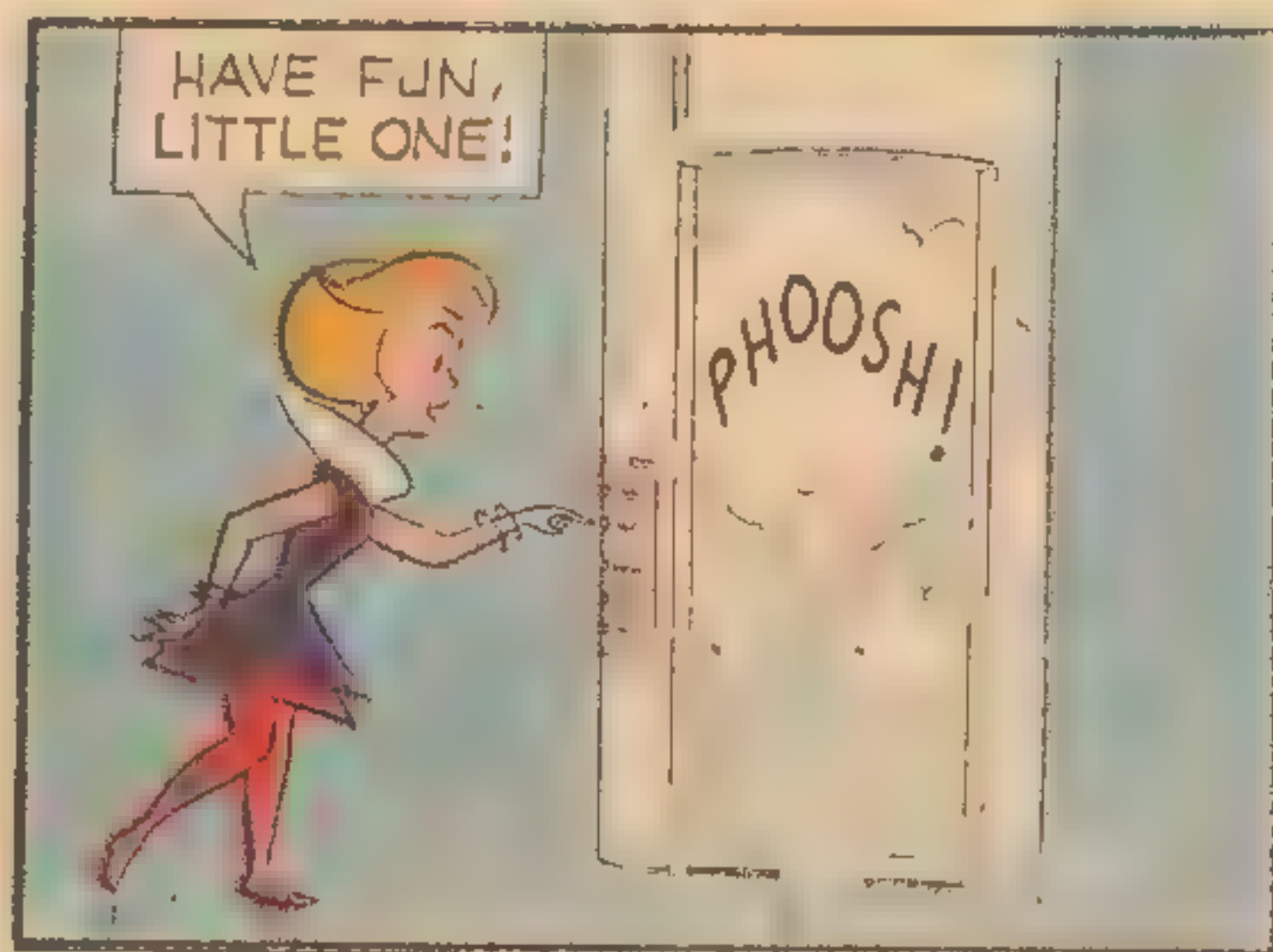
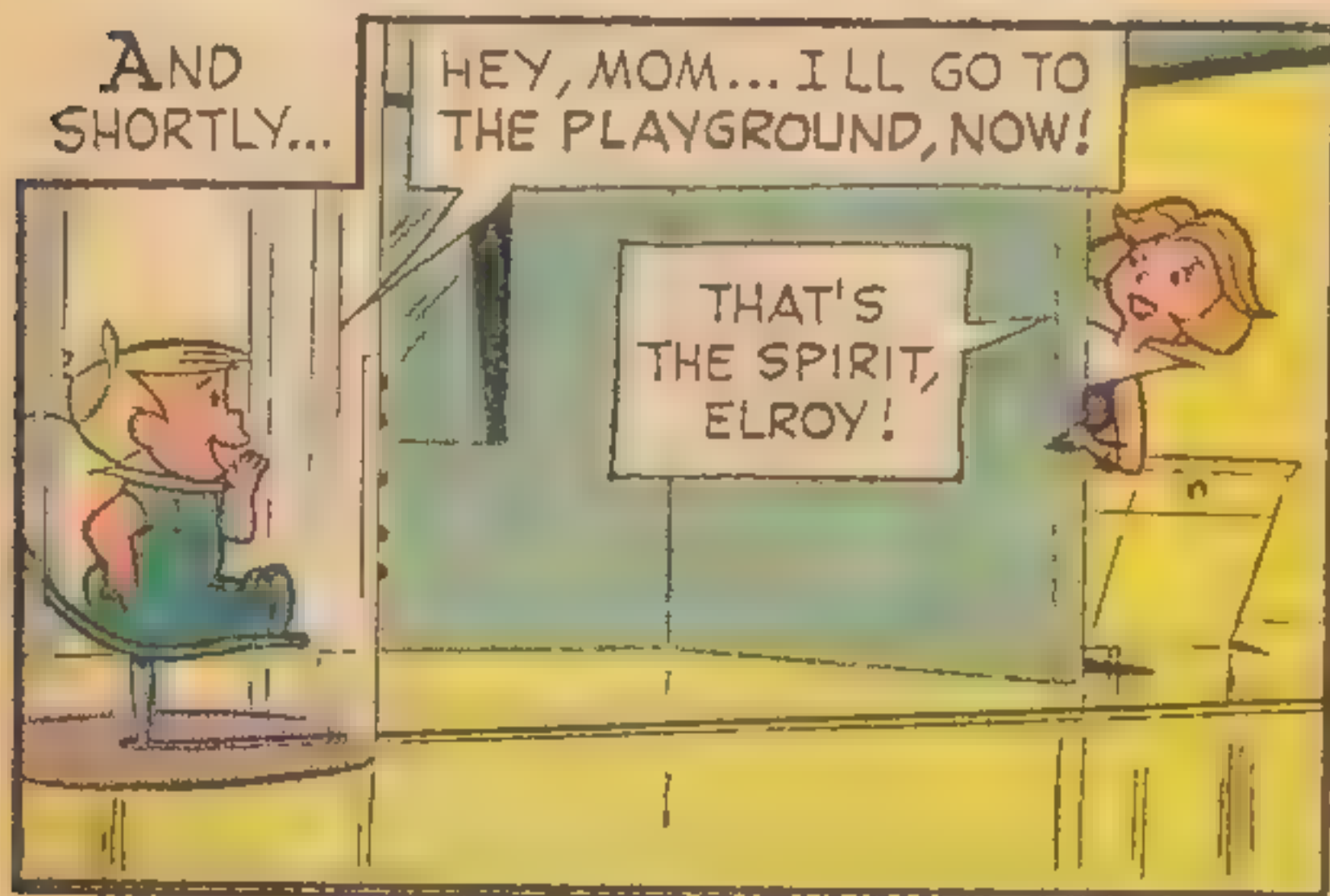
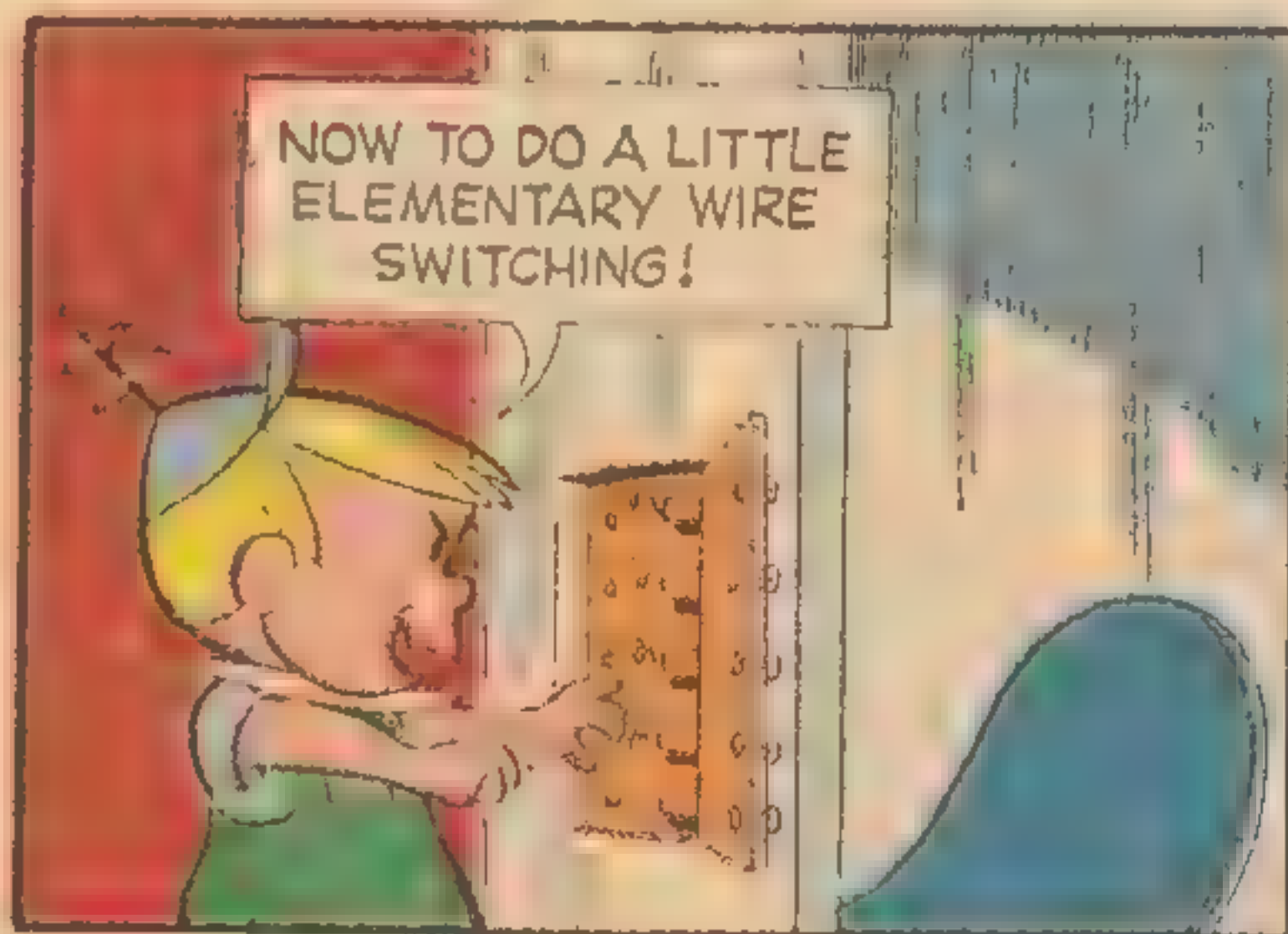
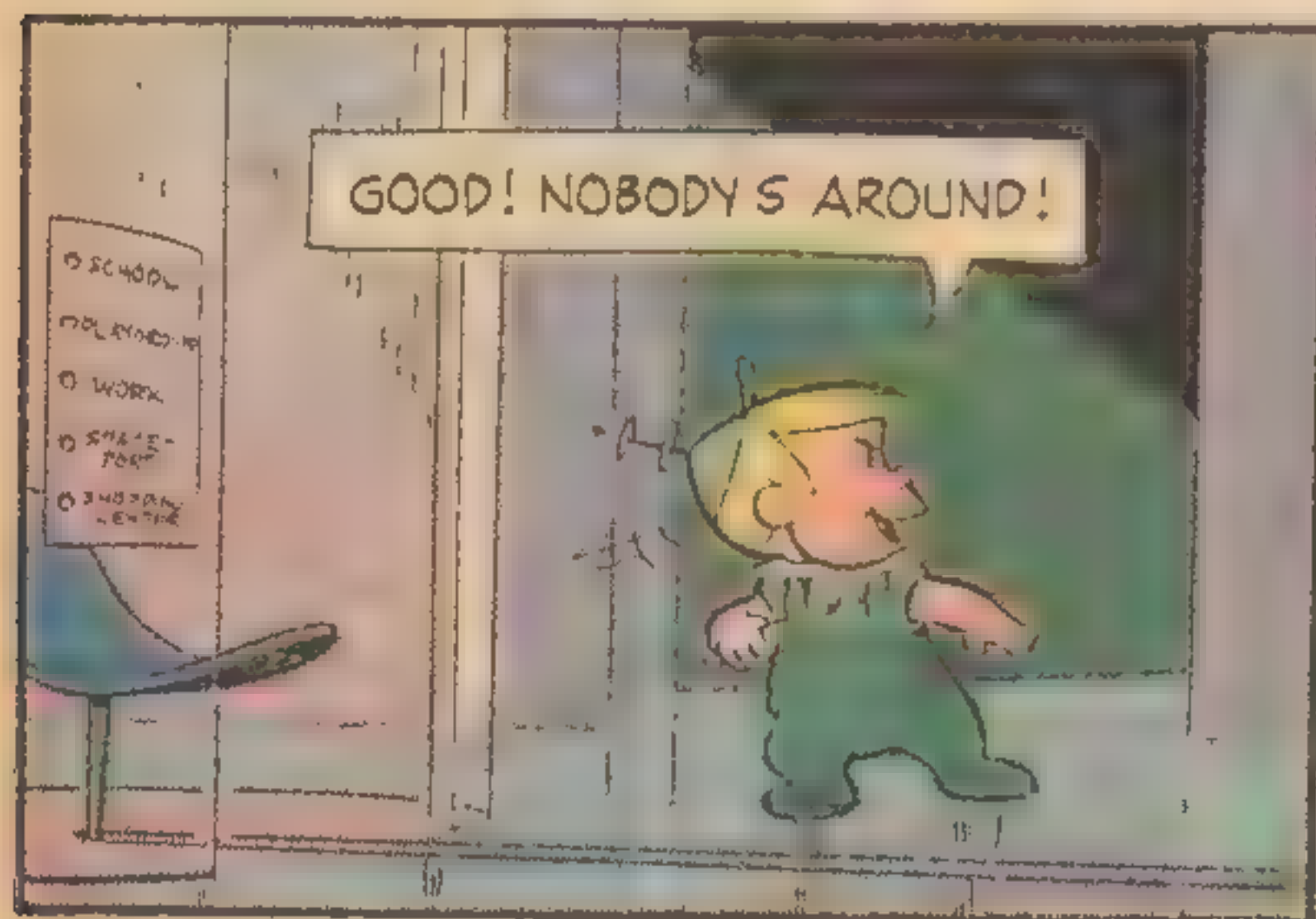
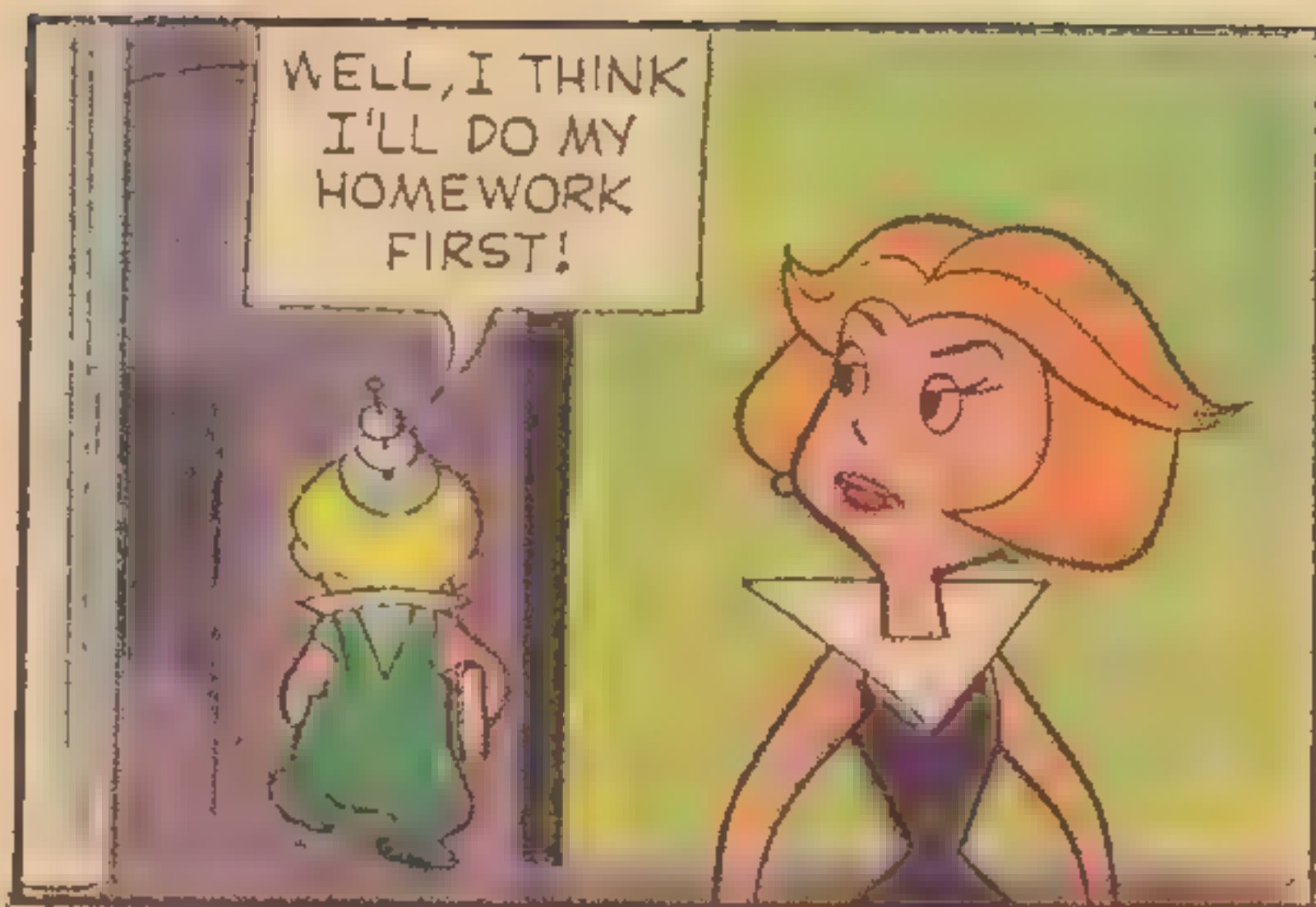
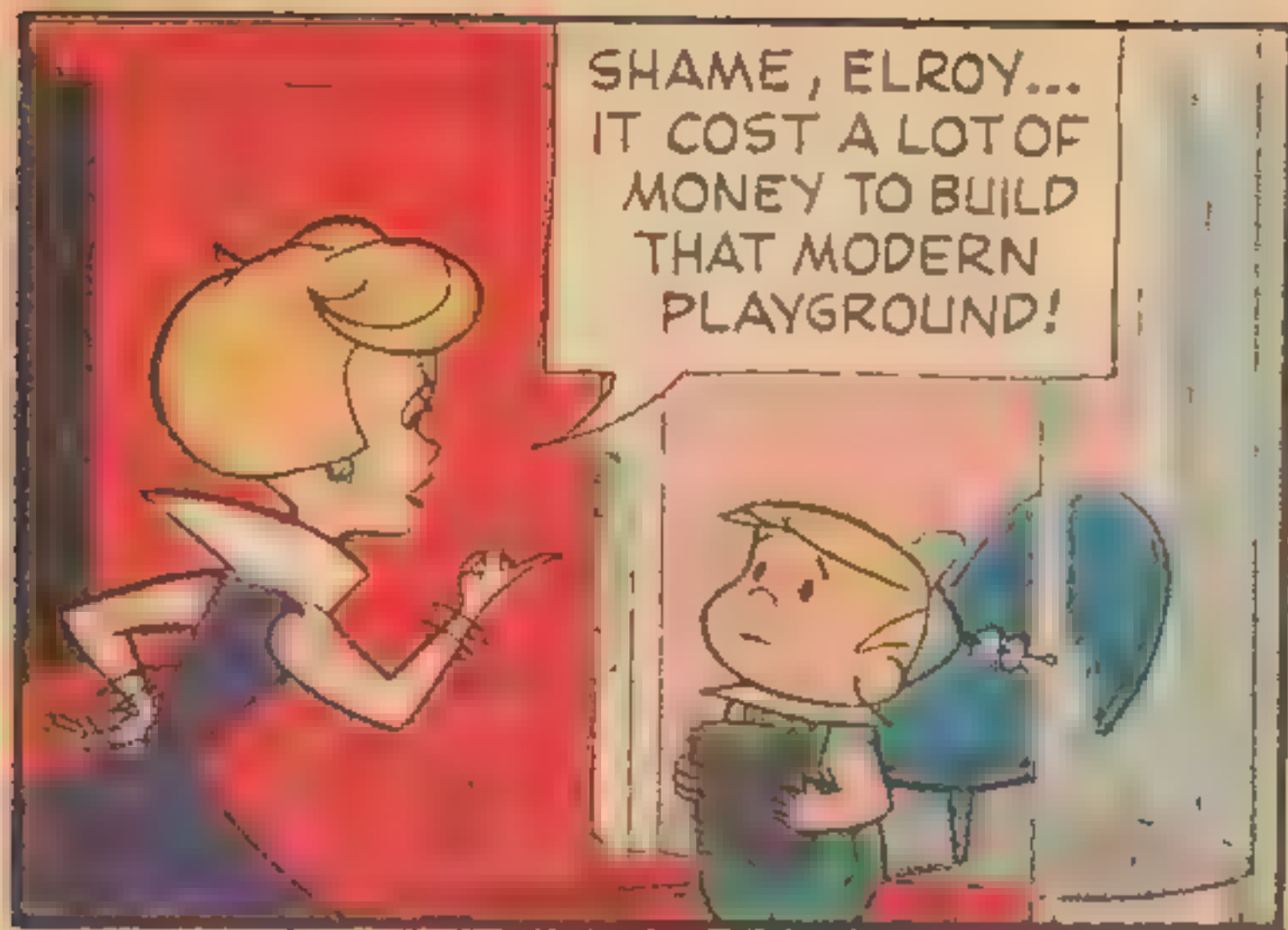
THEN I'LL SEND YOU TO
THE *PLAYGROUND*!

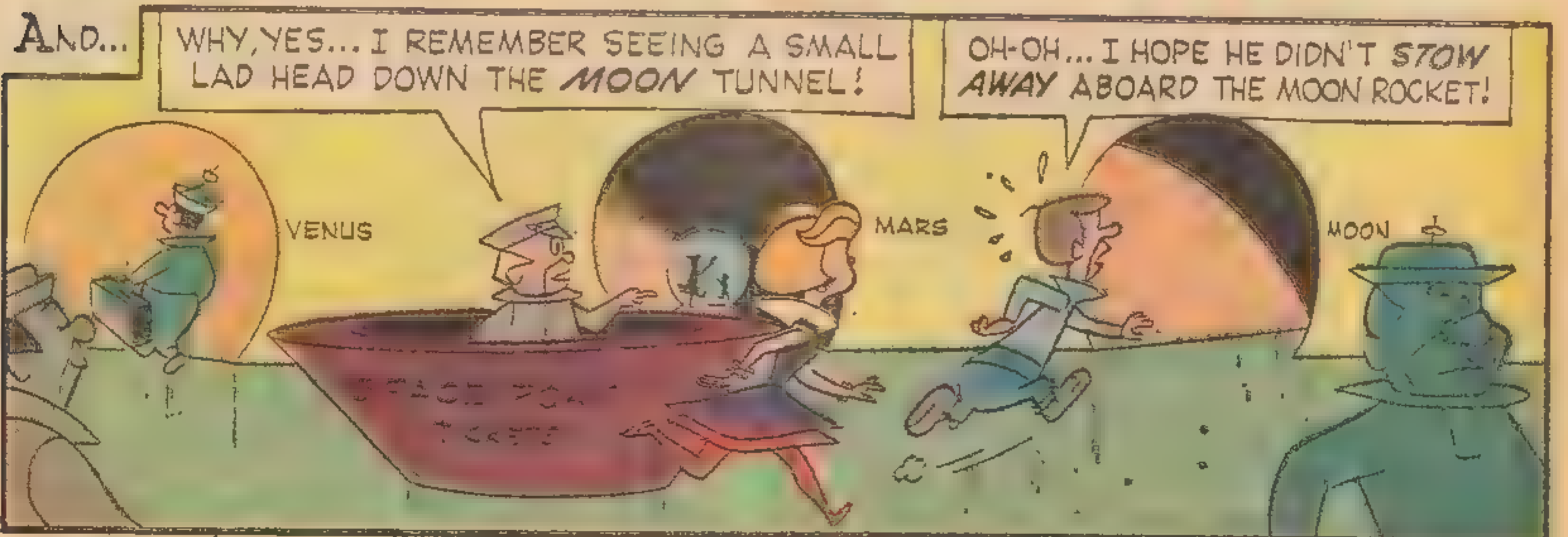
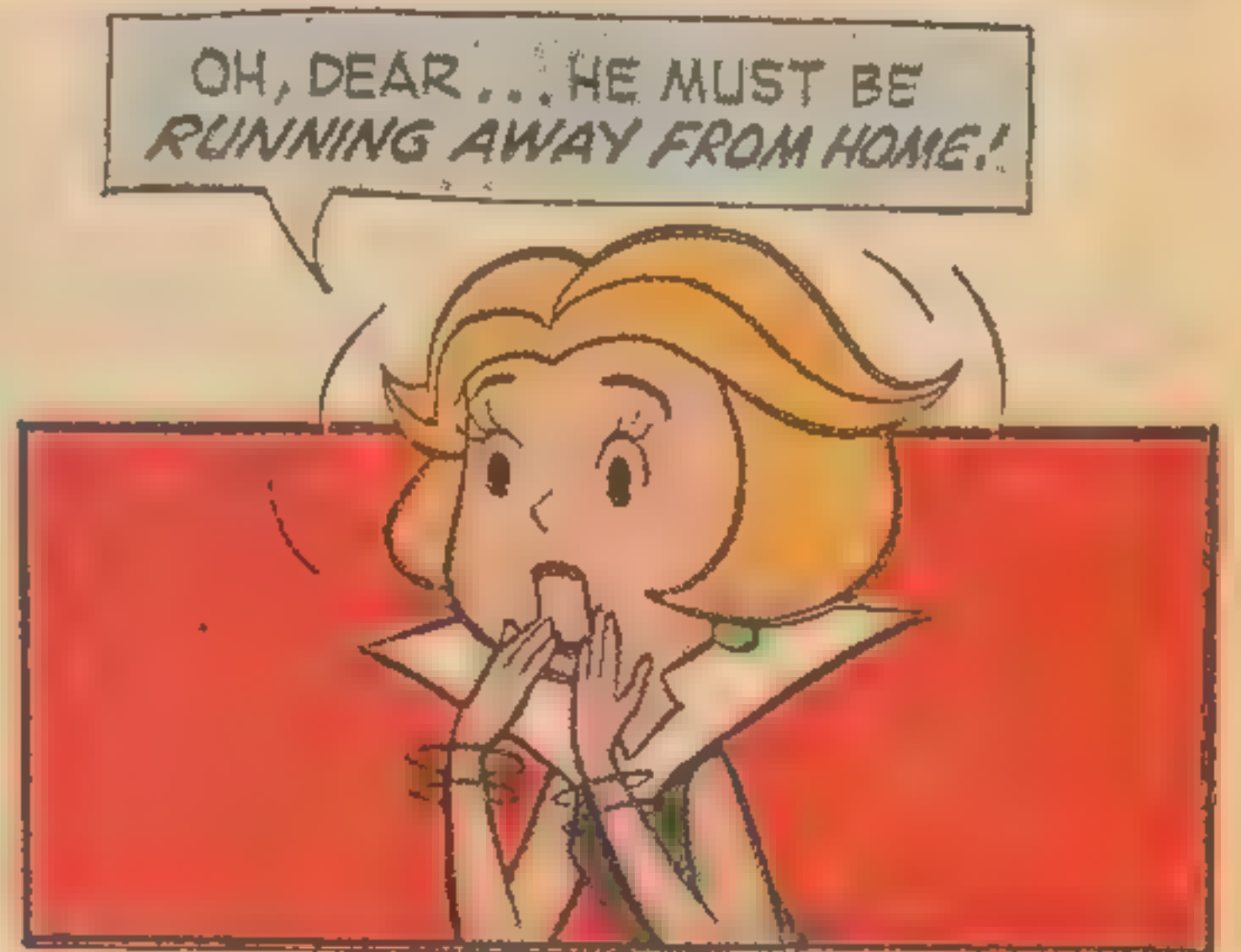
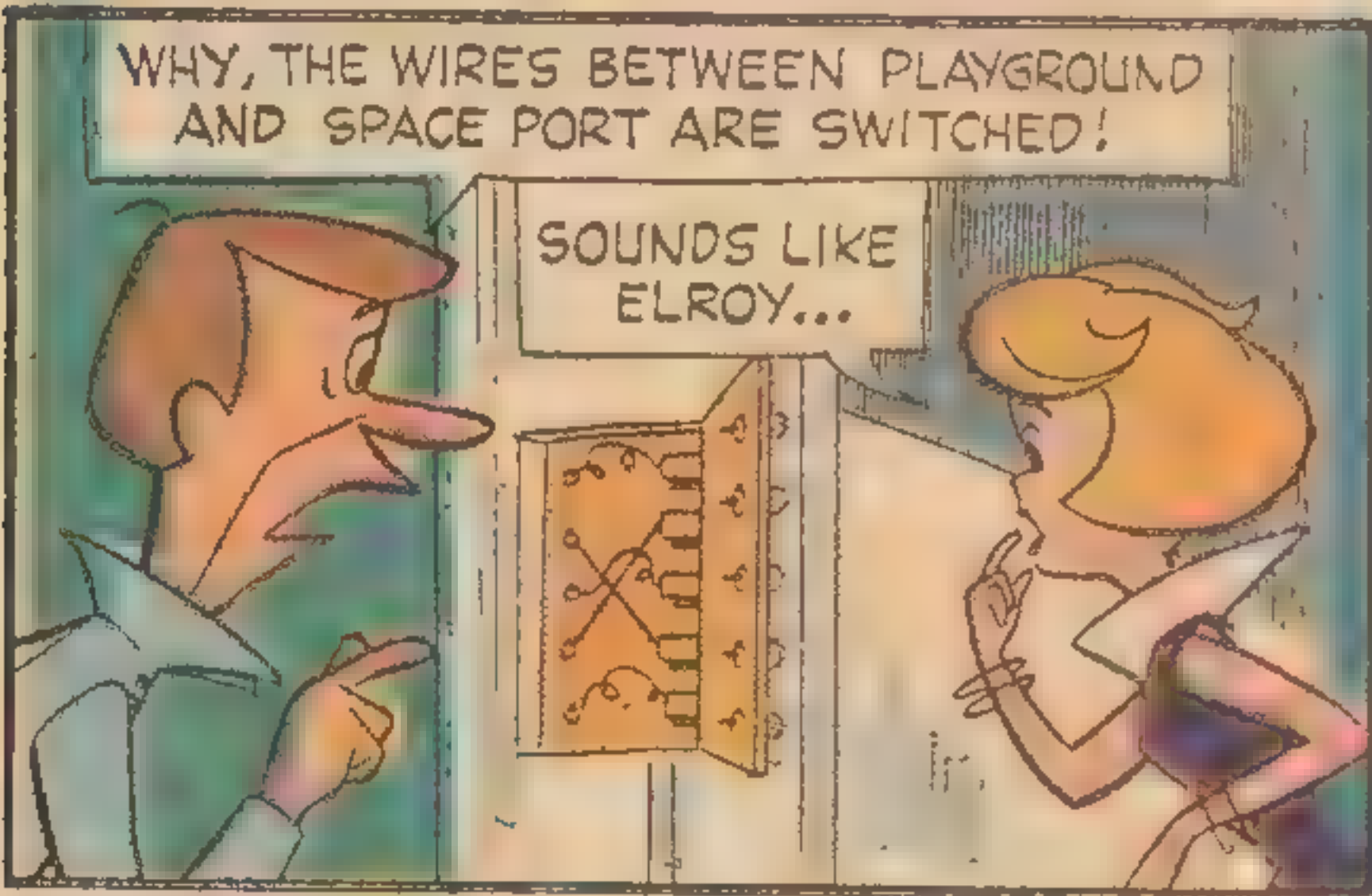
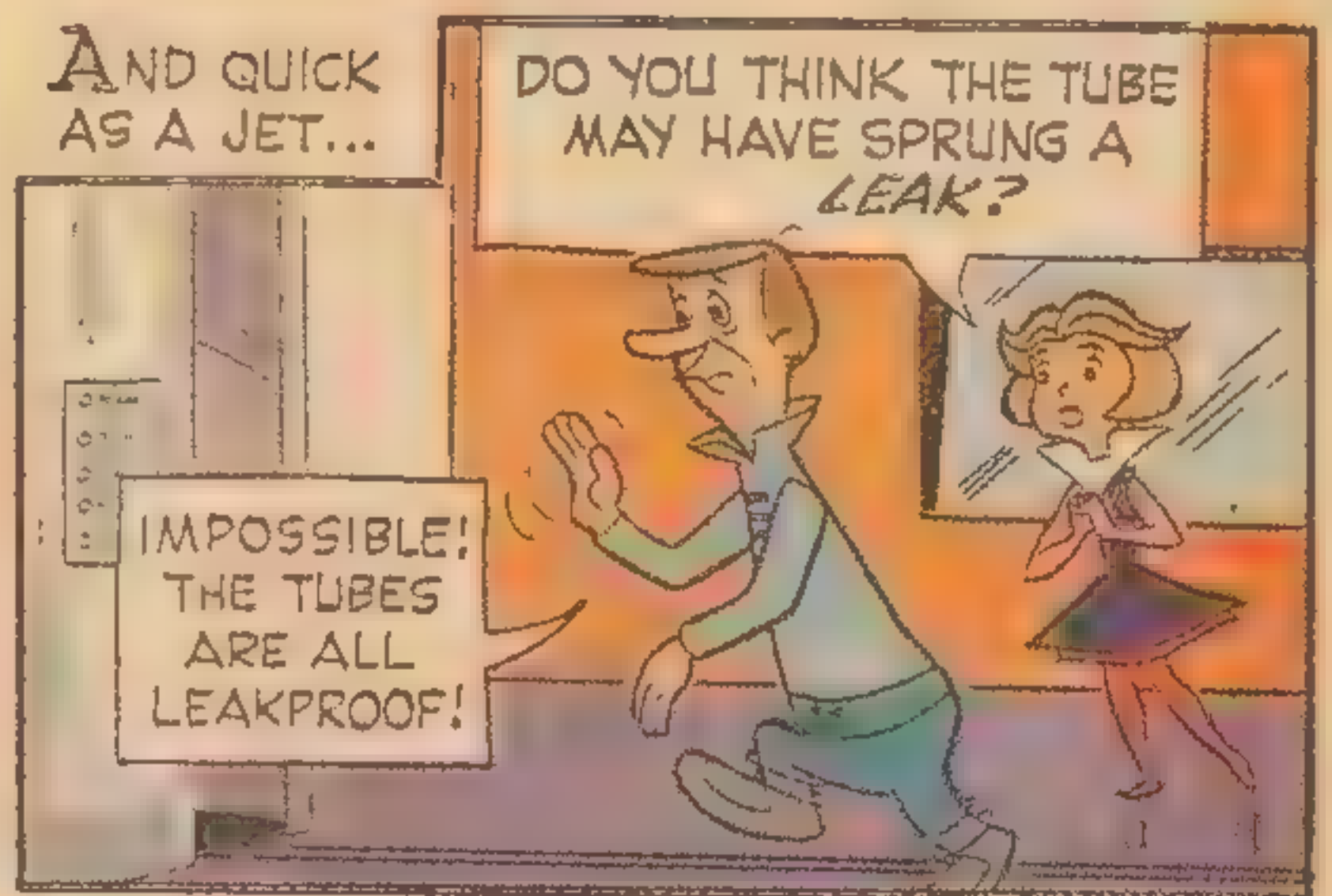
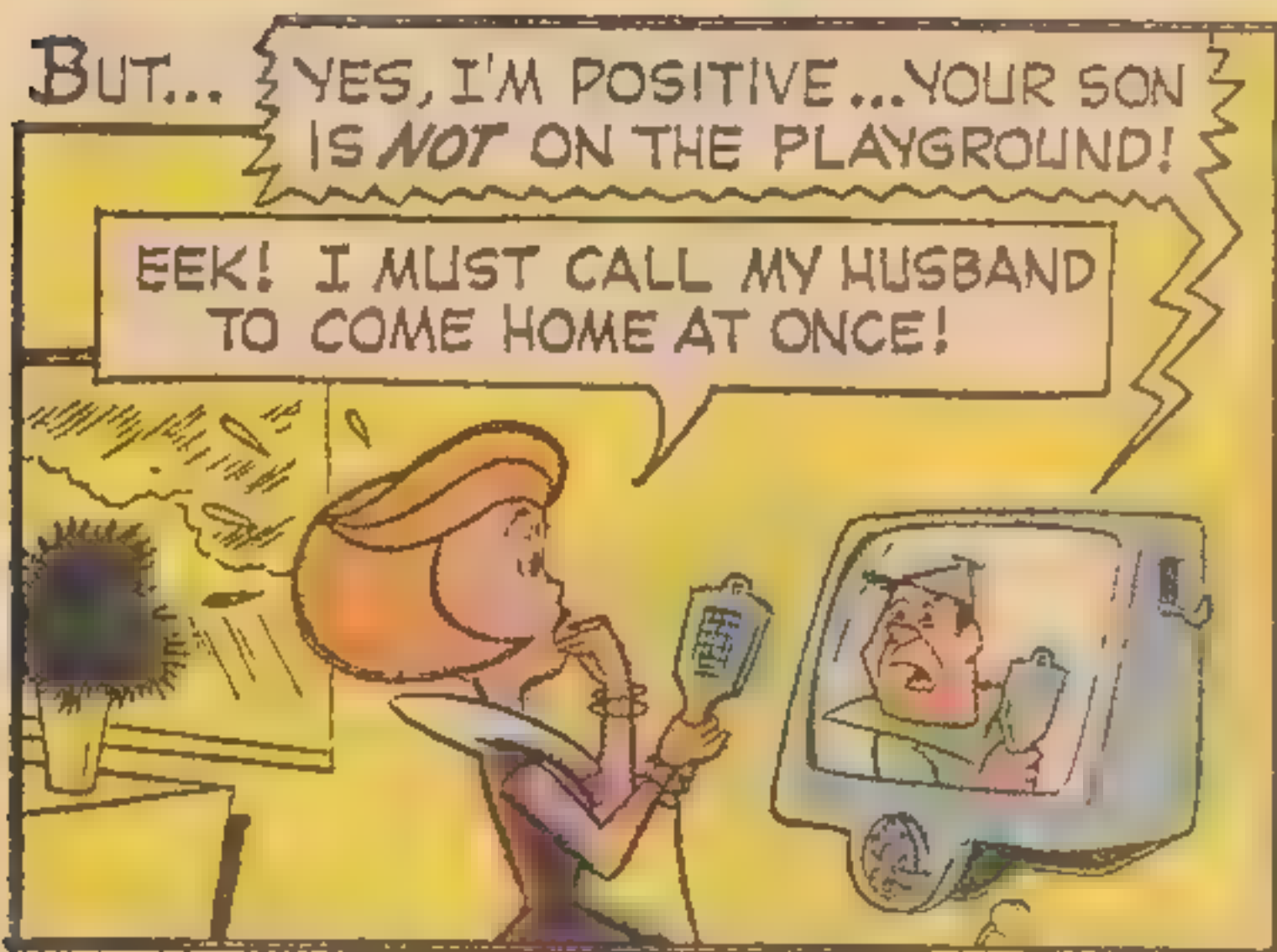
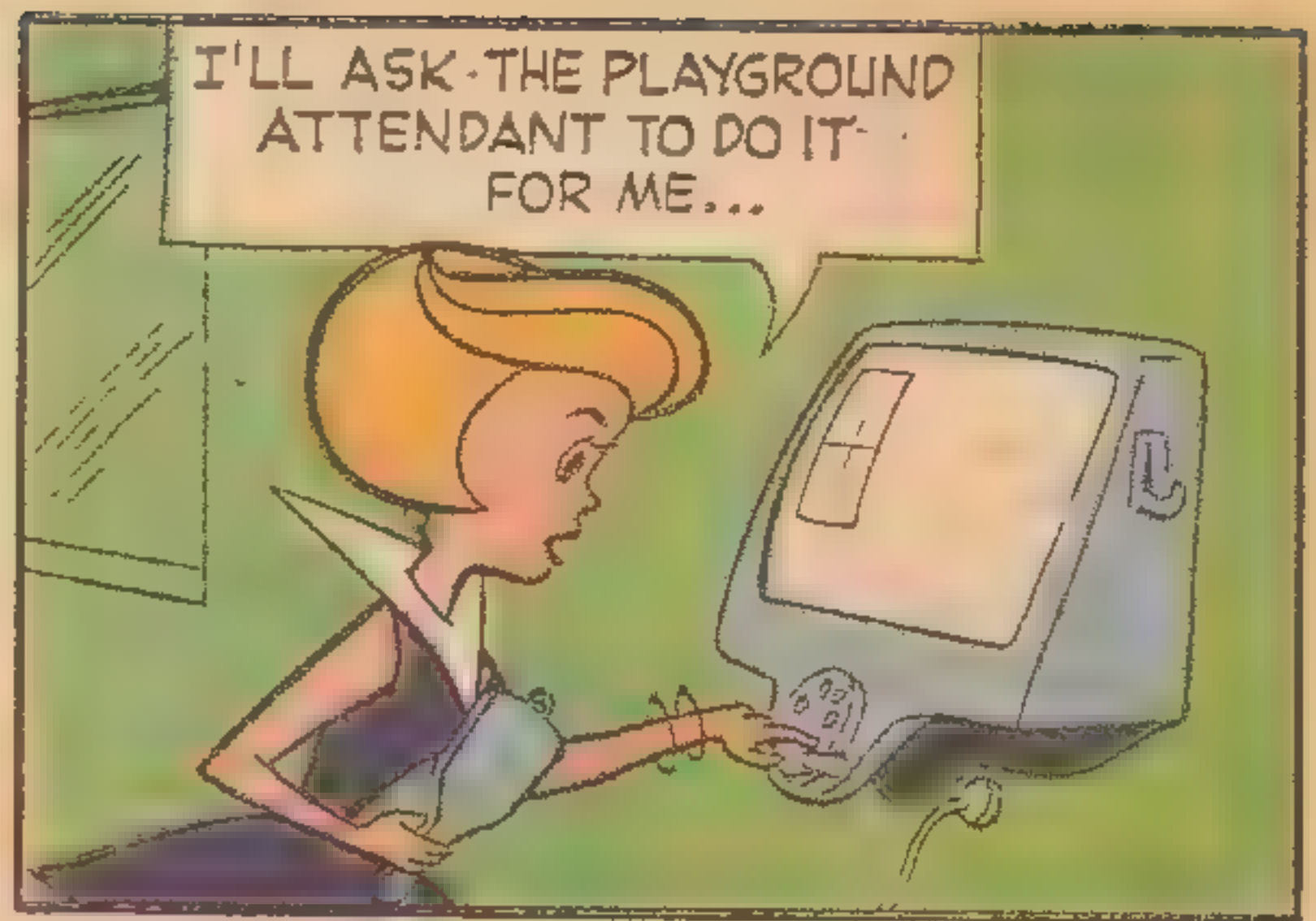
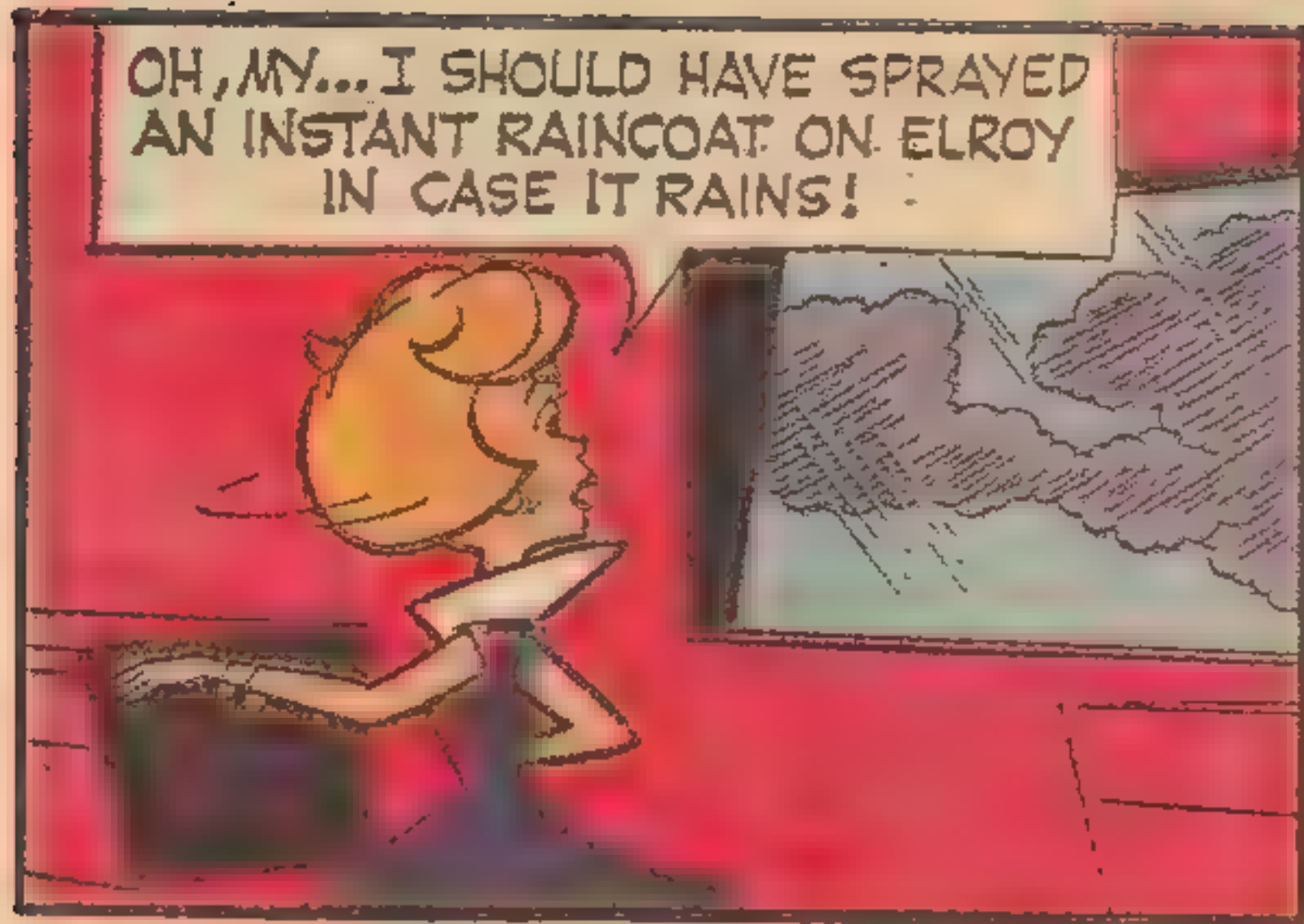
THE *PLAYGROUND*!?

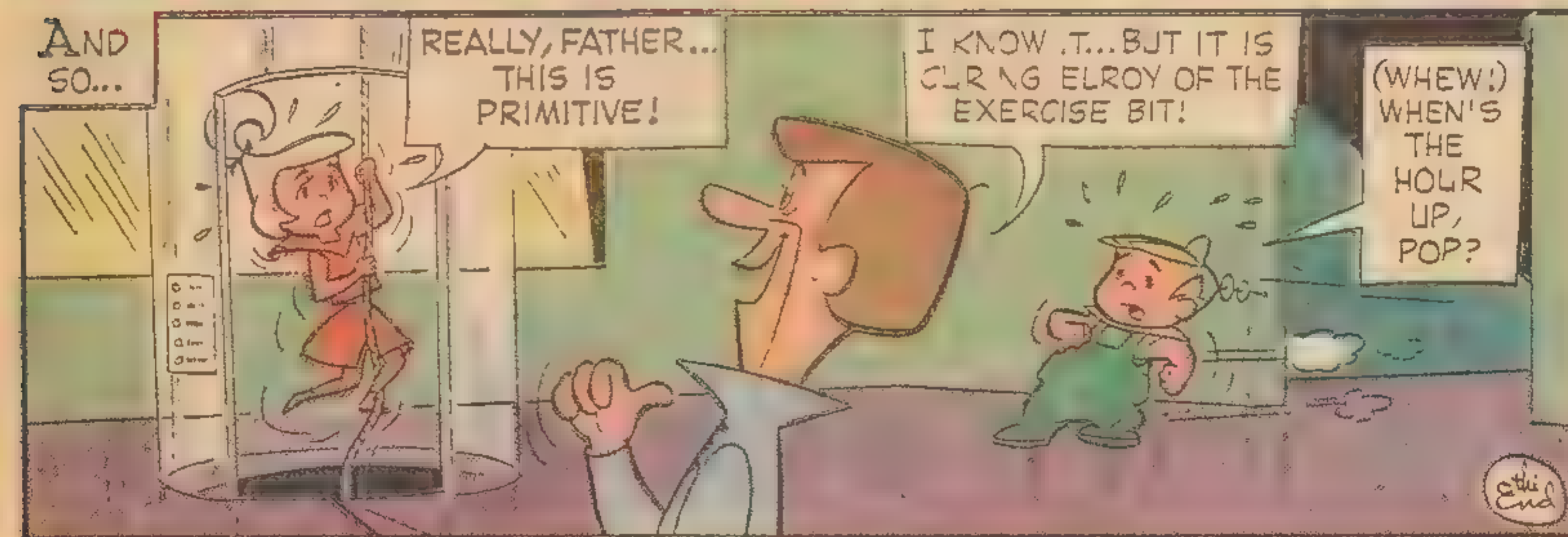
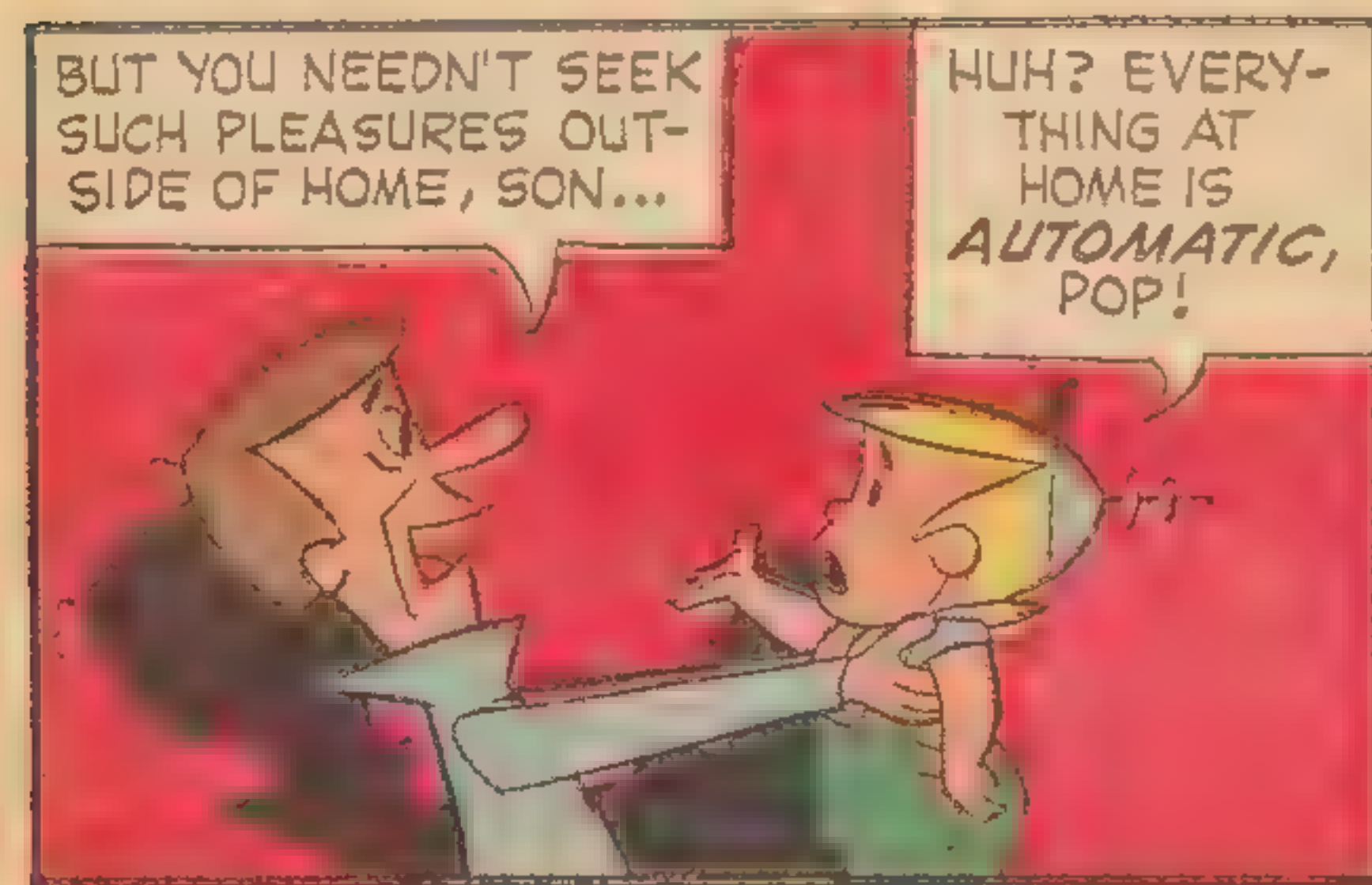
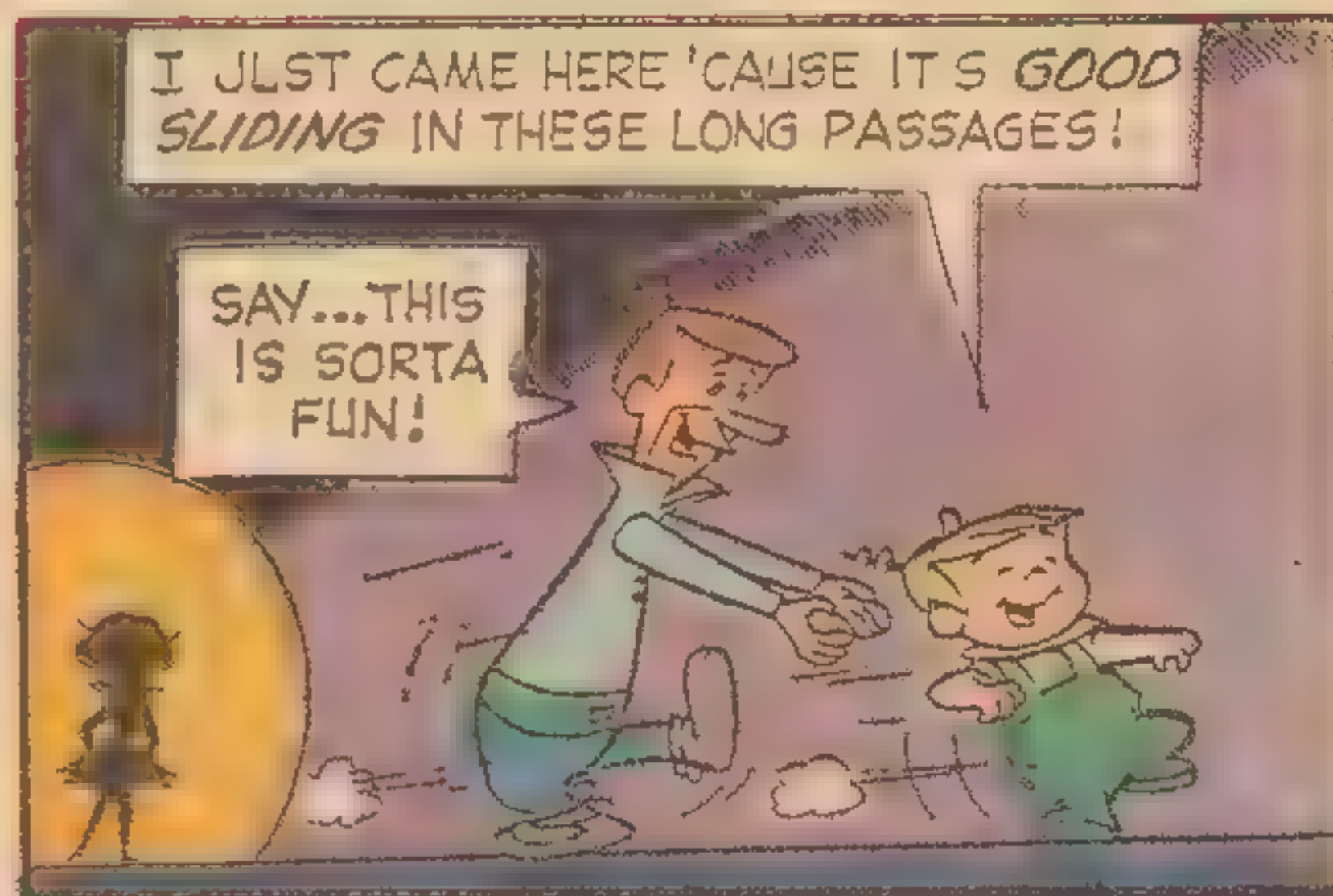
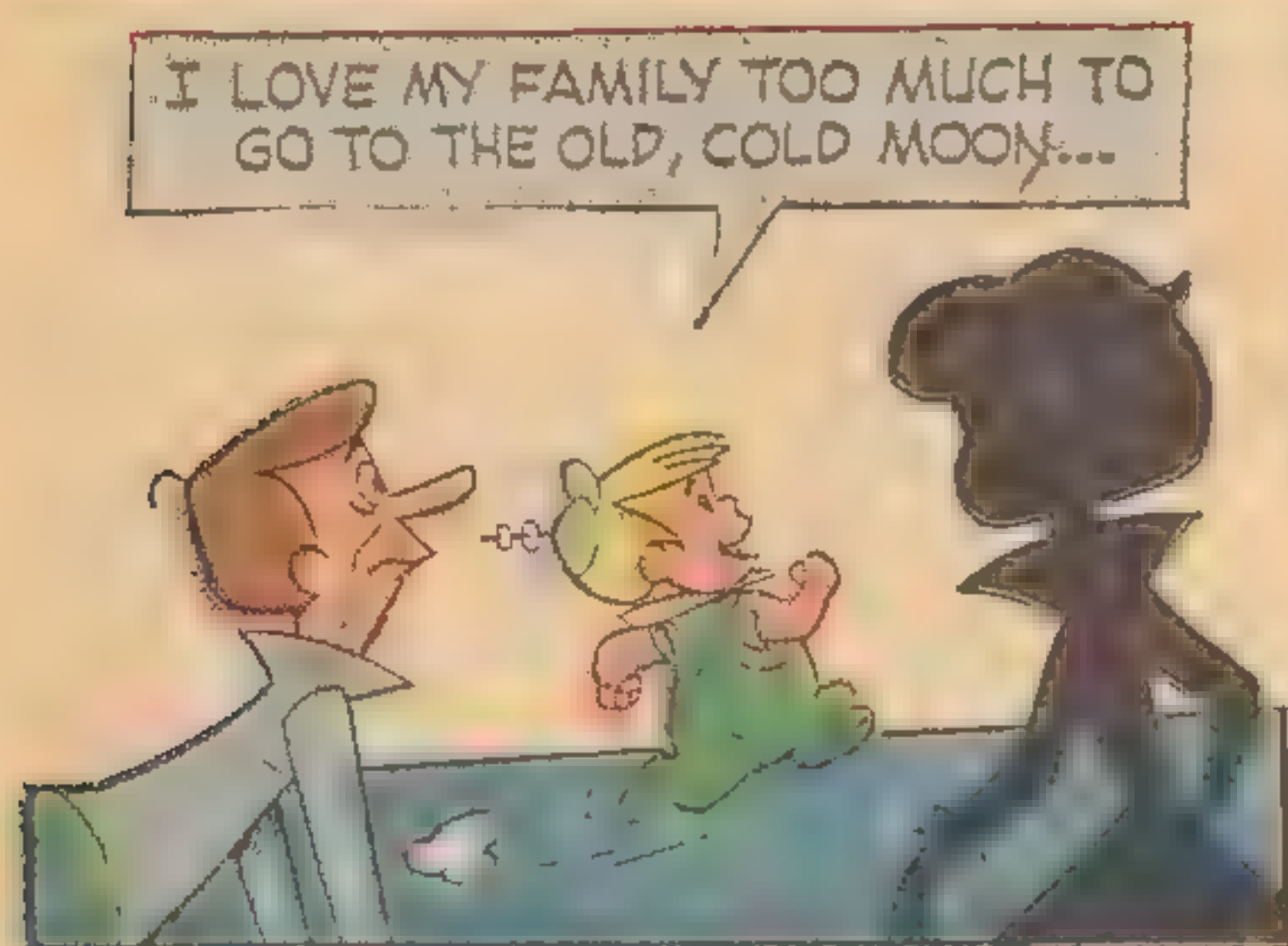
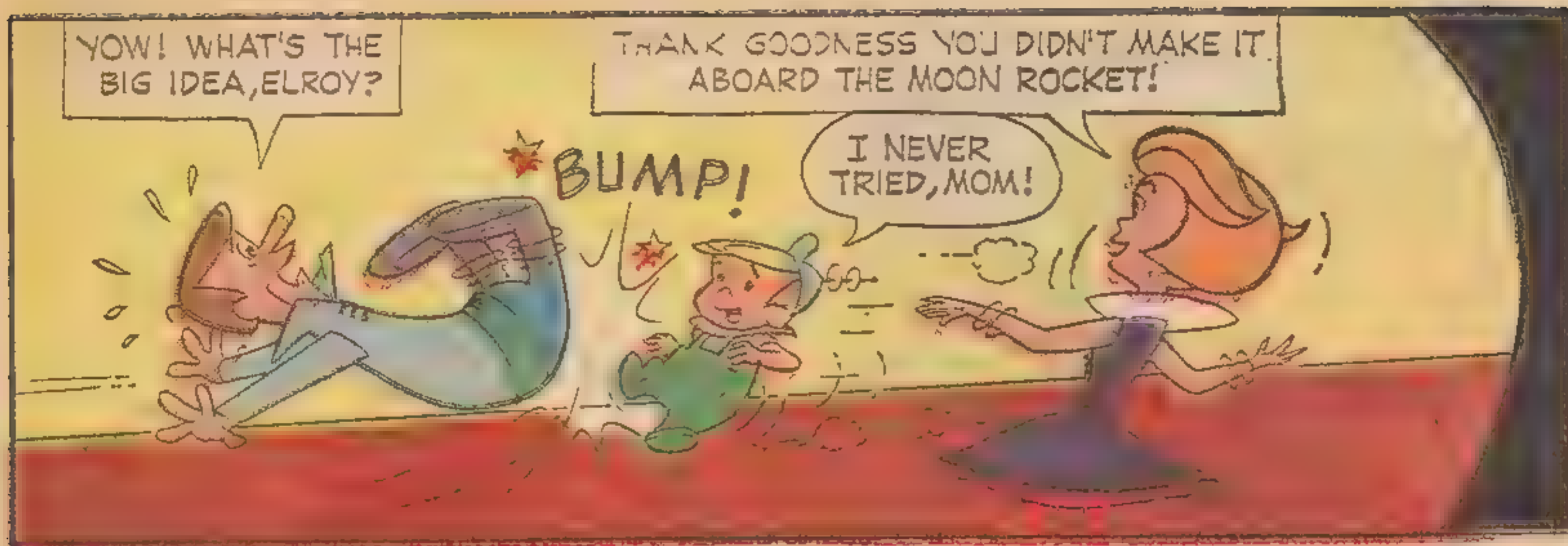


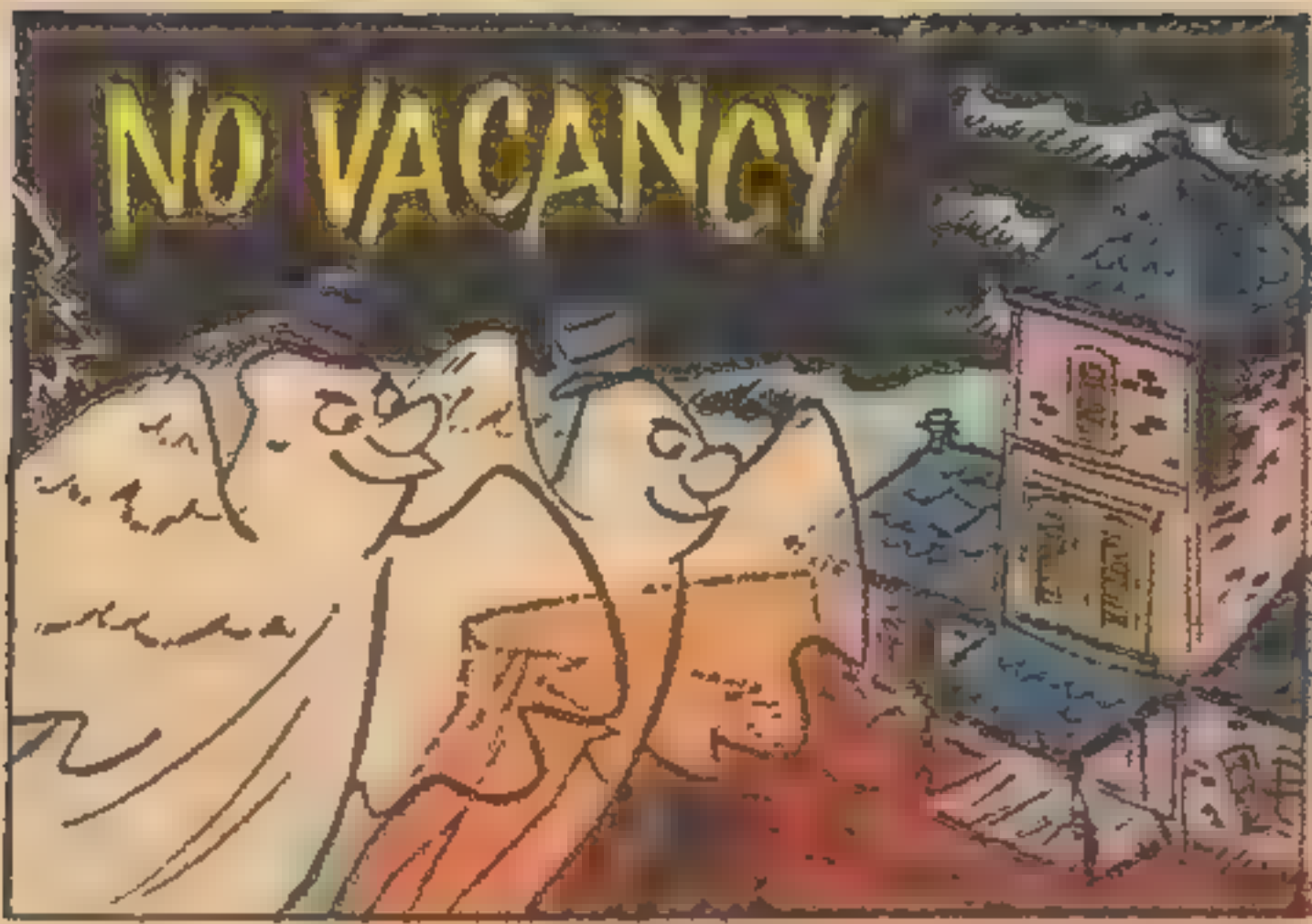
THE PLAYGROUND IS NO MORE
EXERCISE THAN GOING TO
SCHOOL...THE *EQUIPMENT*
GETS ALL THE EXERCISE!











Two ghosts hovered in the air in front of the house of J. Evil Scientist. The night was dark and stormy, and the wind whipped around the old castle-like structure, while lightning streaked and crashed across the sky. (Did you ever notice how ghost stories always start on dark and stormy nights? I mean, you'd think ghosts never went out on warm, sunny afternoons at all.)

"This looks like an ideal spot," said Gunther Ghost to his companion.

"It sure does," replied Spangler Spook. "It is old and crumbling and about to fall apart. It's in a dismal area. It doesn't look like it has any modern conveniences, and it seems plenty cold. In short, everything a ghost could ask for in a house. Let's move right in ...no use looking any further."

"But there are lights in the window. Somebody already lives here," worried Gunther.

"They won't stick around long after we move in," laughed Spangler with a howling cackle that would scare a zombie stiff (except that zombies are already stiff).

Without more ado, they flitted through the solid door into the dark, forbidding house.

First, they looked into the laboratory where J. Evil was working on his latest invention—a light bulb that would make everything dark when you turned it on.

"We'll give him the old chain treatment. That is always a sure way to start them running," said Gunther.

Spangler and Gunther rattled their heavy chains and howled at the top of their lungs to scare J. Evil.

He looked around angrily from his bench. "How dare you bother me when I'm working! You must be a couple of Junior's dumb friends. I'll teach you a lesson!"

Saying that, he turned on his robot servant and commanded it to grab the ghosts and give them a good thrashing. This the robot did, even though spanking a spook isn't easy.

"That guy must be nuts," wailed Spangler, as they went upstairs, rubbing their bruised hides. "He wasn't even scared of us."

Then they passed Mrs. J. Evil's bedroom. She had her back turned to them, as she put cream on her face.

"Come on. Women are always easy to scare. We'll at least get her out of the house," said Spangler Spook.

They crept up behind Goonda and wailed at the top of their lungs. Goonda spun around and looked straight at the ghosts.

"EEEEYOWWWWWWWWW!!!"

That wasn't Goonda. It was the ghosts, after they had seen Goonda with all her cream on her face and her hair up in curlers.

"Isn't there anybody in this house we can terrorize? They're all scarier than we are," said Gunther.

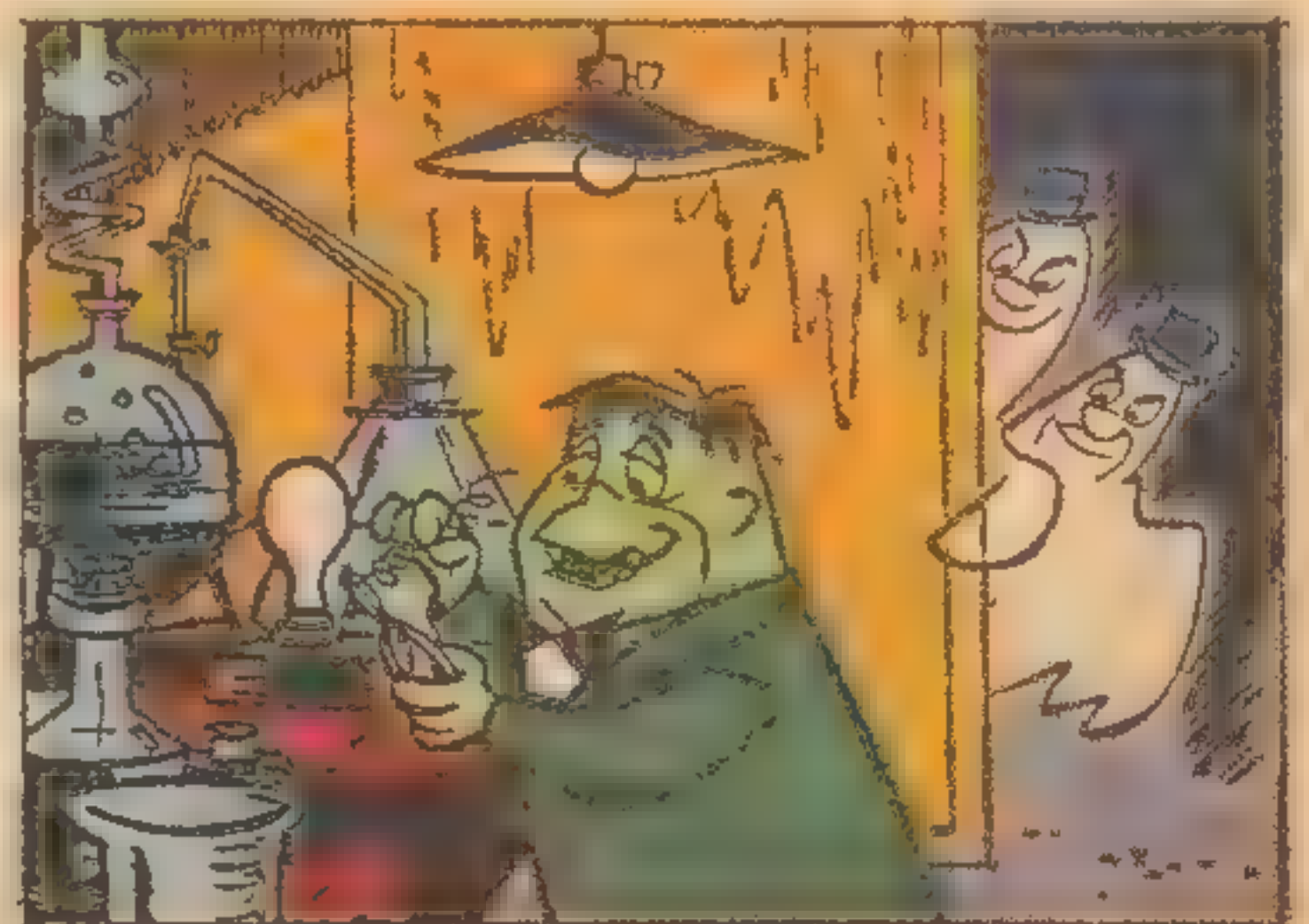
Just then they both spotted Junior's room. "Everybody knows kids are the easiest of anybody to scare," grinned Gunther, as they glided into Junior's room.

Half an hour later they dragged themselves out, after escaping from a game of "pin the tail on the ghost."

"Don't leave," Junior yelled after the fleeing spooks. "I wanted to try out my new toy guillotine."

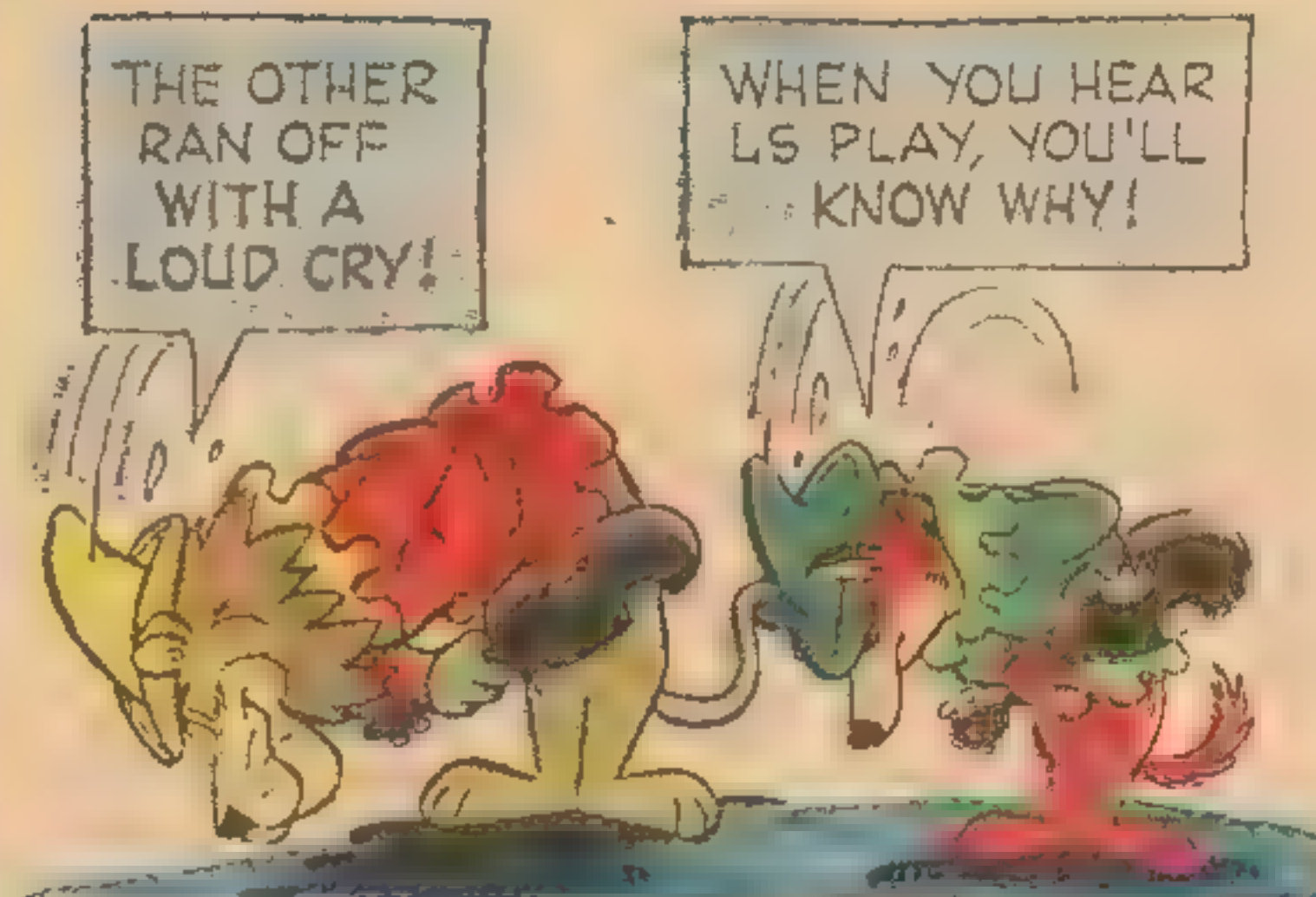
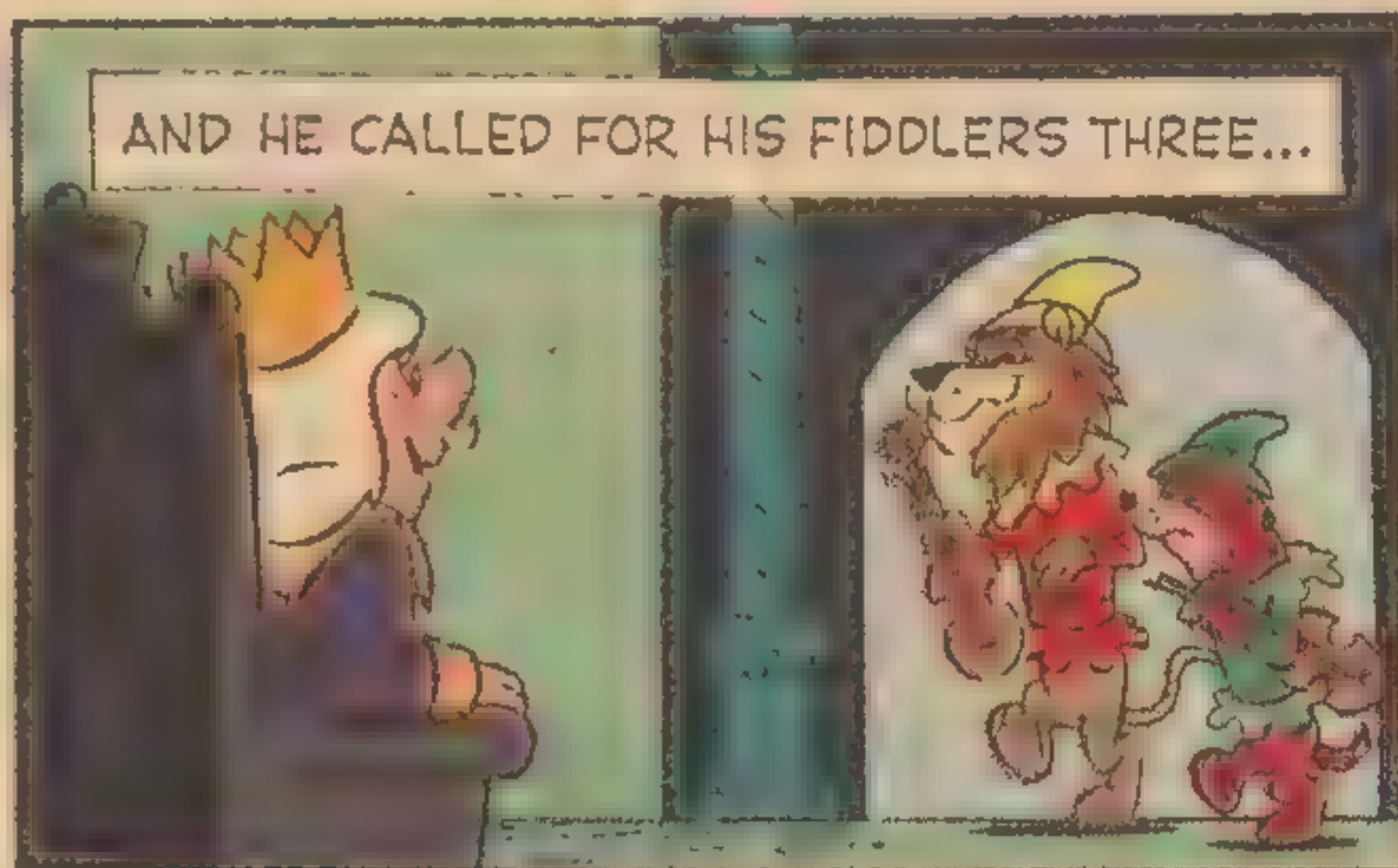
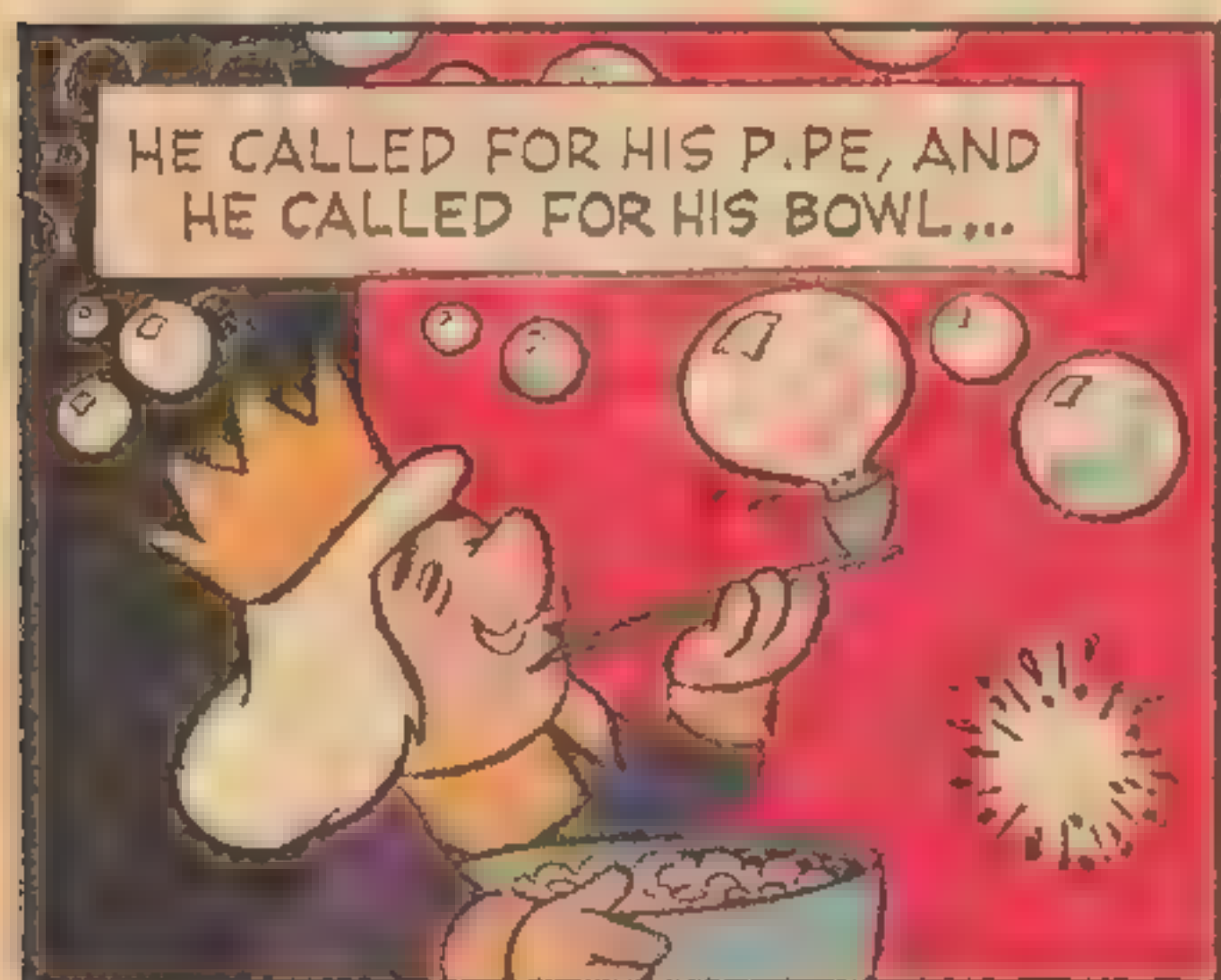
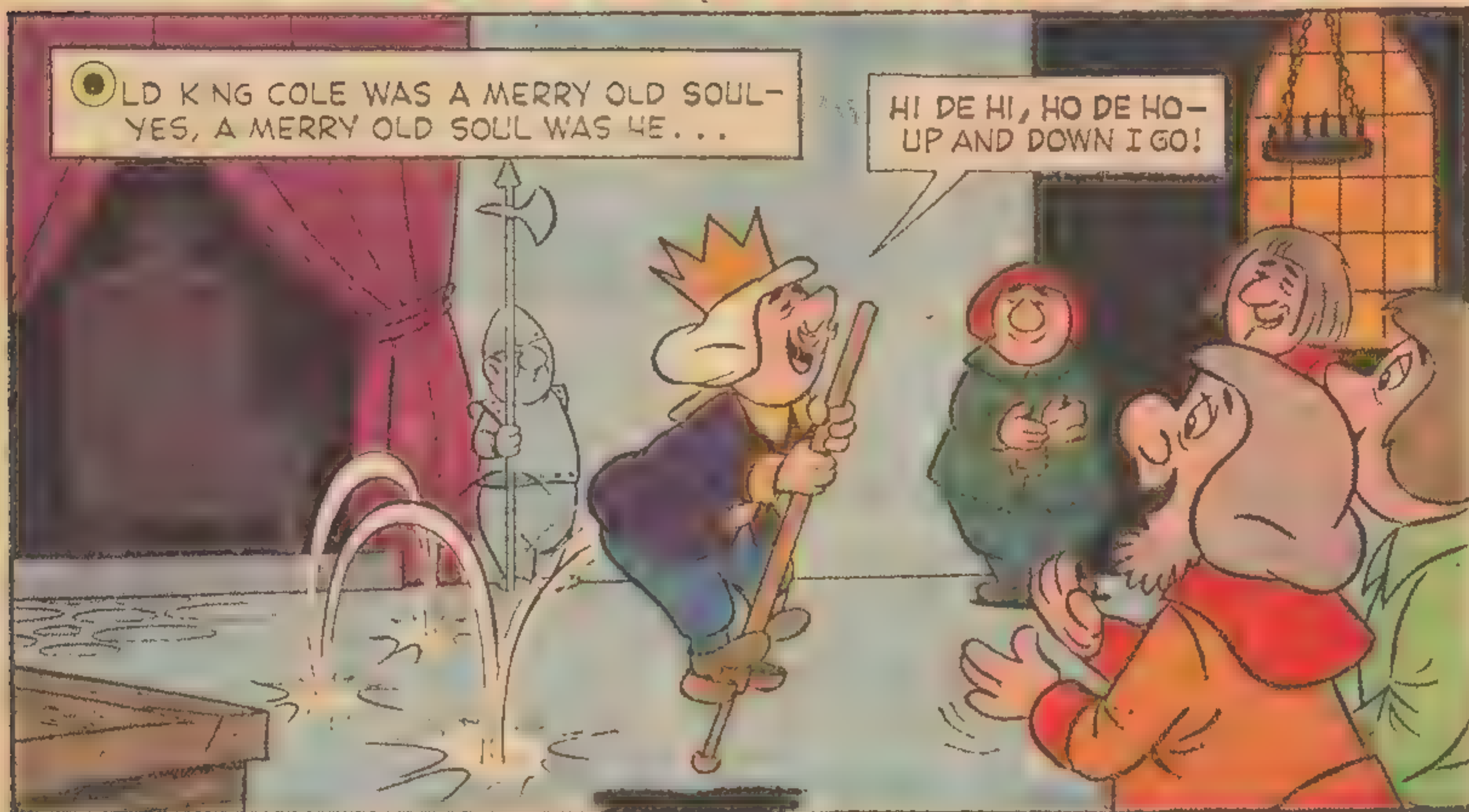
As the sadder-but-wiser ghosts swished out of the house into the cold, dark night, they met another ghost who was about to enter. He, too, had the idea of moving in.

"I wouldn't go in there if I were you," Gunther and Spangler cried in unison. "The place is haunted!"



Hanna-Barbera
Lippy Lion
and Hardy
Har Har

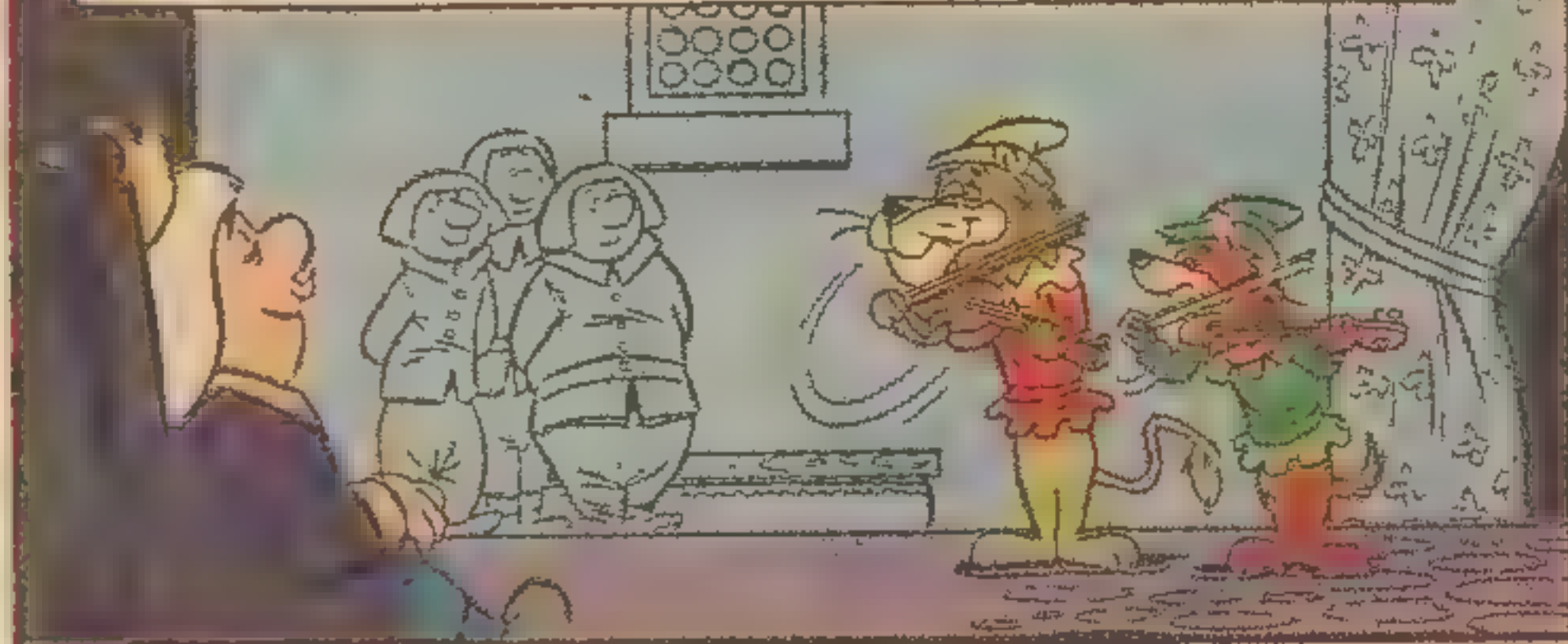
TWO FIDDLERS ARE CHEAPER THAN THREE



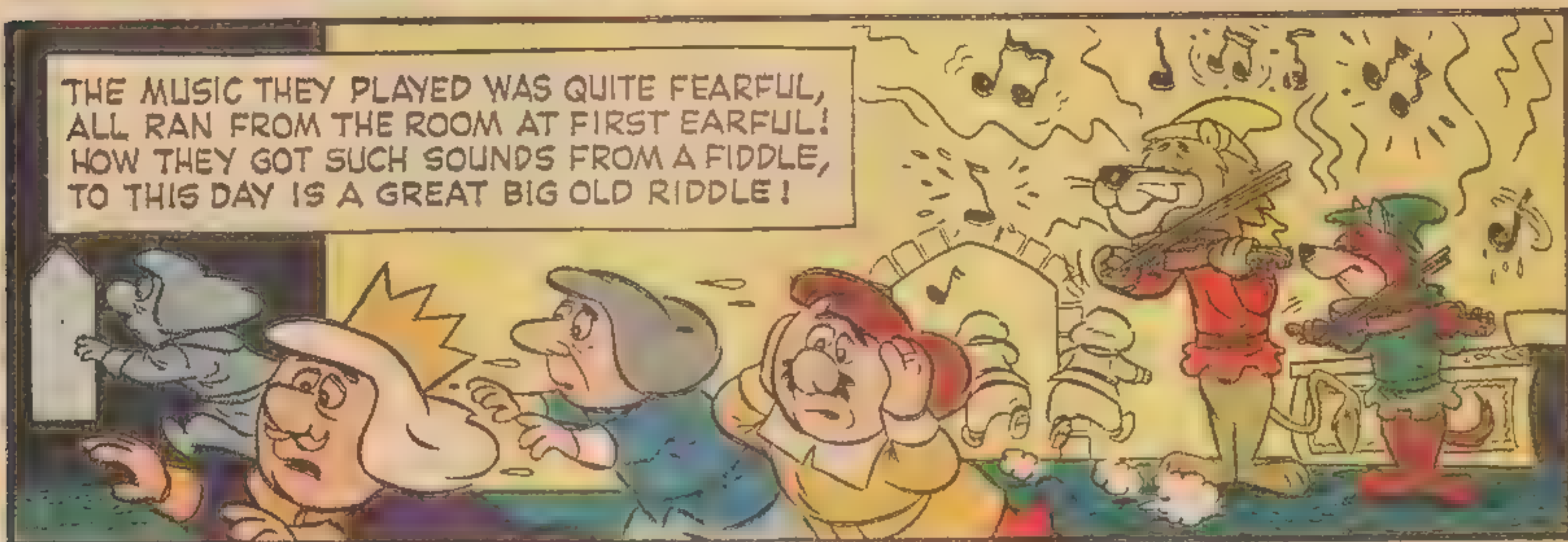
'TIS ALL RIGHT WITH ME!
TWO FIDDLERS ARE
CHEAPER THAN THREE!



THEN WITH A GRIN, THE KING BID THEM TO PLAY,
A DECISION HE'D REGRET THE REST OF THE DAY...



THE MUSIC THEY PLAYED WAS QUITE FEARFUL,
ALL RAN FROM THE ROOM AT FIRST EARFUL!
HOW THEY GOT SUCH SOUNDS FROM A FIDDLE,
TO THIS DAY IS A GREAT BIG OLD RIDDLE!

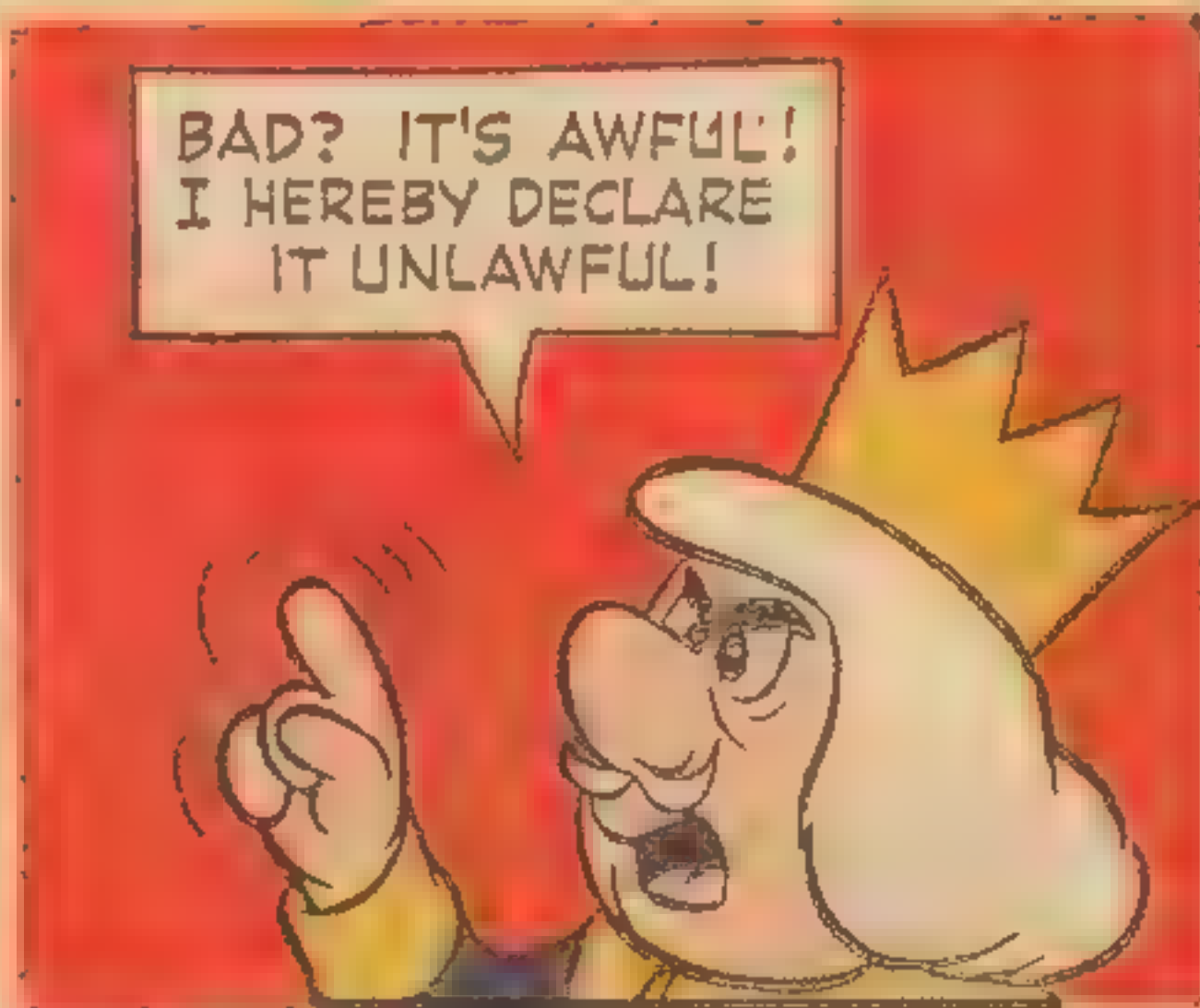


COME ON BACK
BEFORE WE
GET SAD!

YOU'LL MAKE
US THINK
OUR PLAYING
IS BAD!



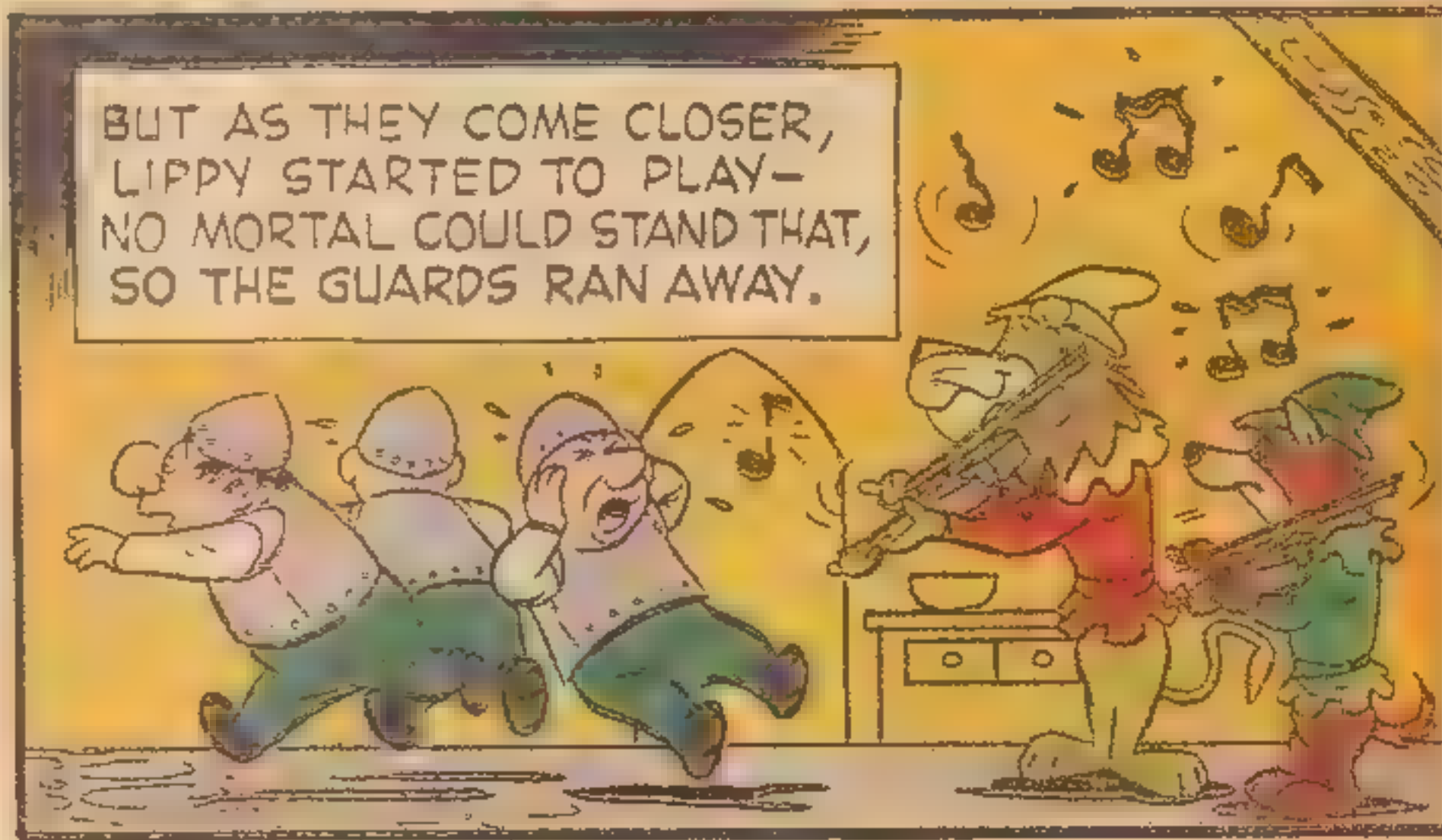
BAD? IT'S AWFUL!
I HEREBY DECLARE
IT UNLAWFUL!

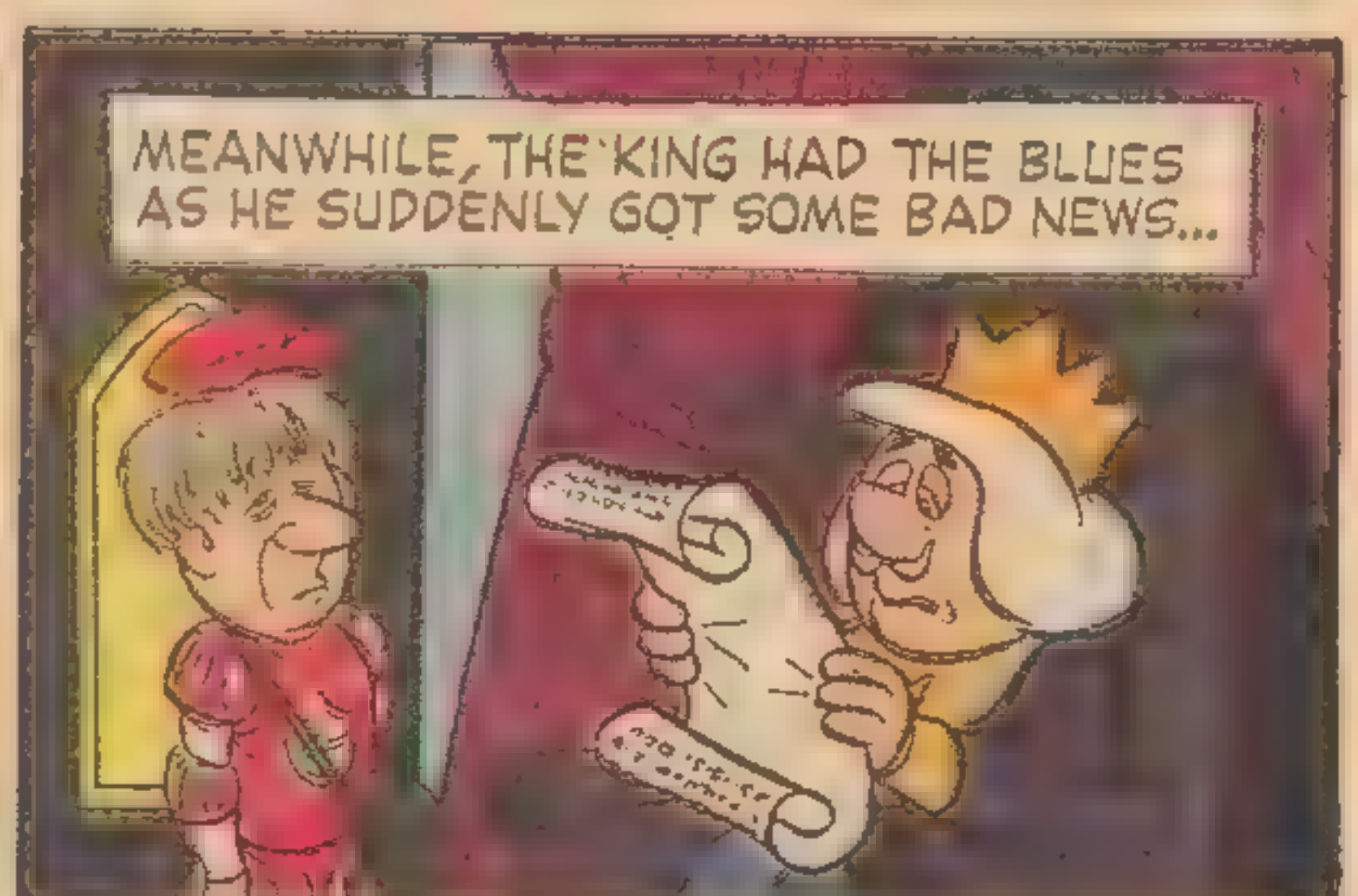
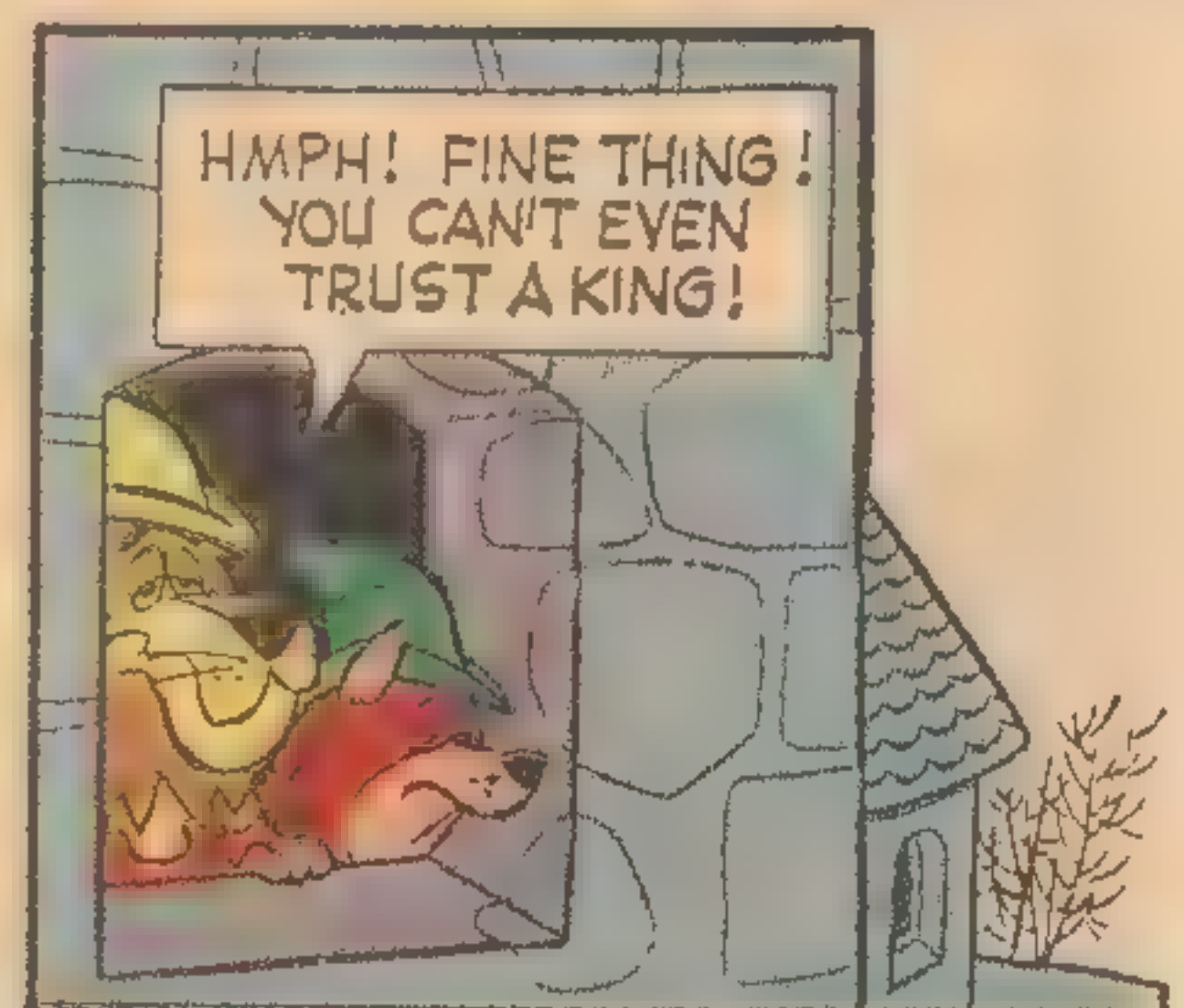
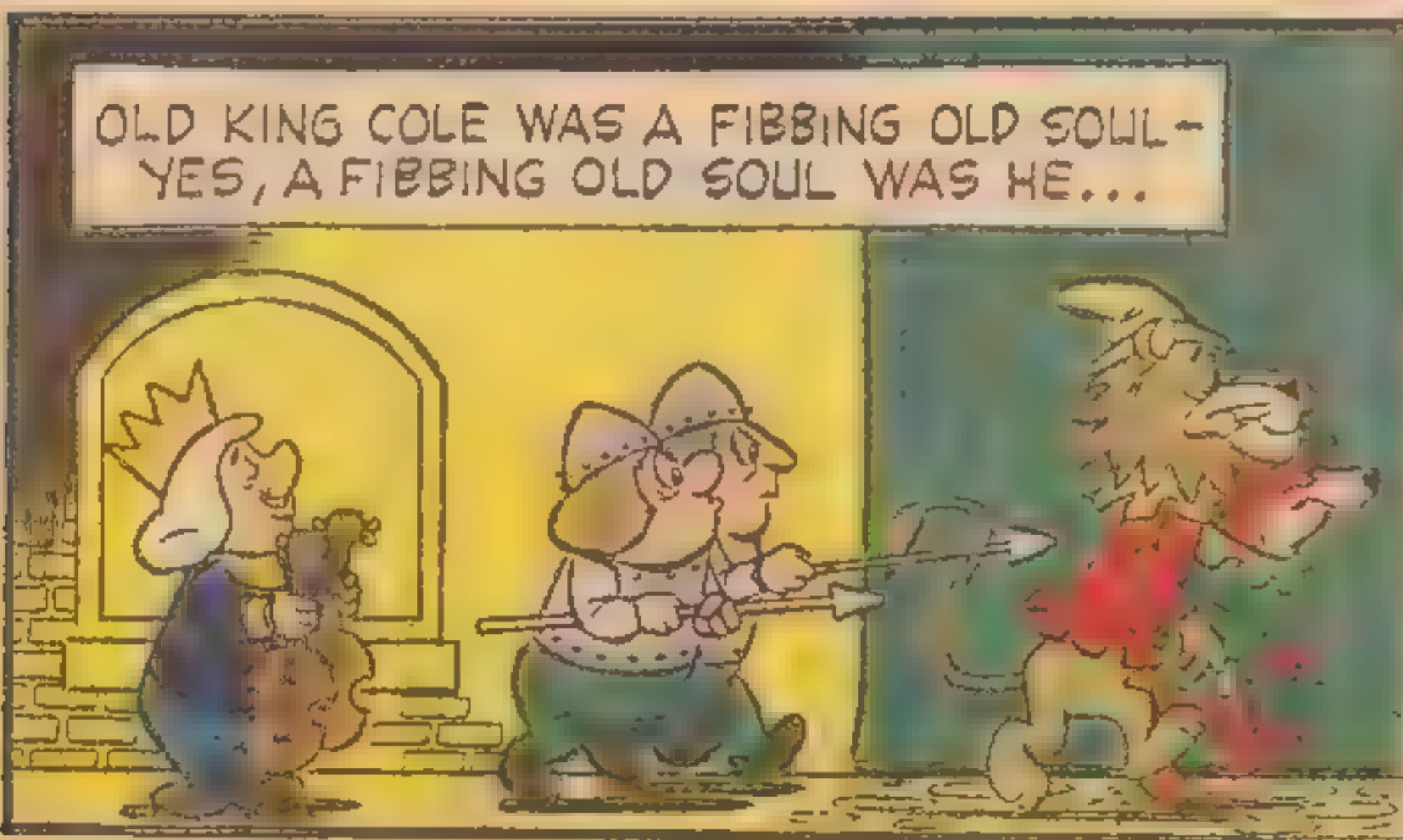
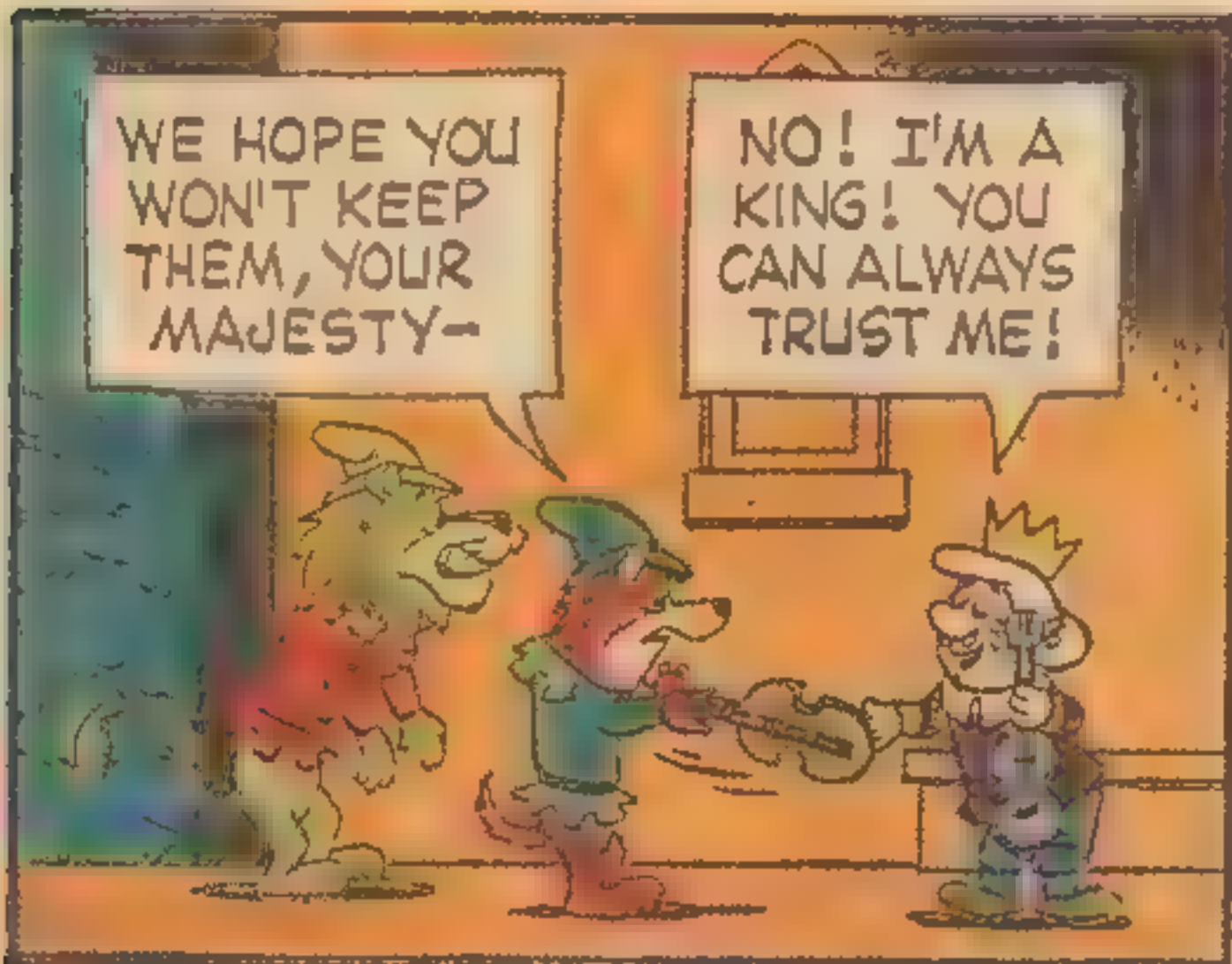
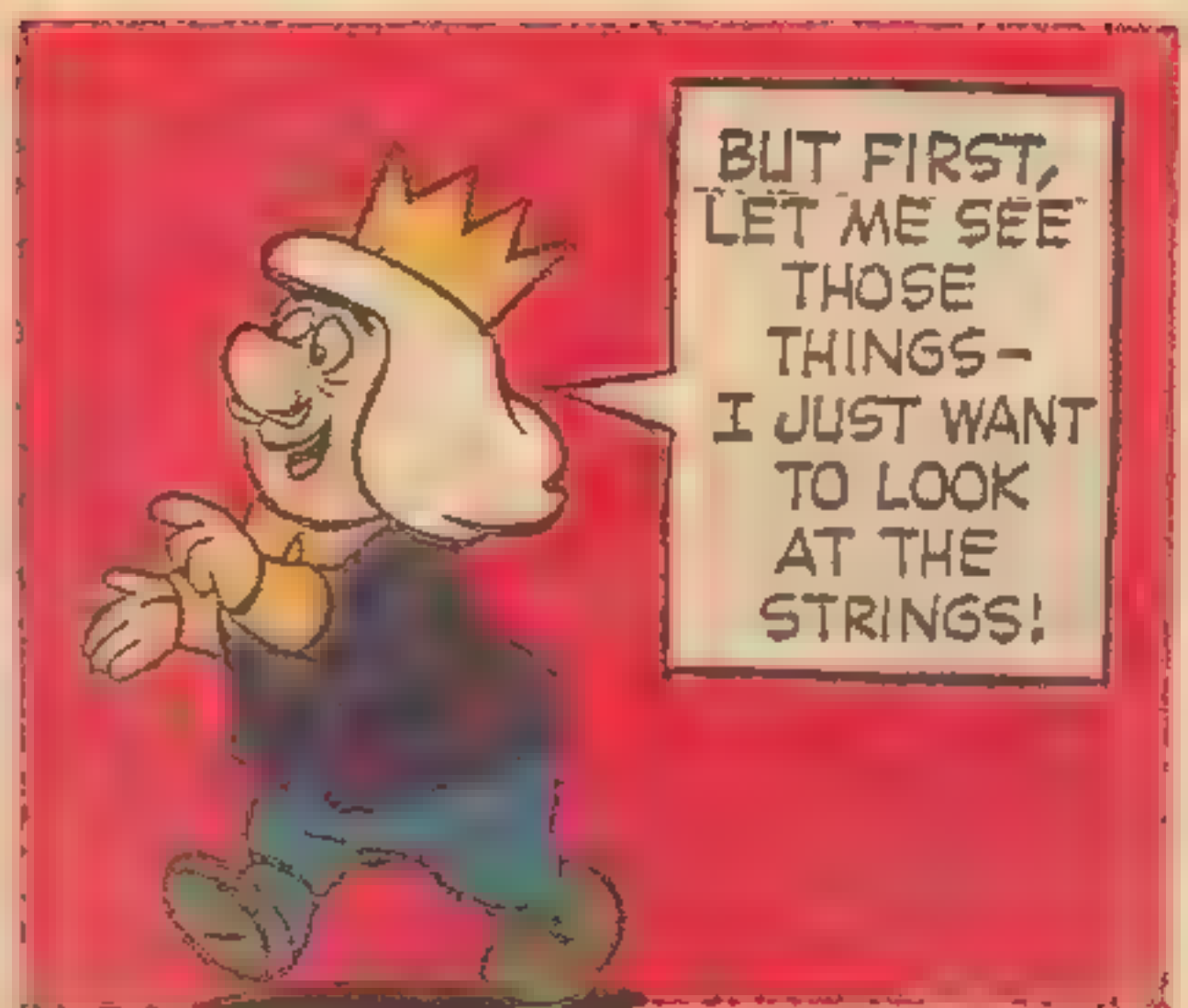


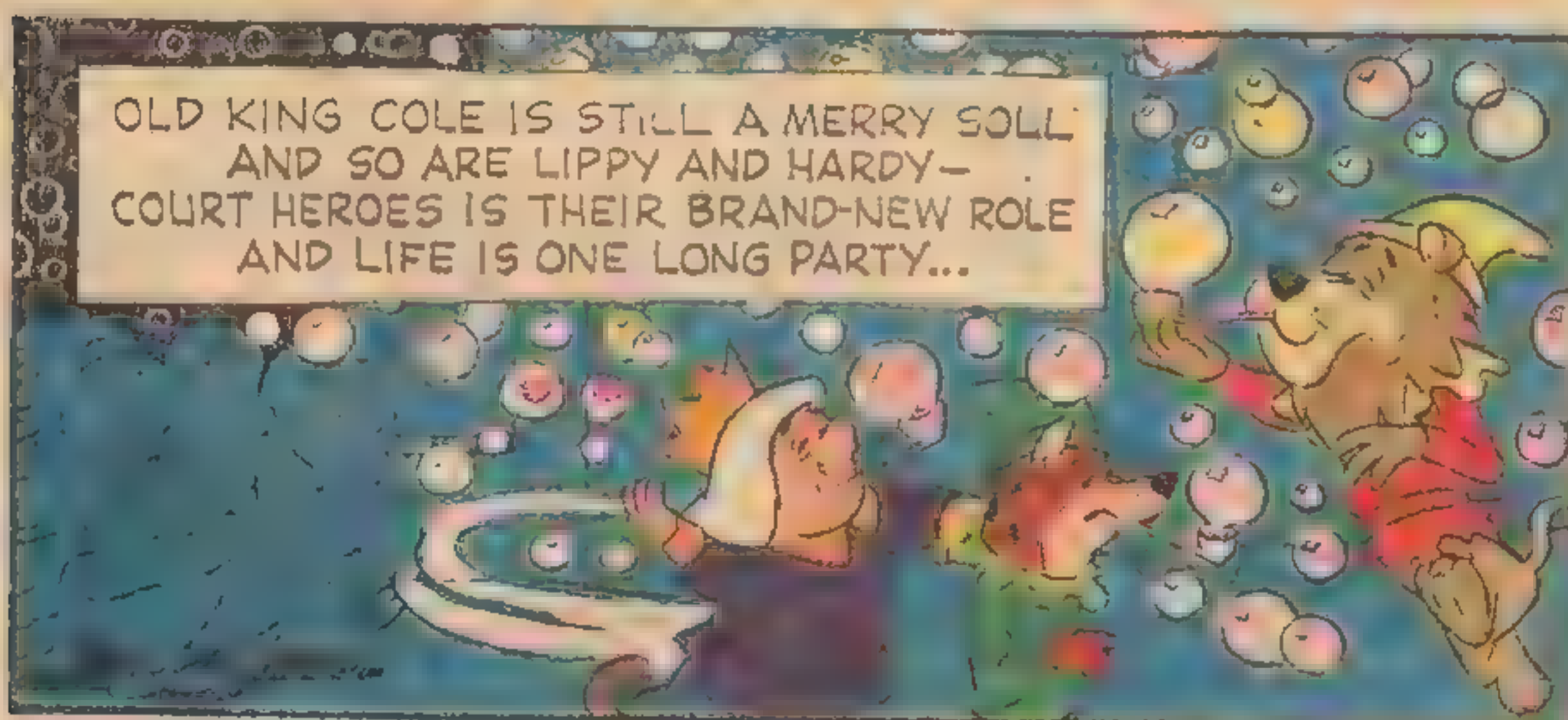
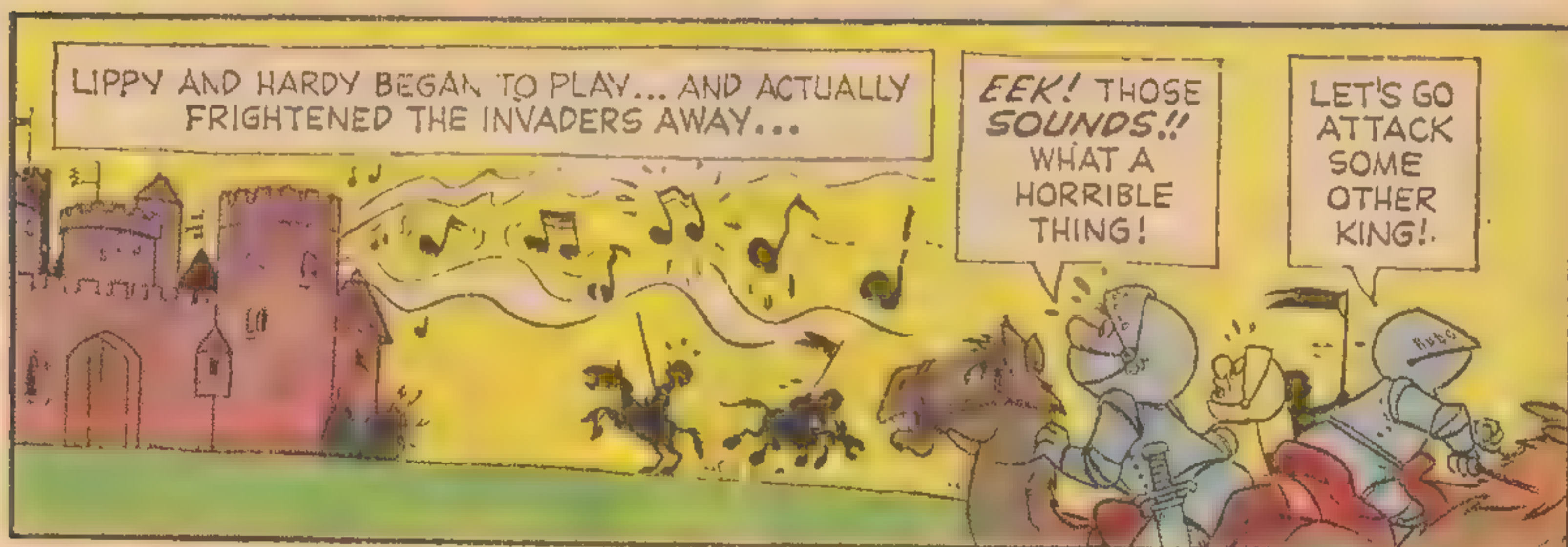
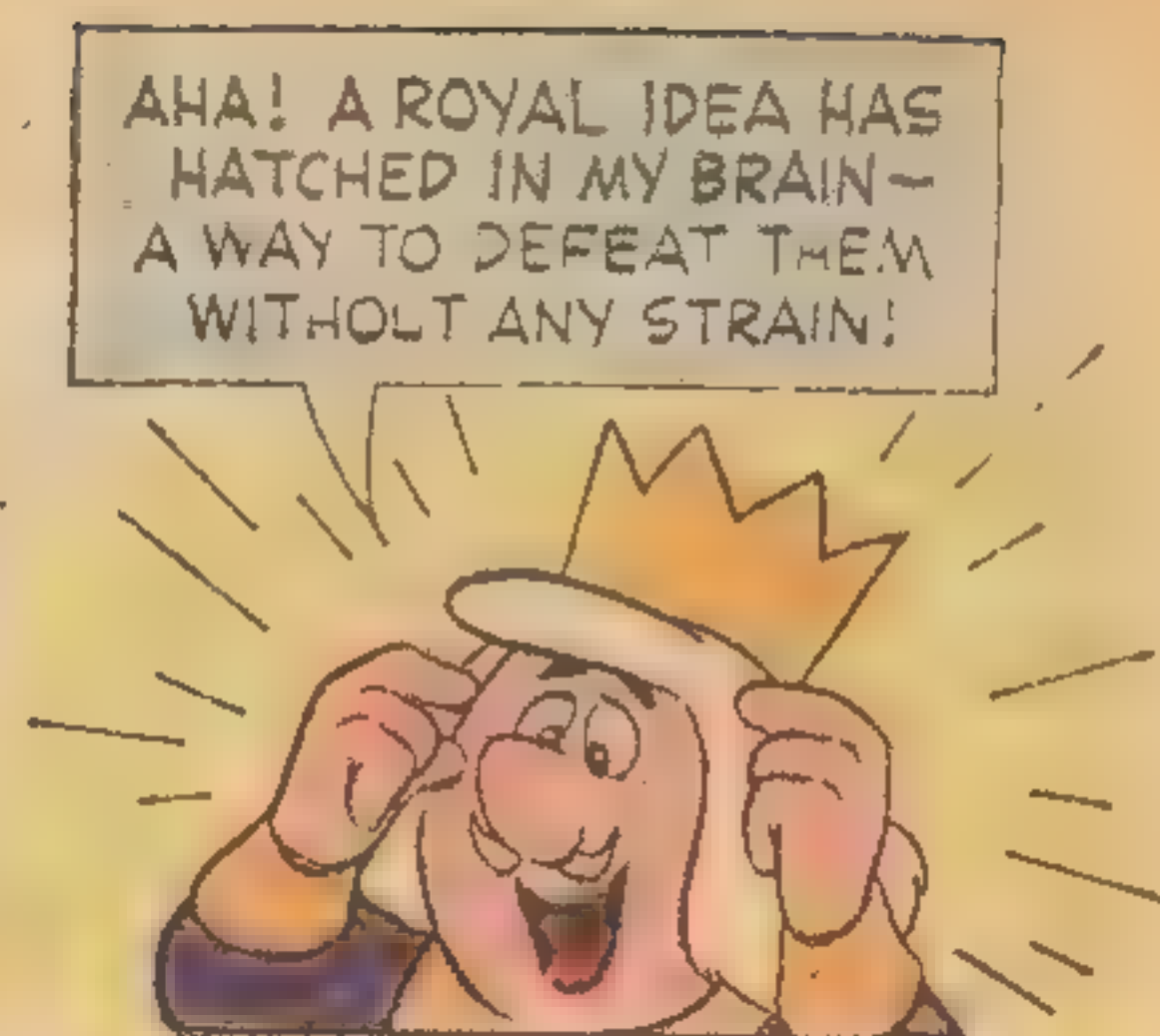
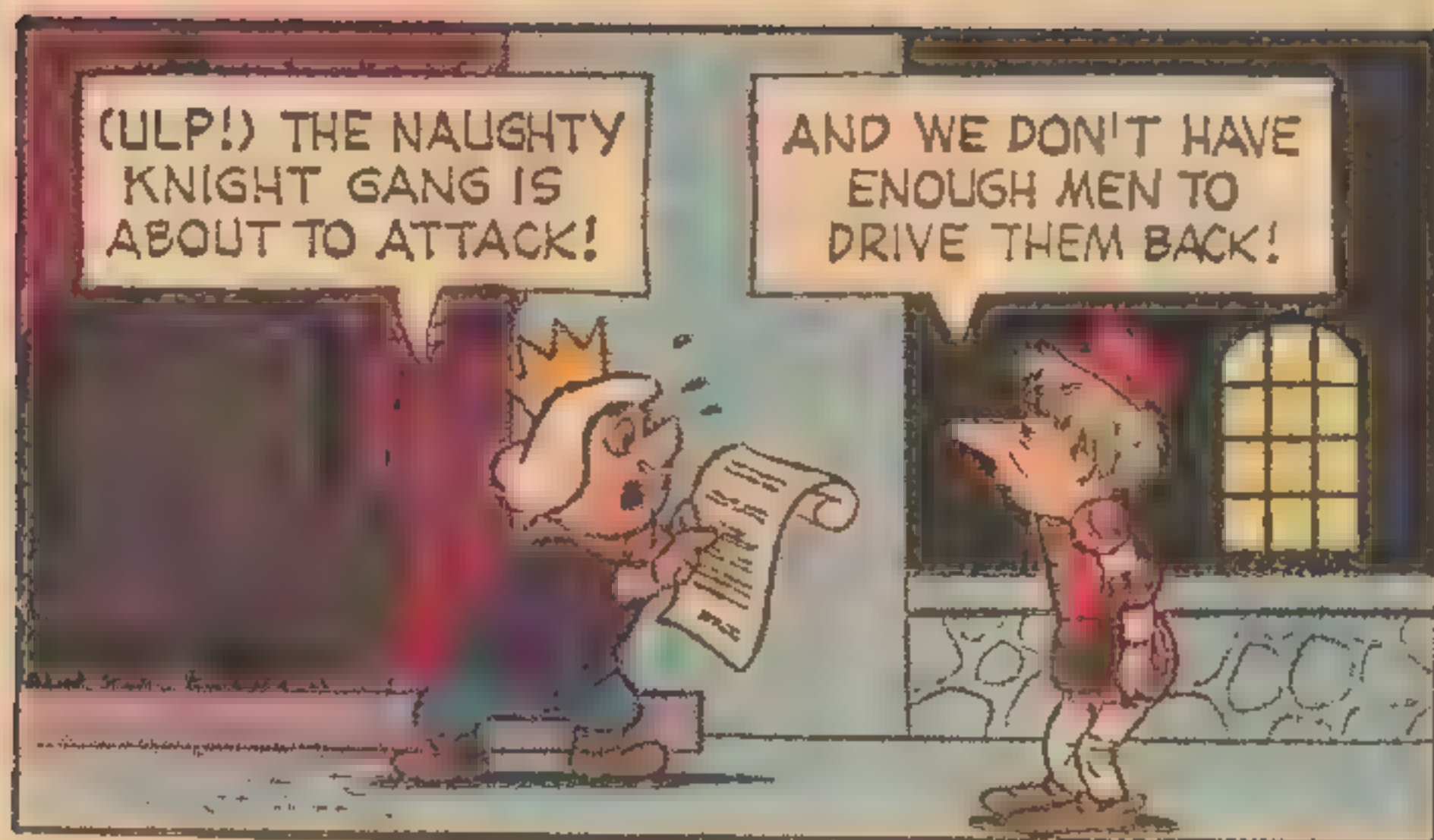
FOR DISLOCATING MY
ROYAL EAR-I ORDER
YOU LOCKED UP FOR
A YEAR!



BUT AS THEY COME CLOSER,
LIPPY STARTED TO PLAY—
NO MORTAL COULD STAND THAT,
SO THE GUARDS RAN AWAY.



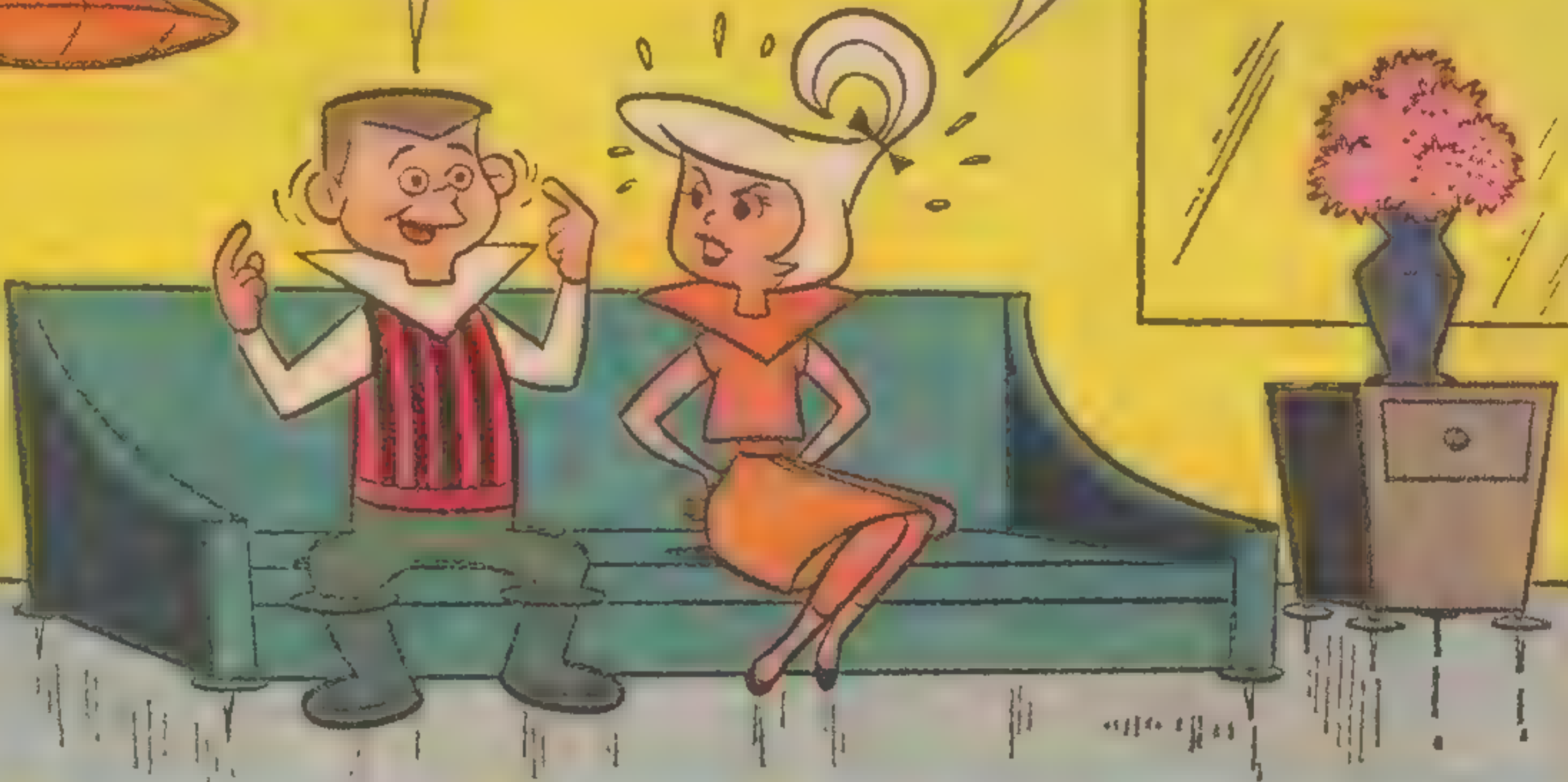




DOUBLE DATING

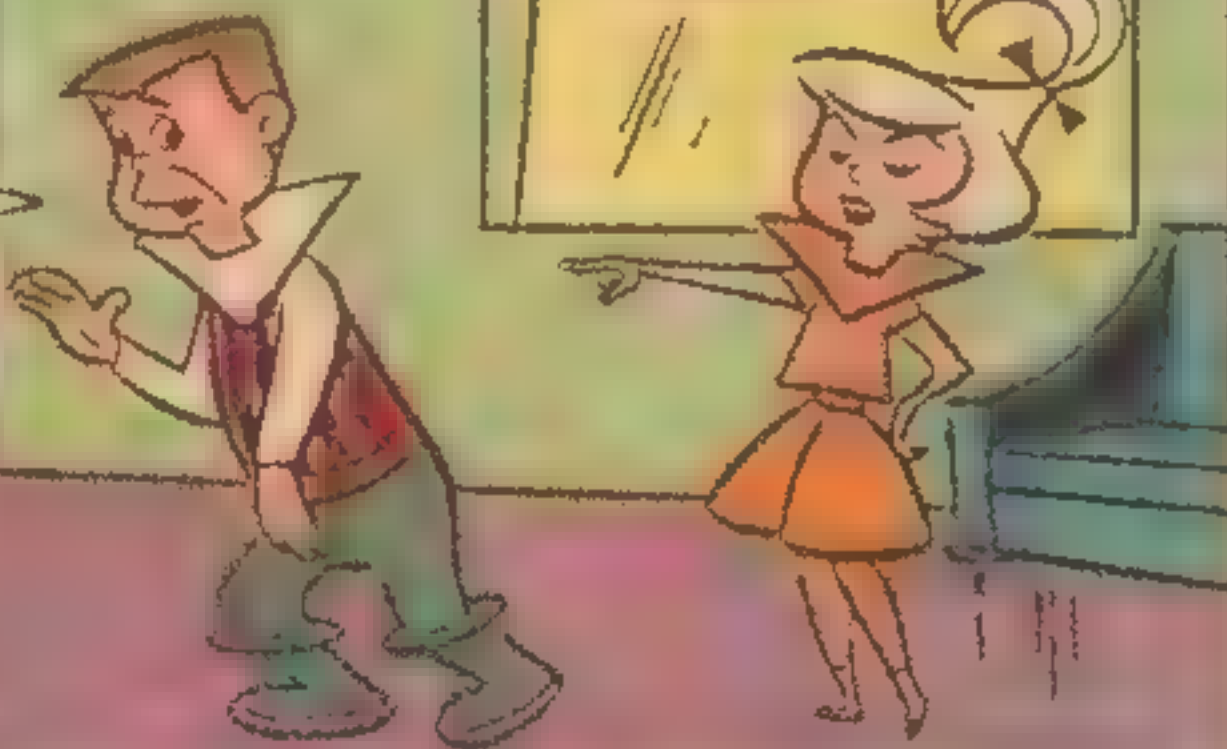
SURE, I'M GOOD FOR SOMETHING BESIDES
TALKING ABOUT HOT SPACE RODS, JUDY...
SEE? I CAN WIGGLE MY EARS!

OH, ORVIE, YOUR
BEHAVIOR IS STRICTLY
PREHISTORIC!

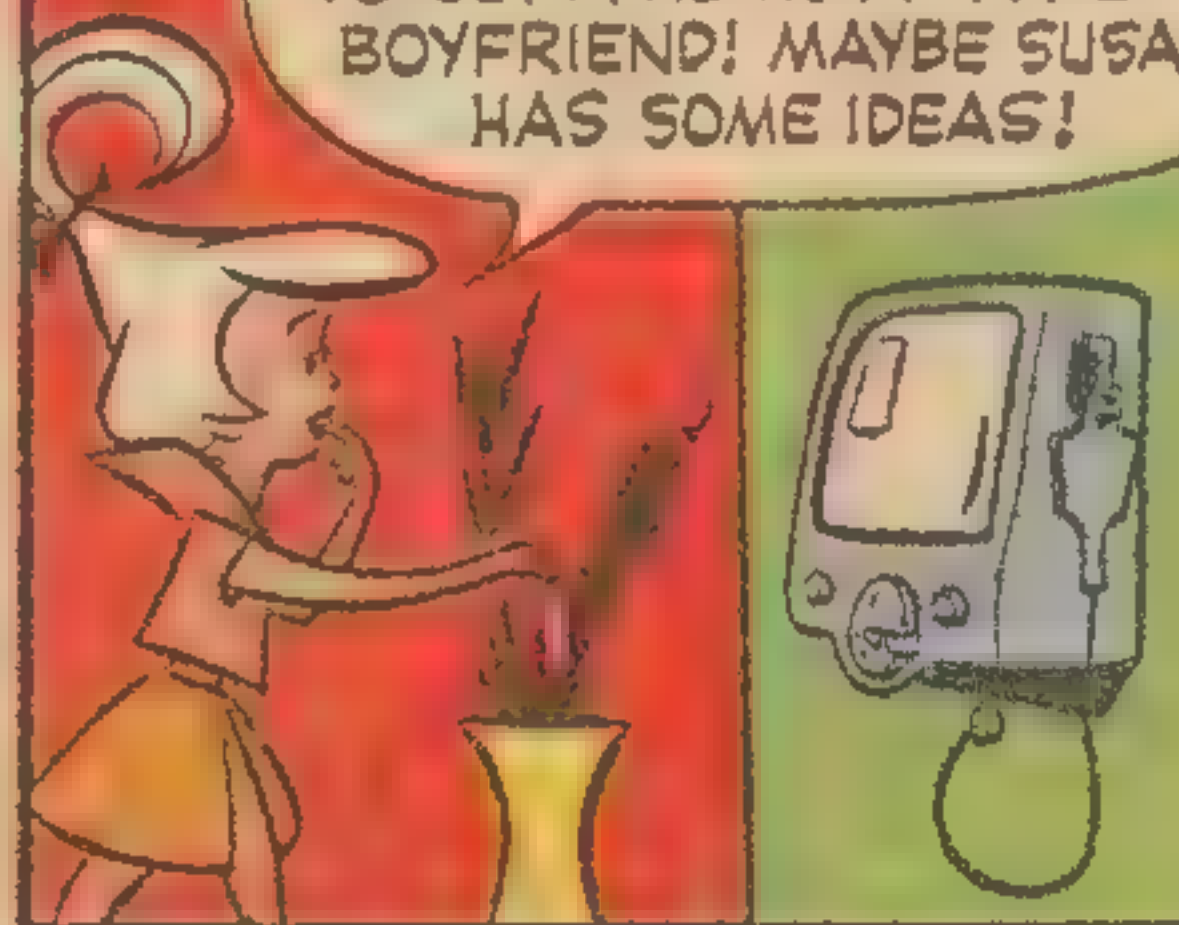


WE'RE FINISHED, ORVIE... WASHED-UP!
GOOD-BY FOREVER!

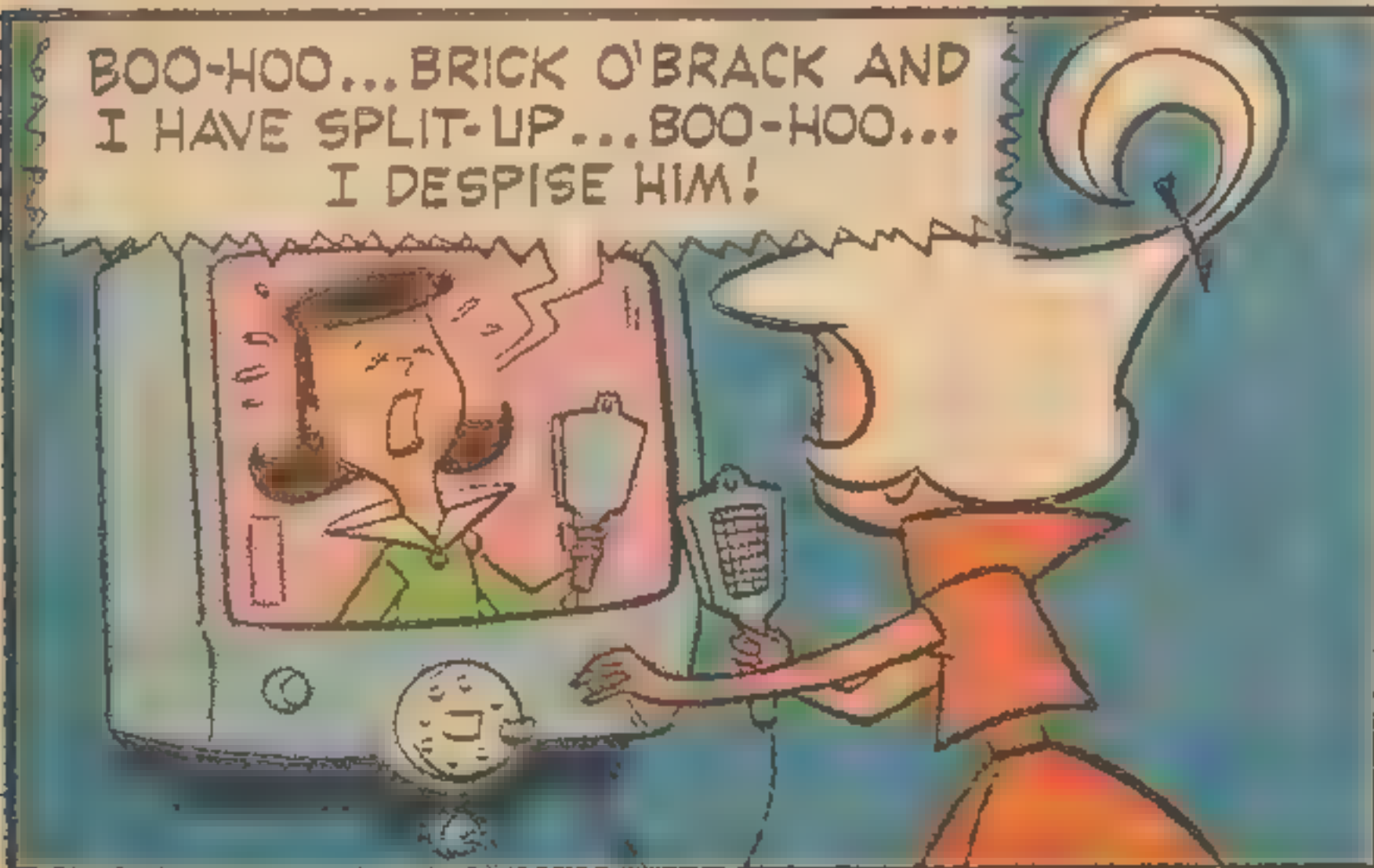
ER... I'LL
CALL YOU UP
WHEN YOU'RE
FEELING
BETTER!



NOW IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE
TO GET A HE-MAN TYPE
BOYFRIEND! MAYBE SUSAN
HAS SOME IDEAS!

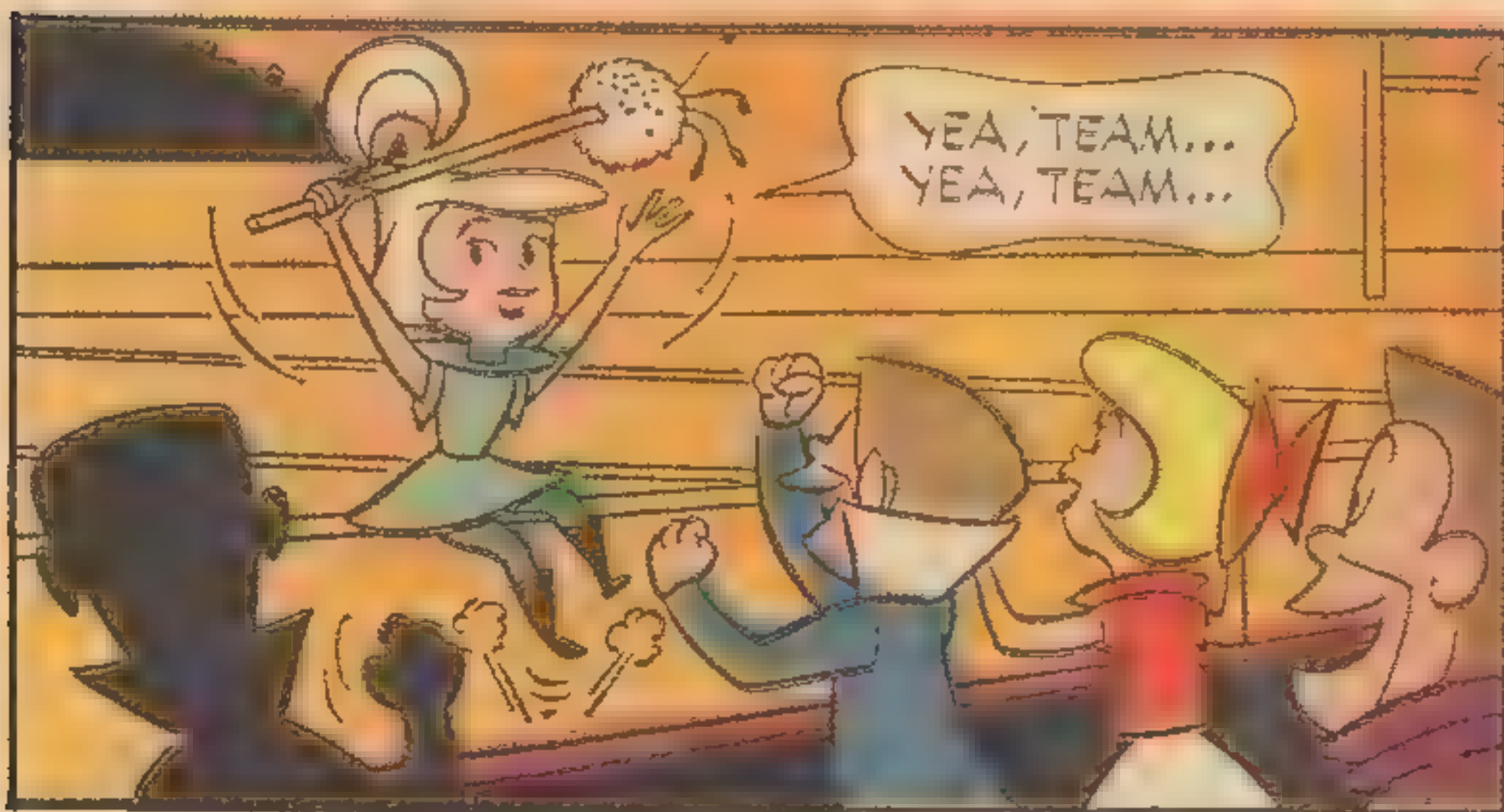
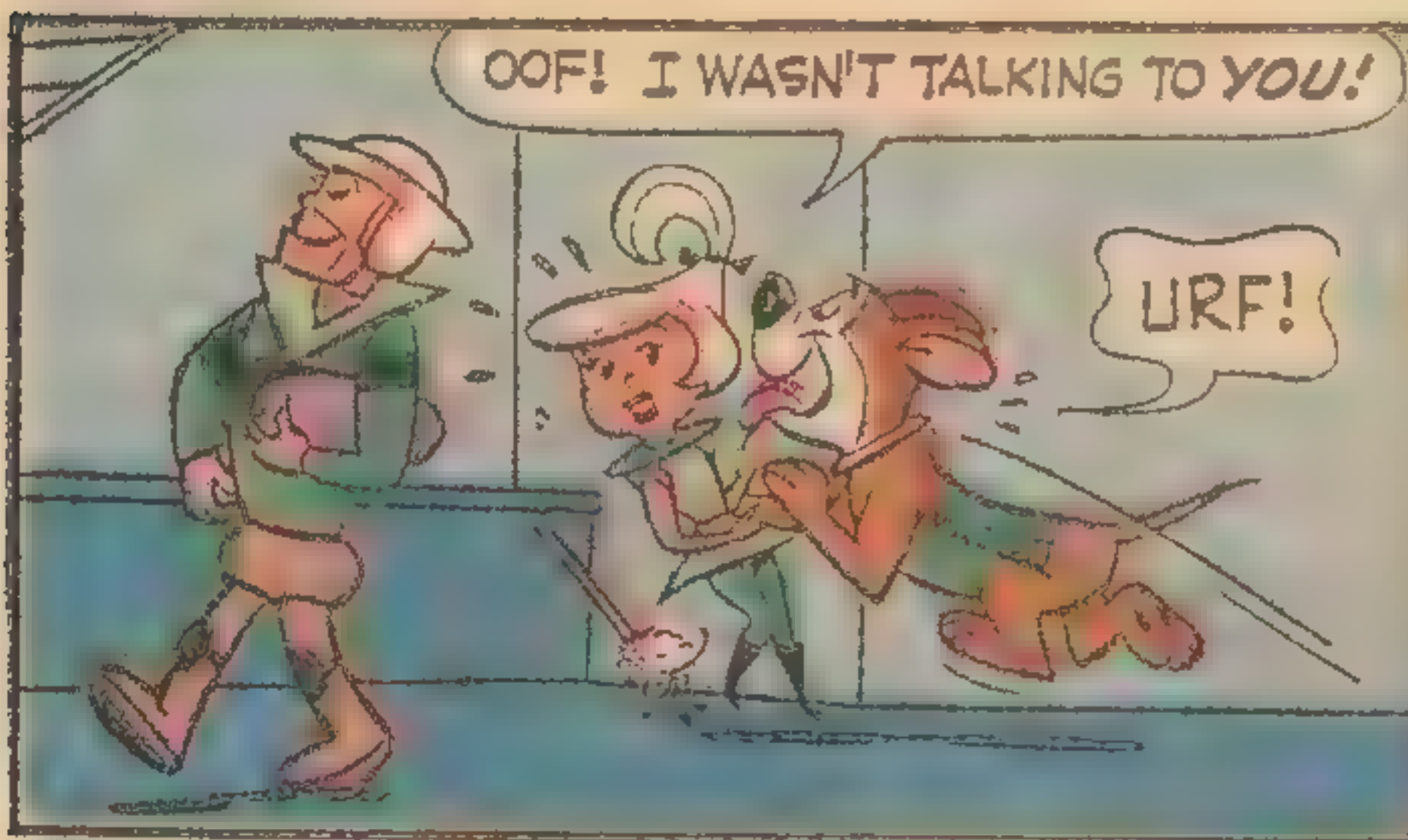
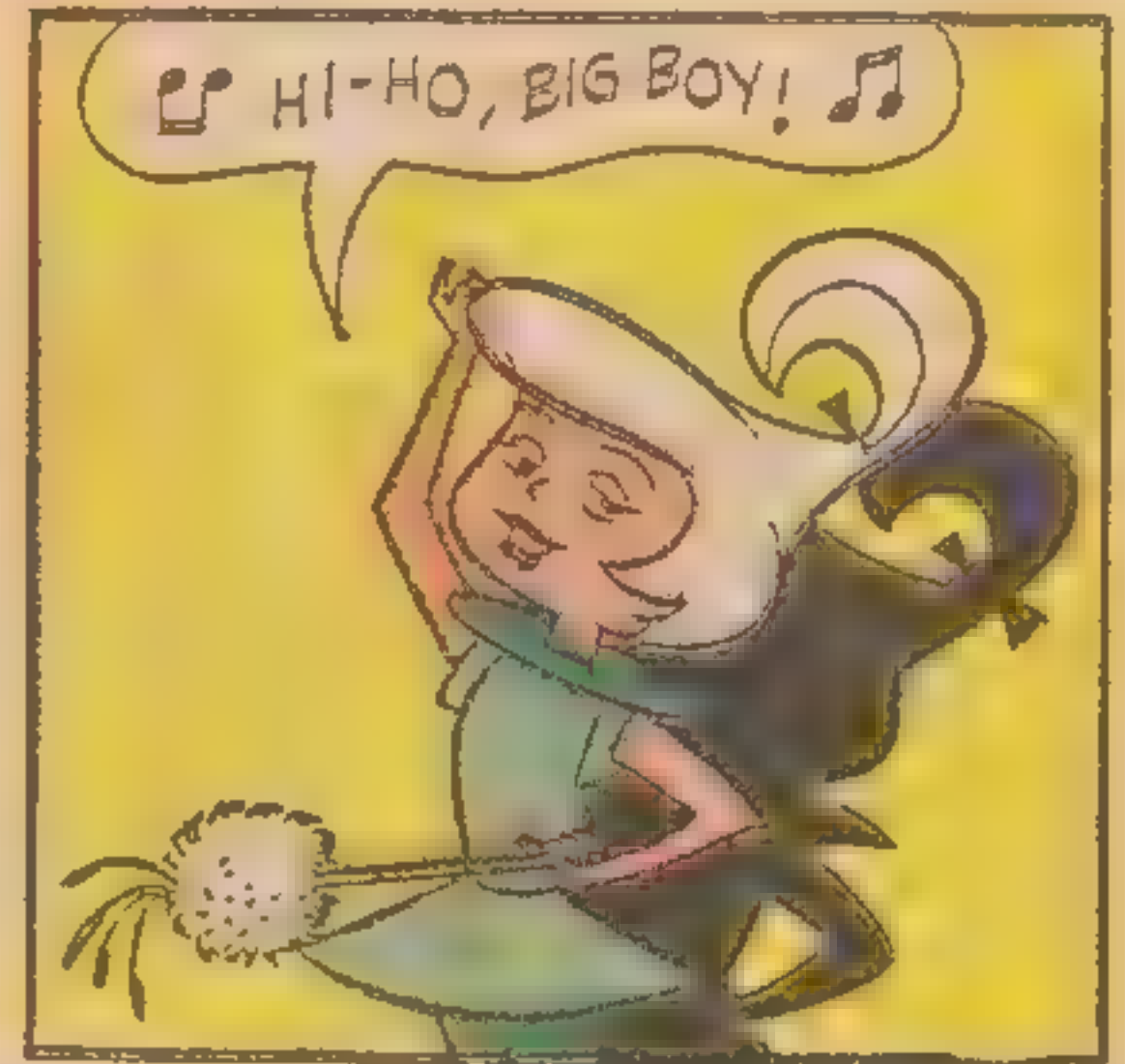
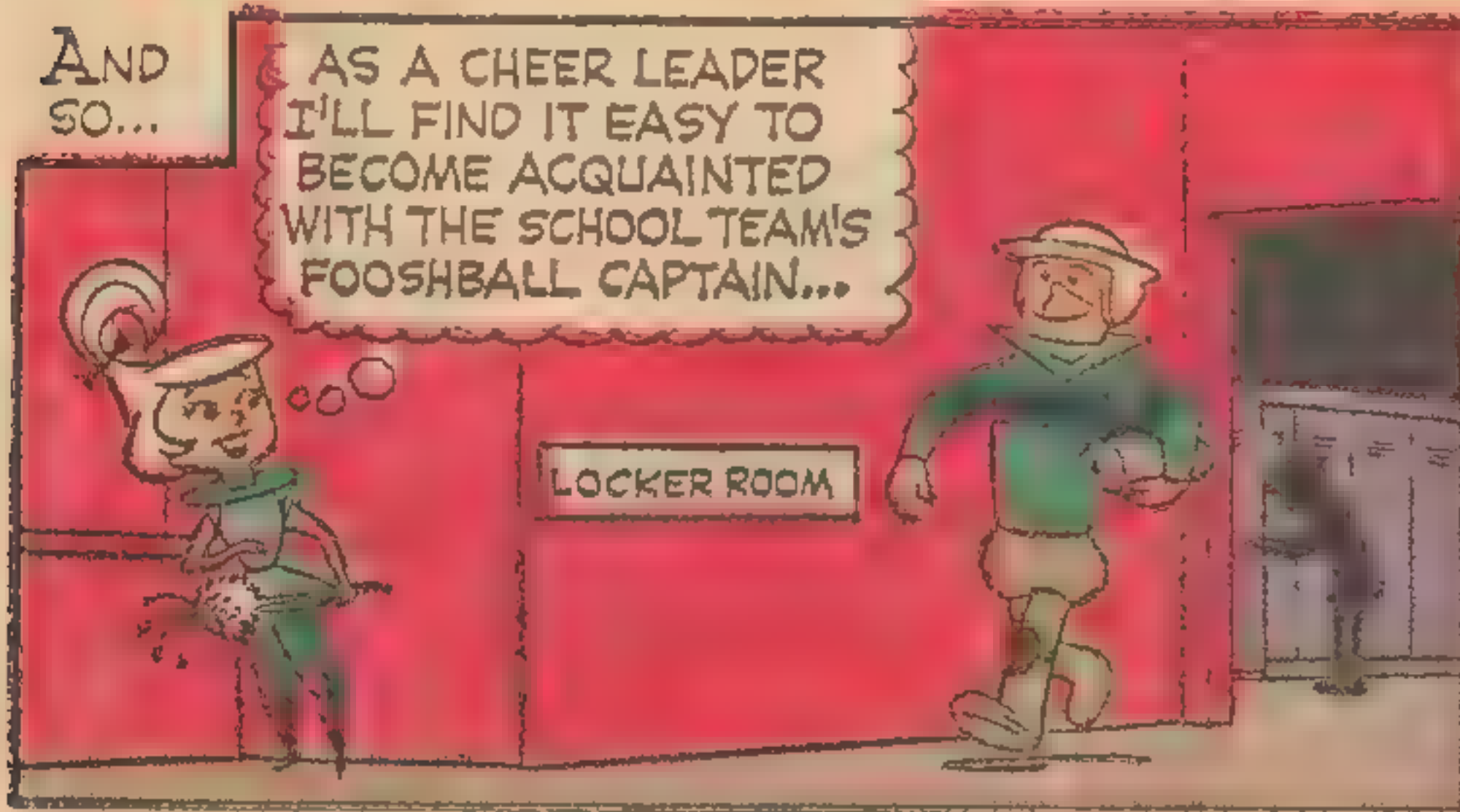
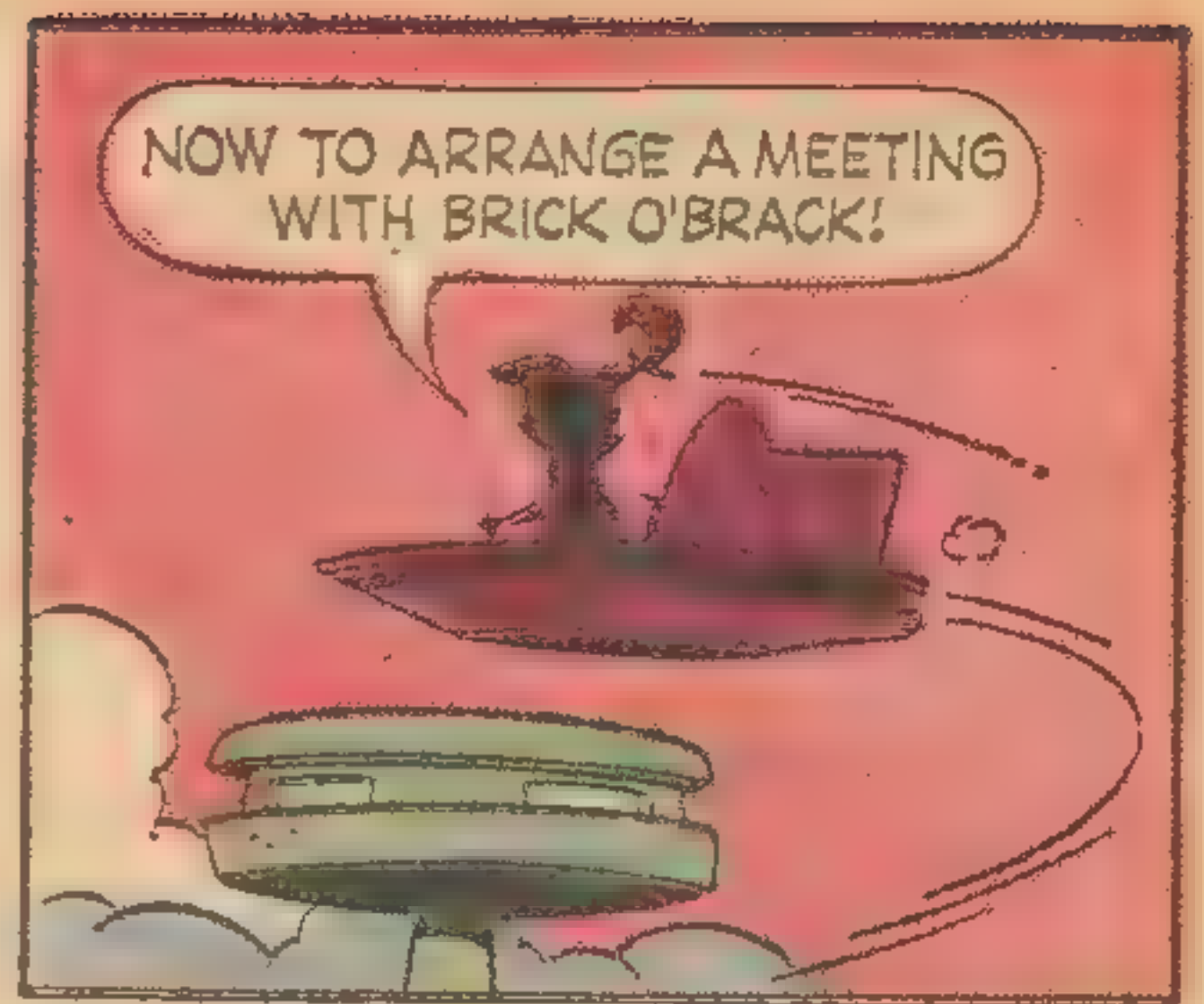
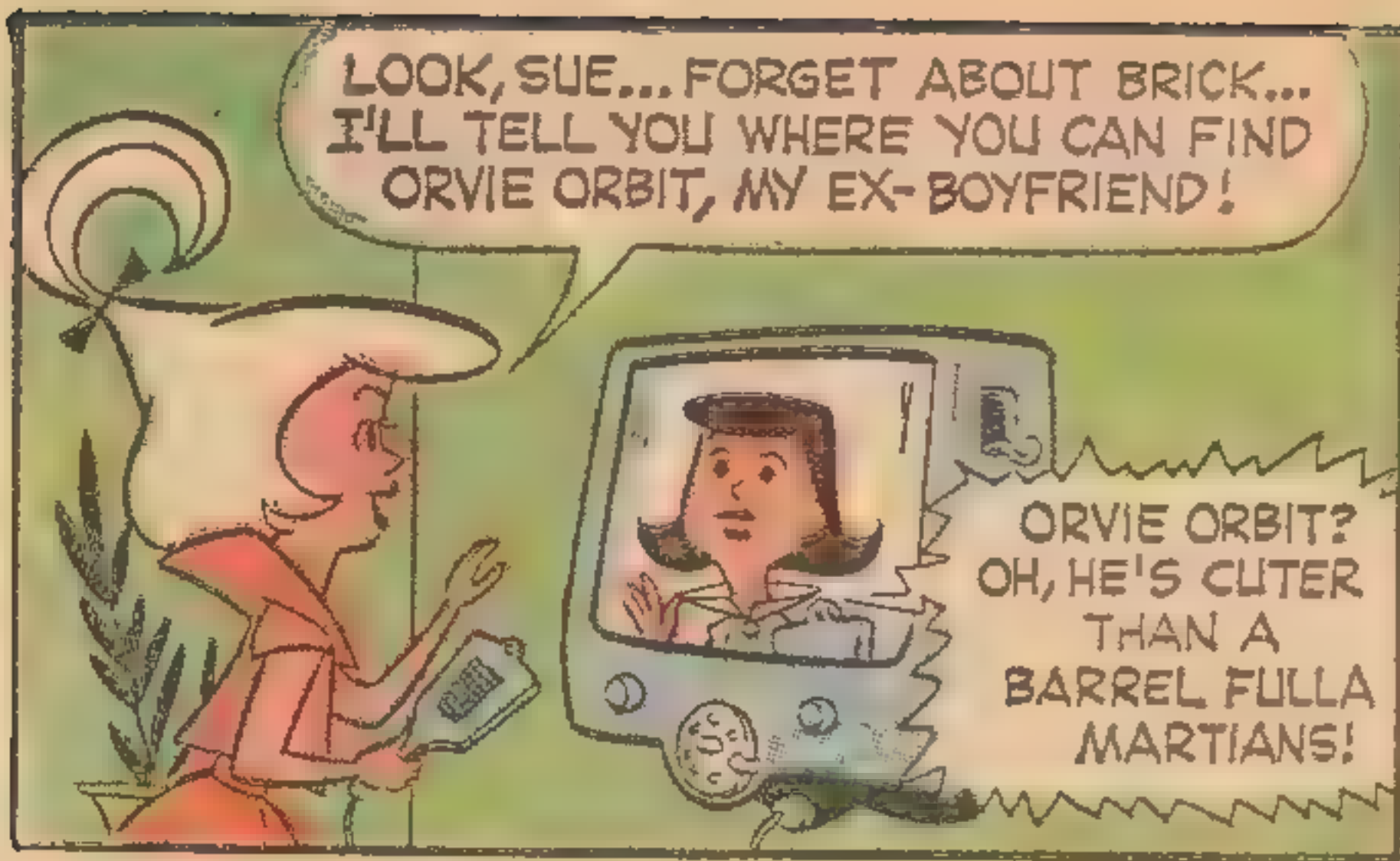


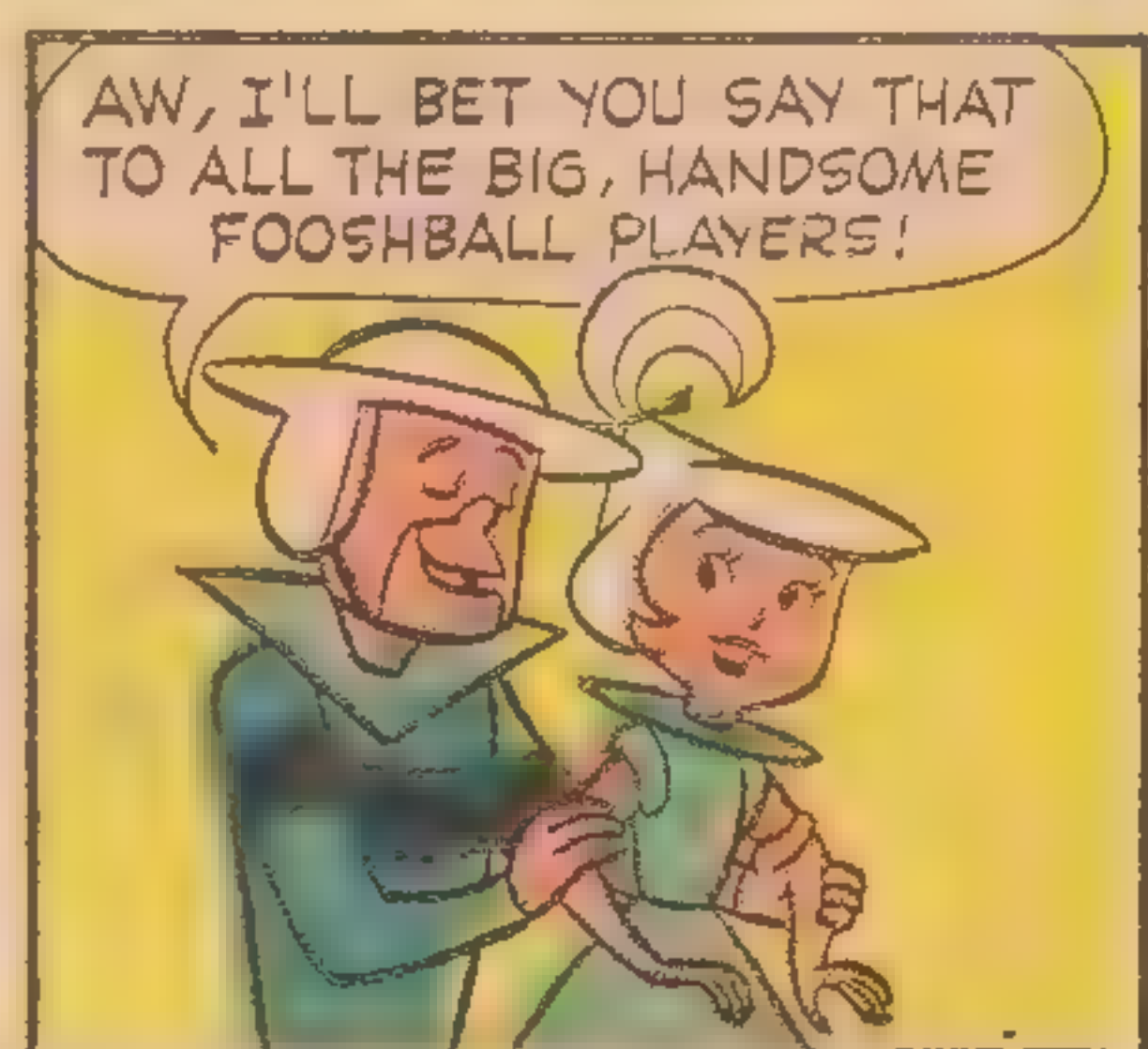
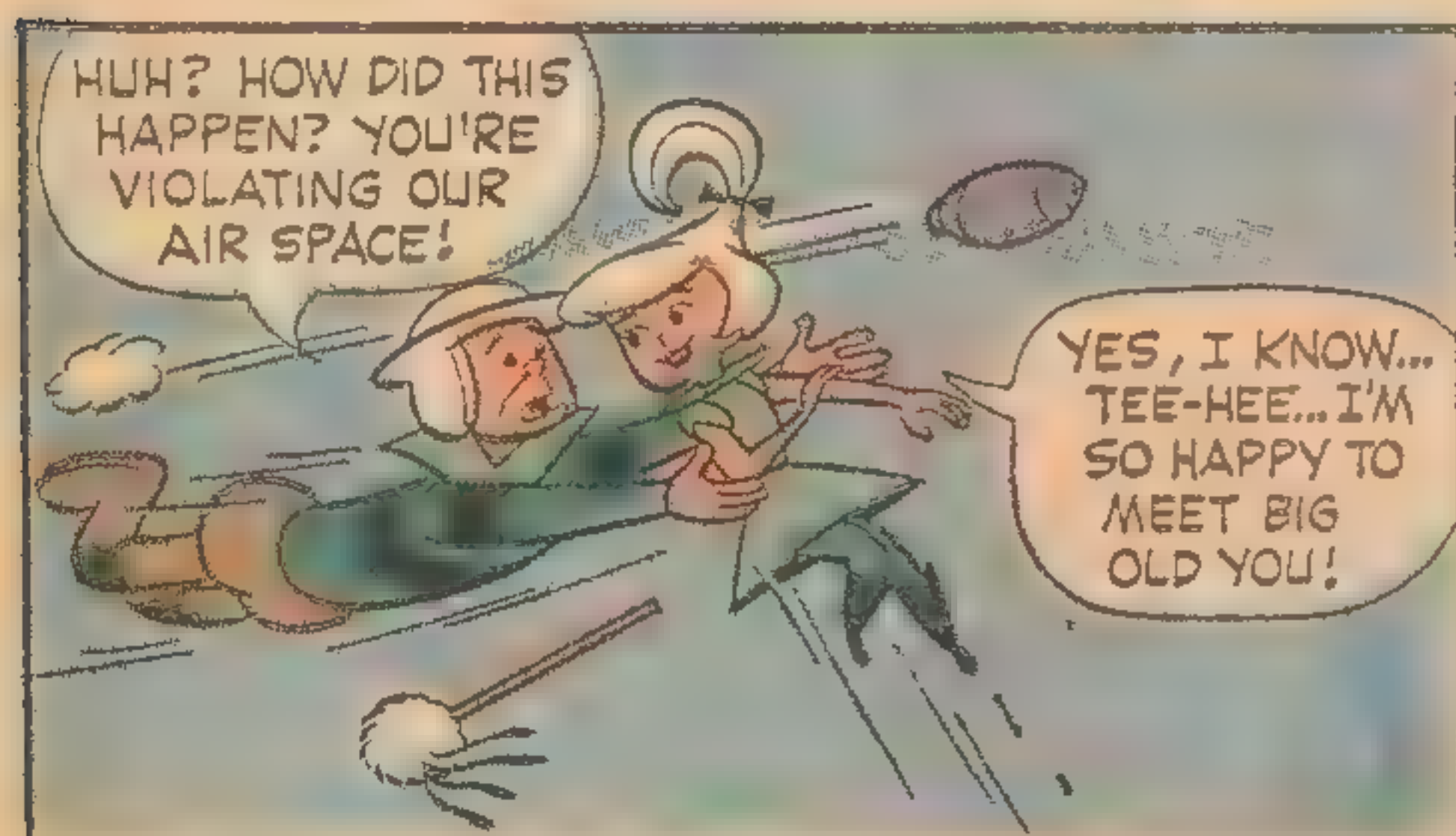
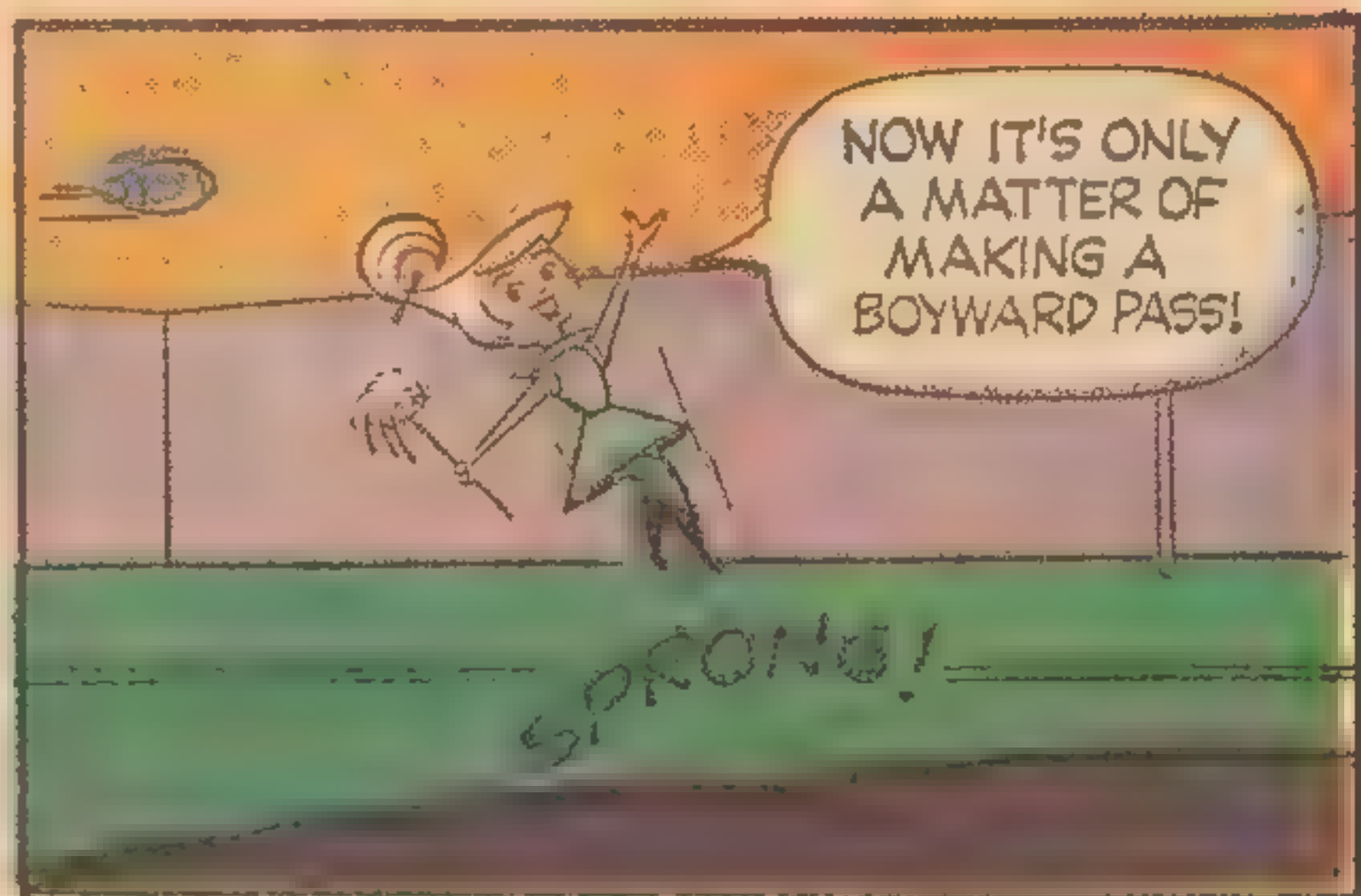
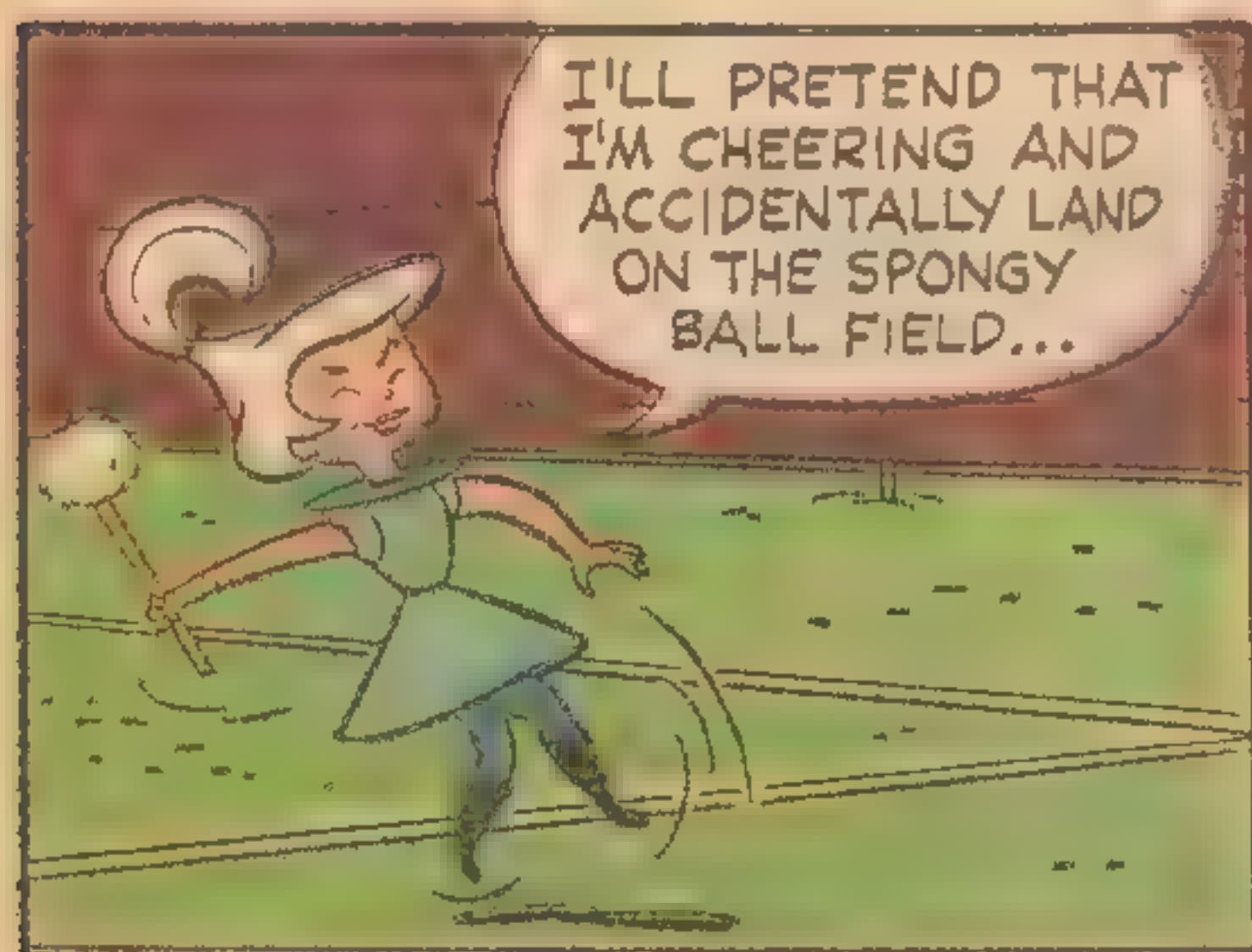
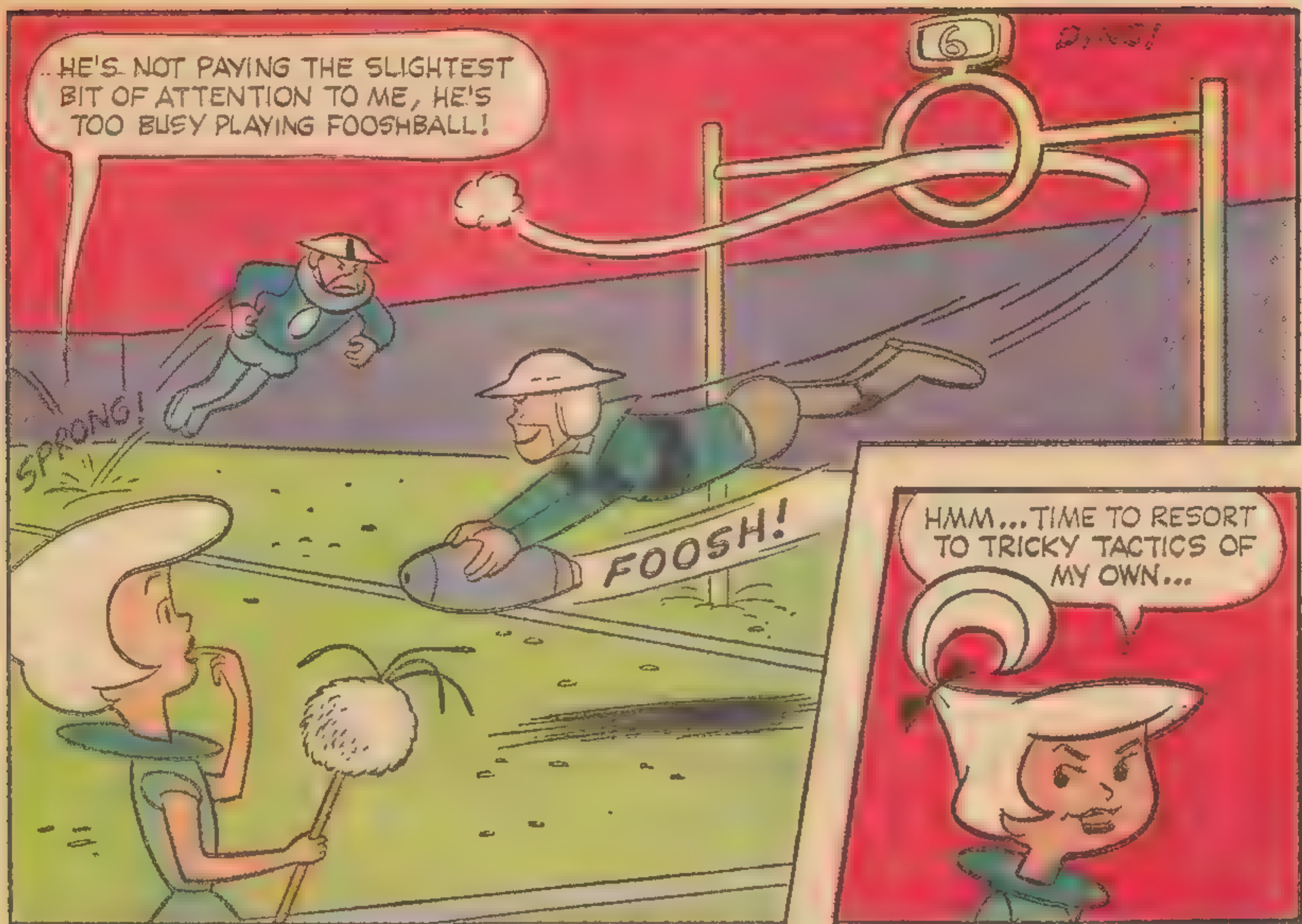
BOO-HOO... BRICK O'BRACK AND
I HAVE SPLIT-UP... BOO-HOO...
I DESPISE HIM!

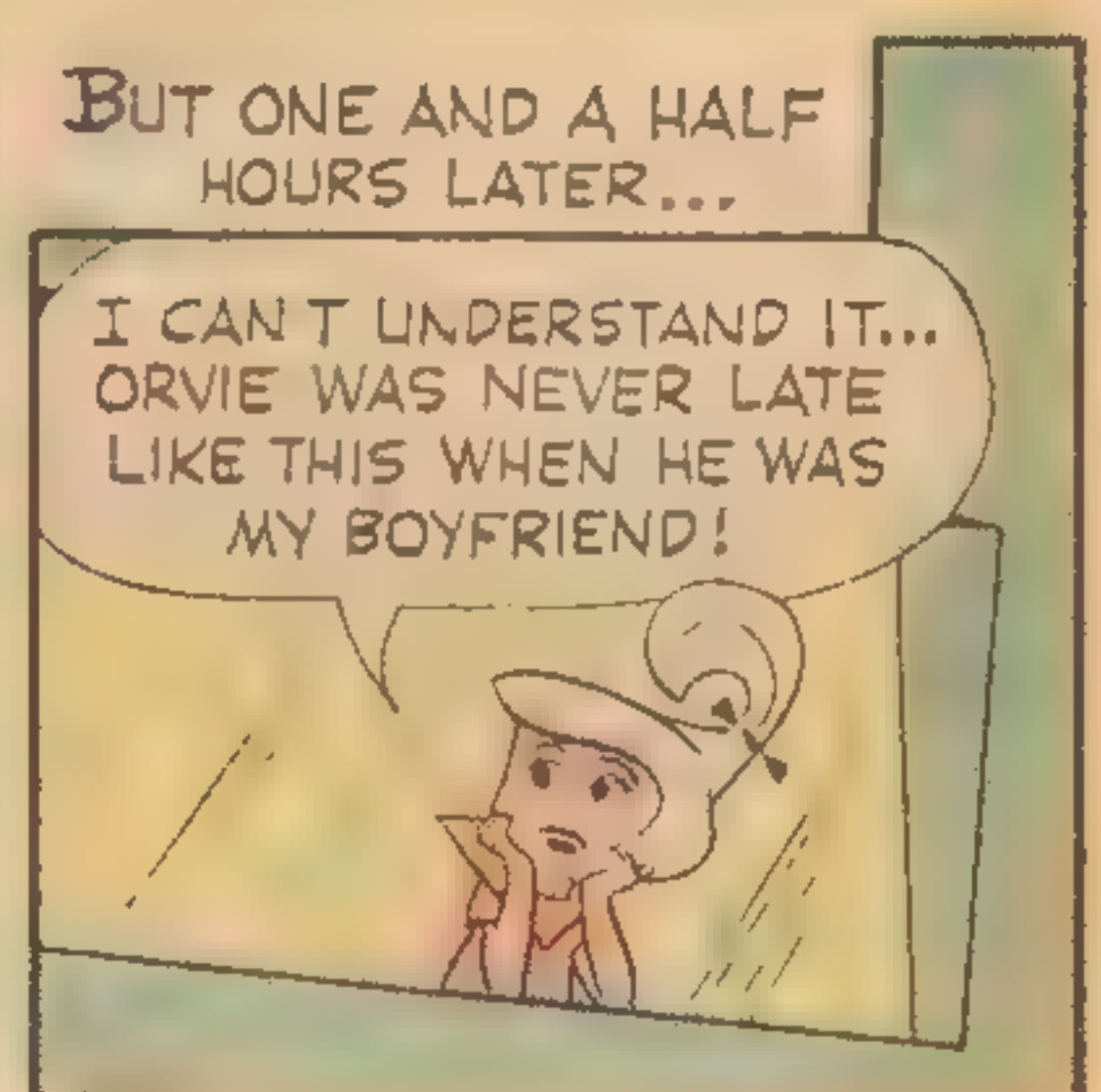
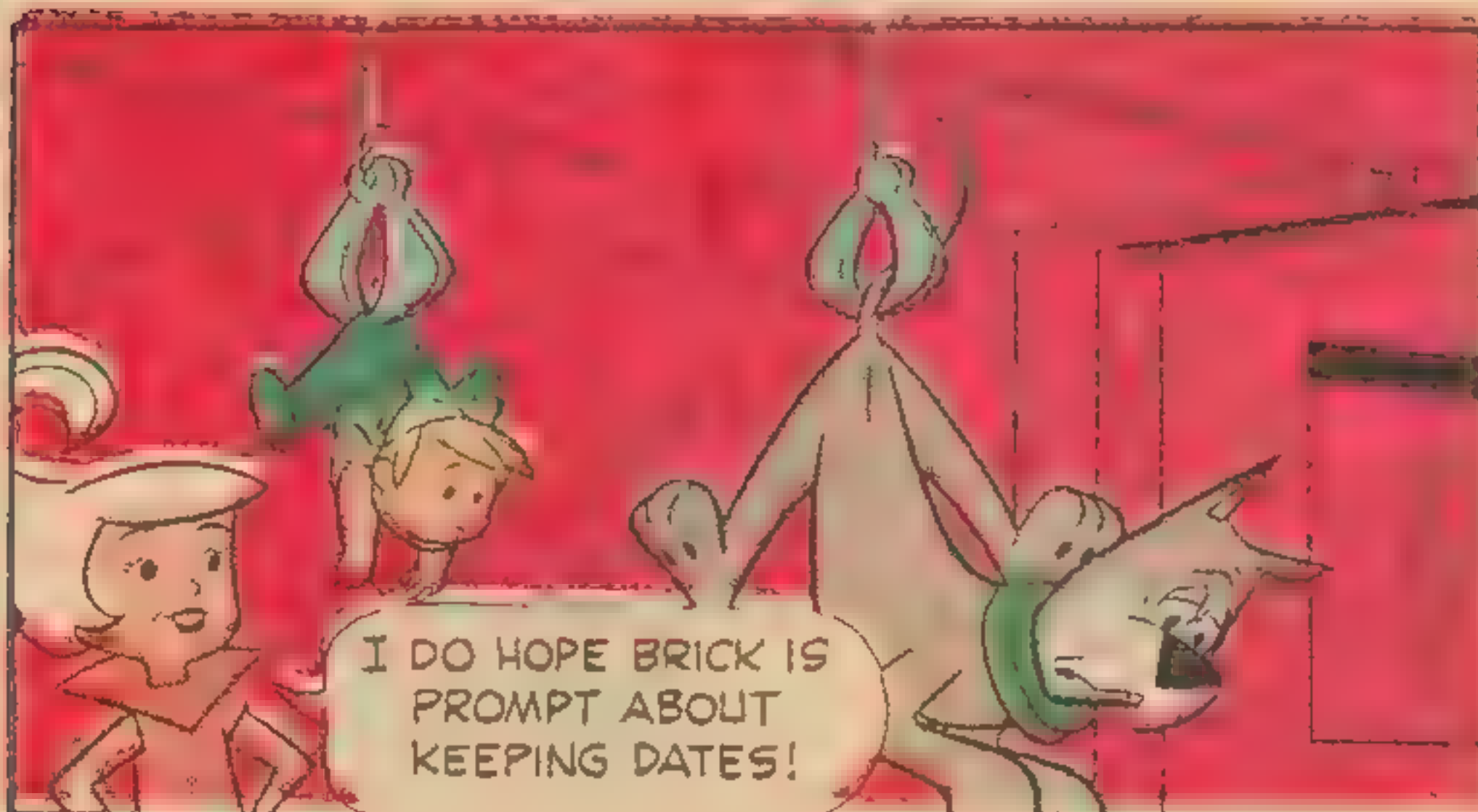
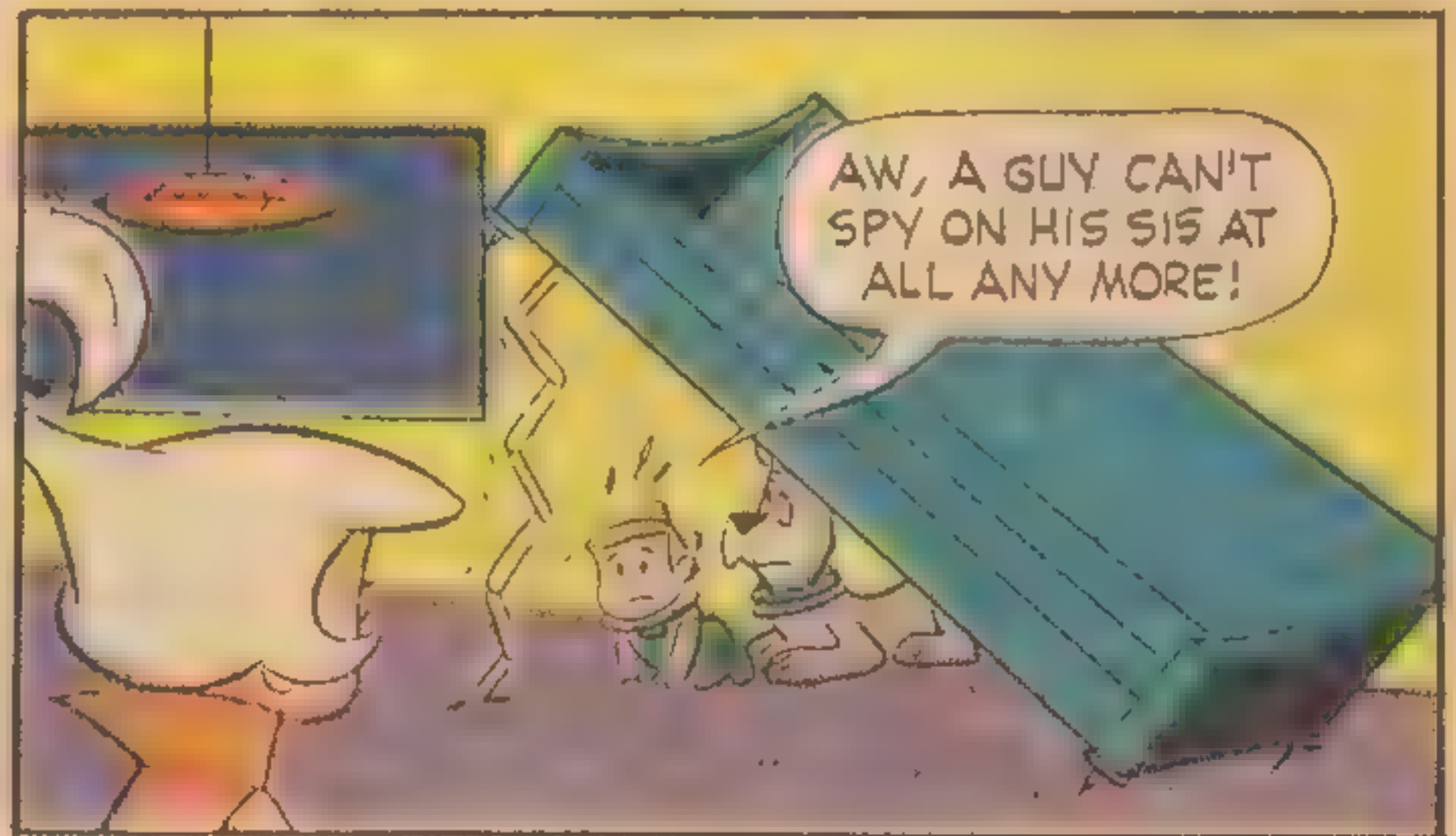
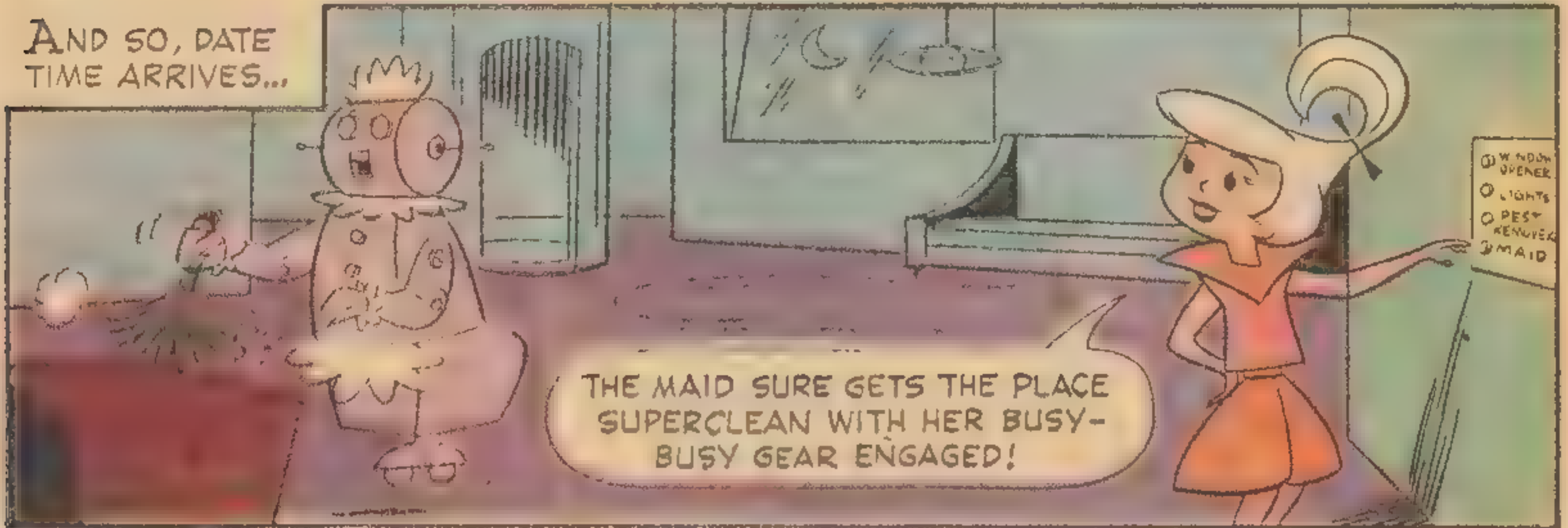
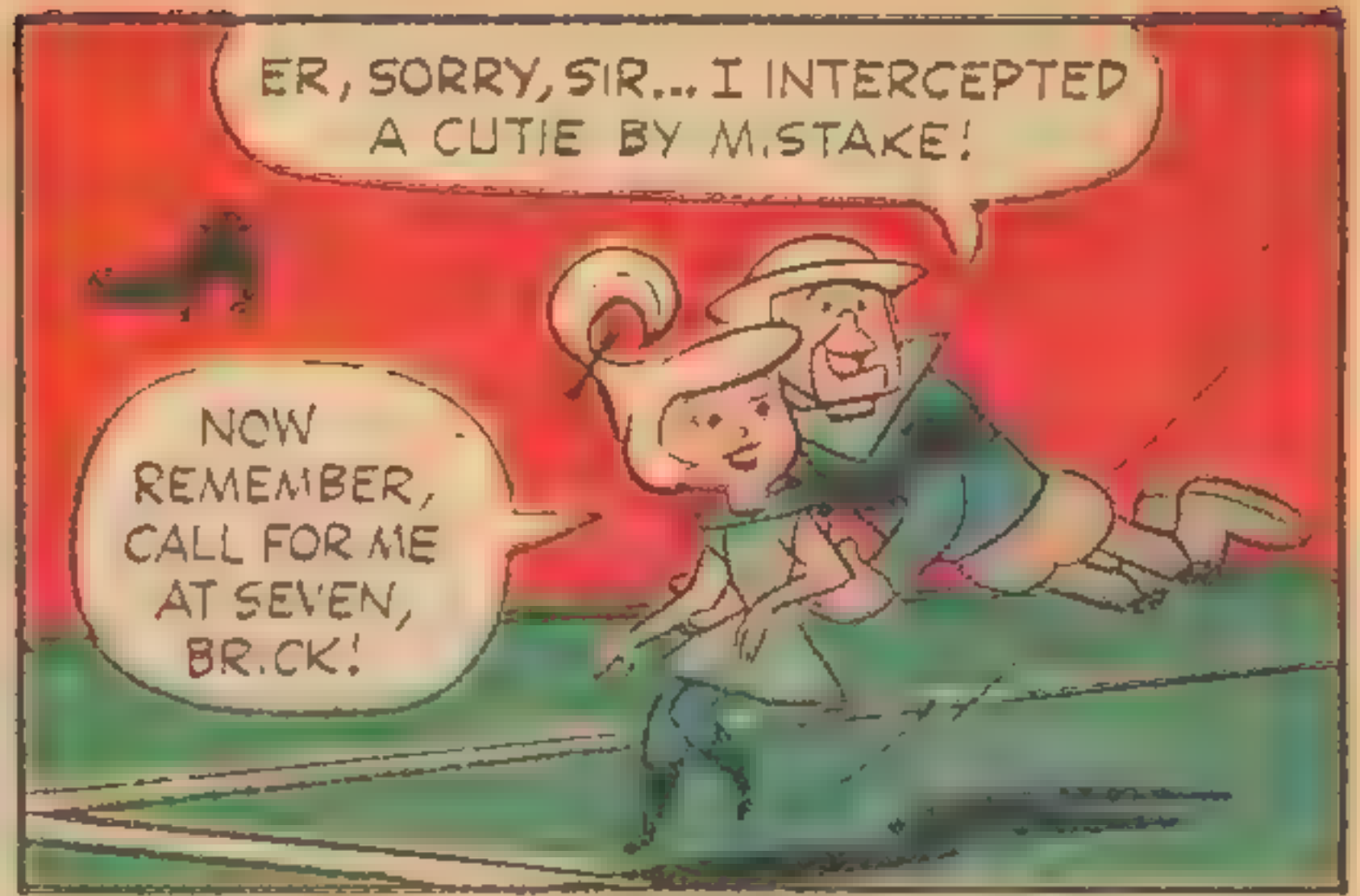
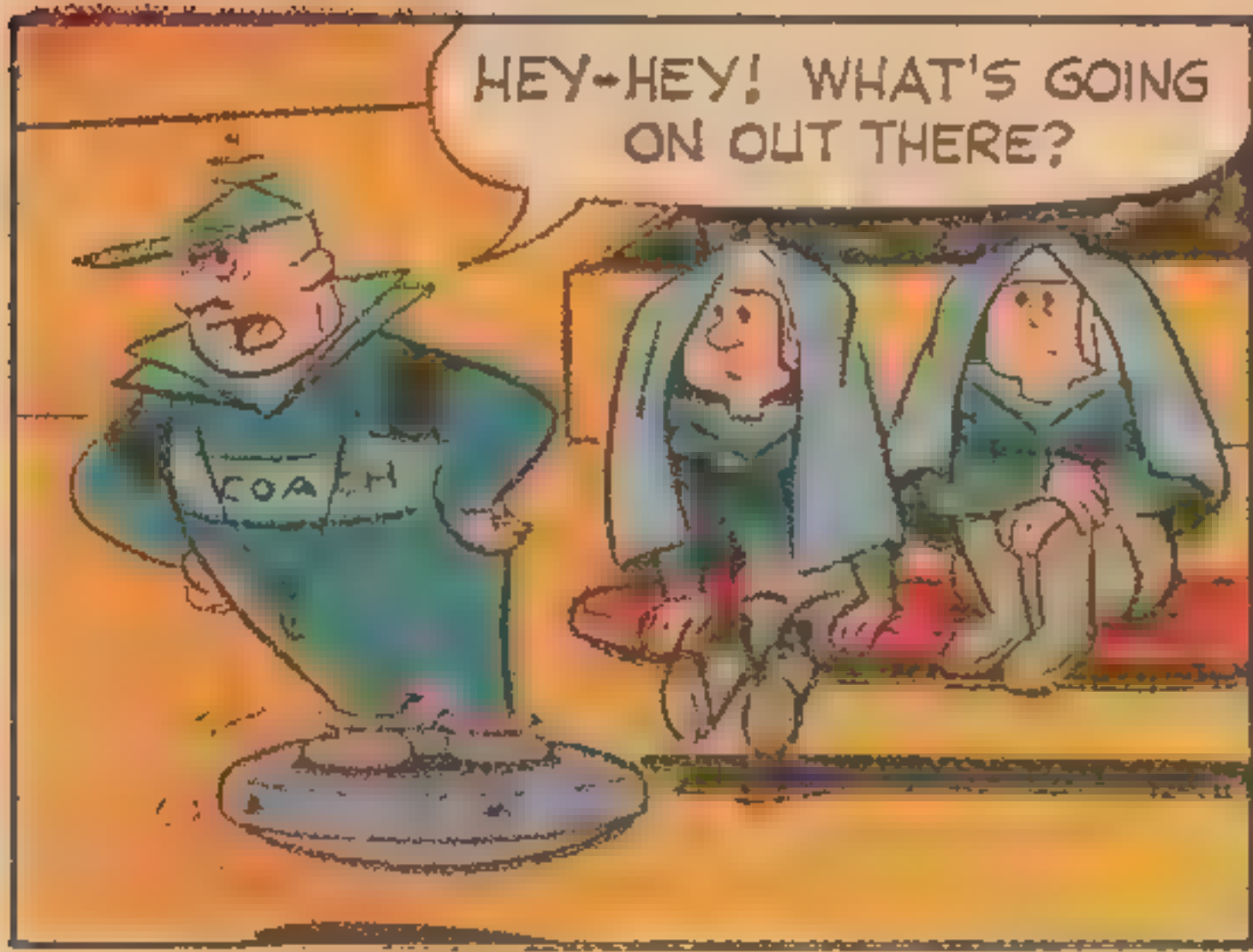


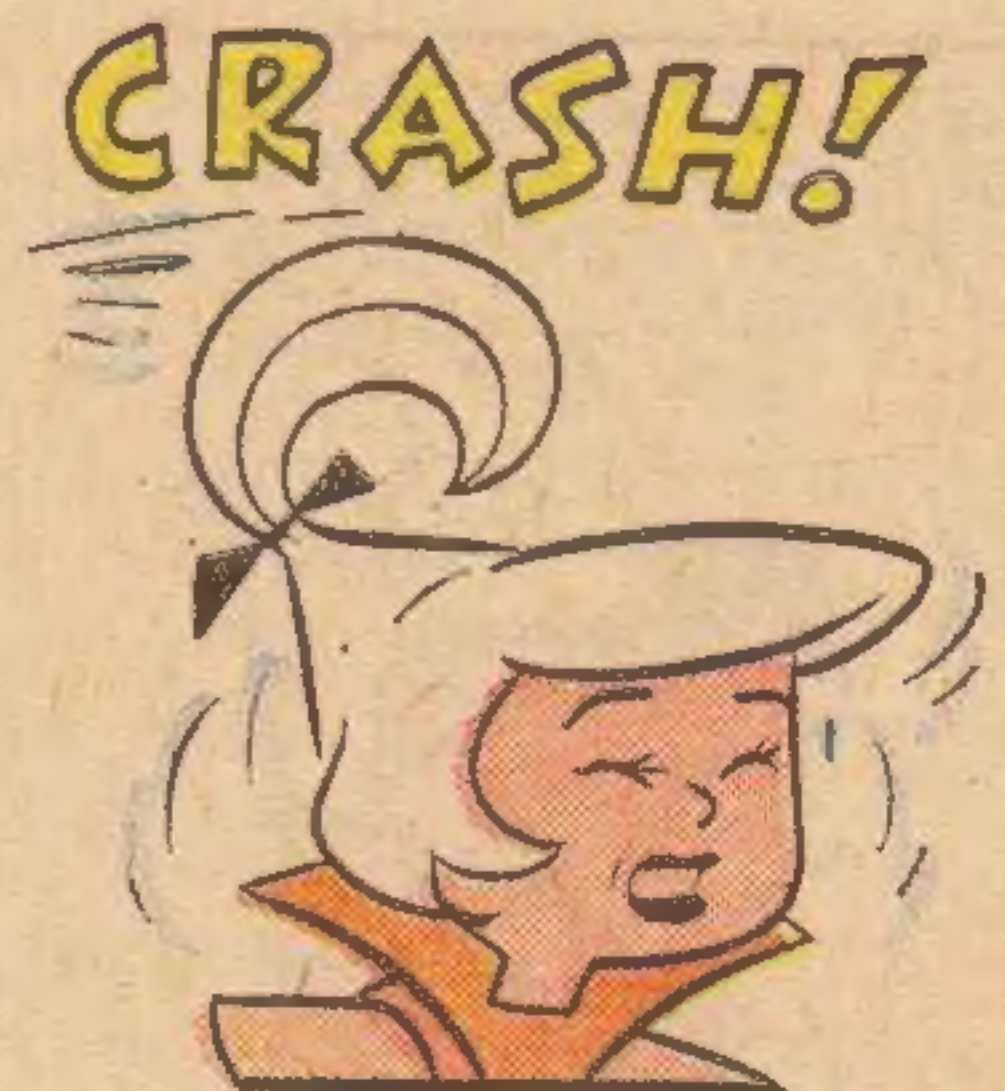
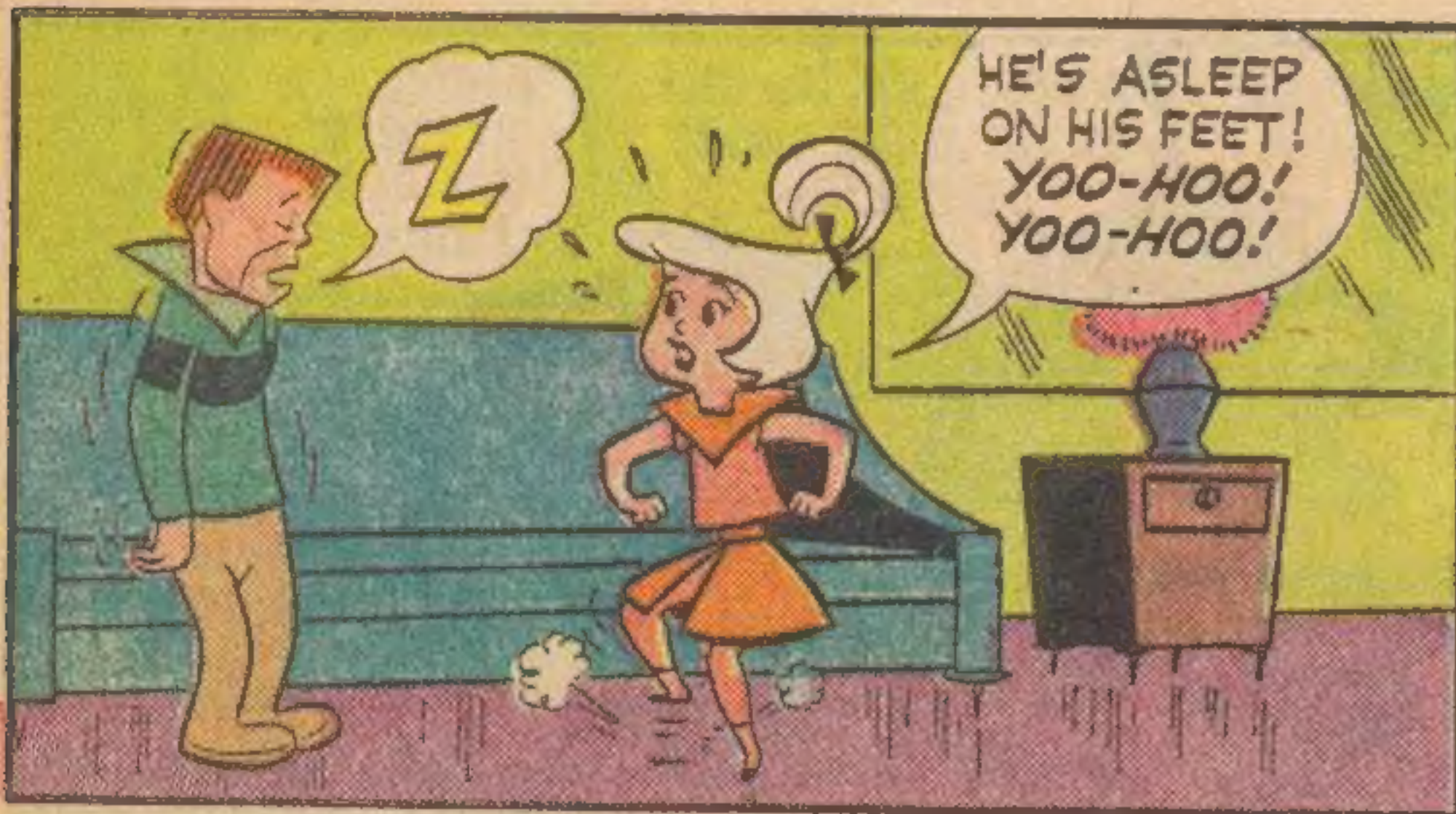
BRICK O'BRACK... THE HE-MAN
CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL FOOSH-
BALL TEAM! ZOW!

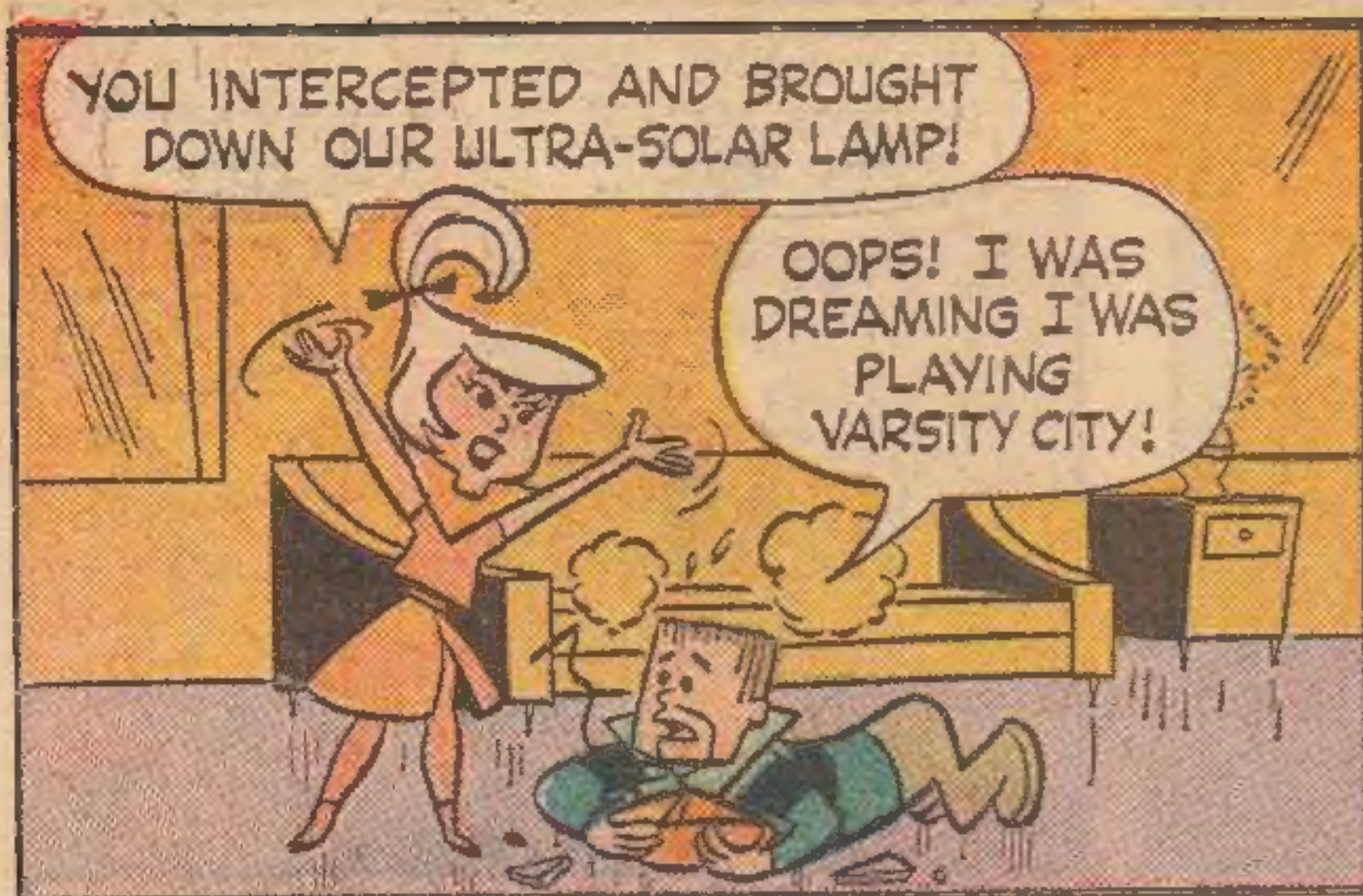


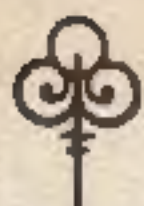












KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

The HISTORY of FLIGHT

NUMBER 12

Work Horses for Industry

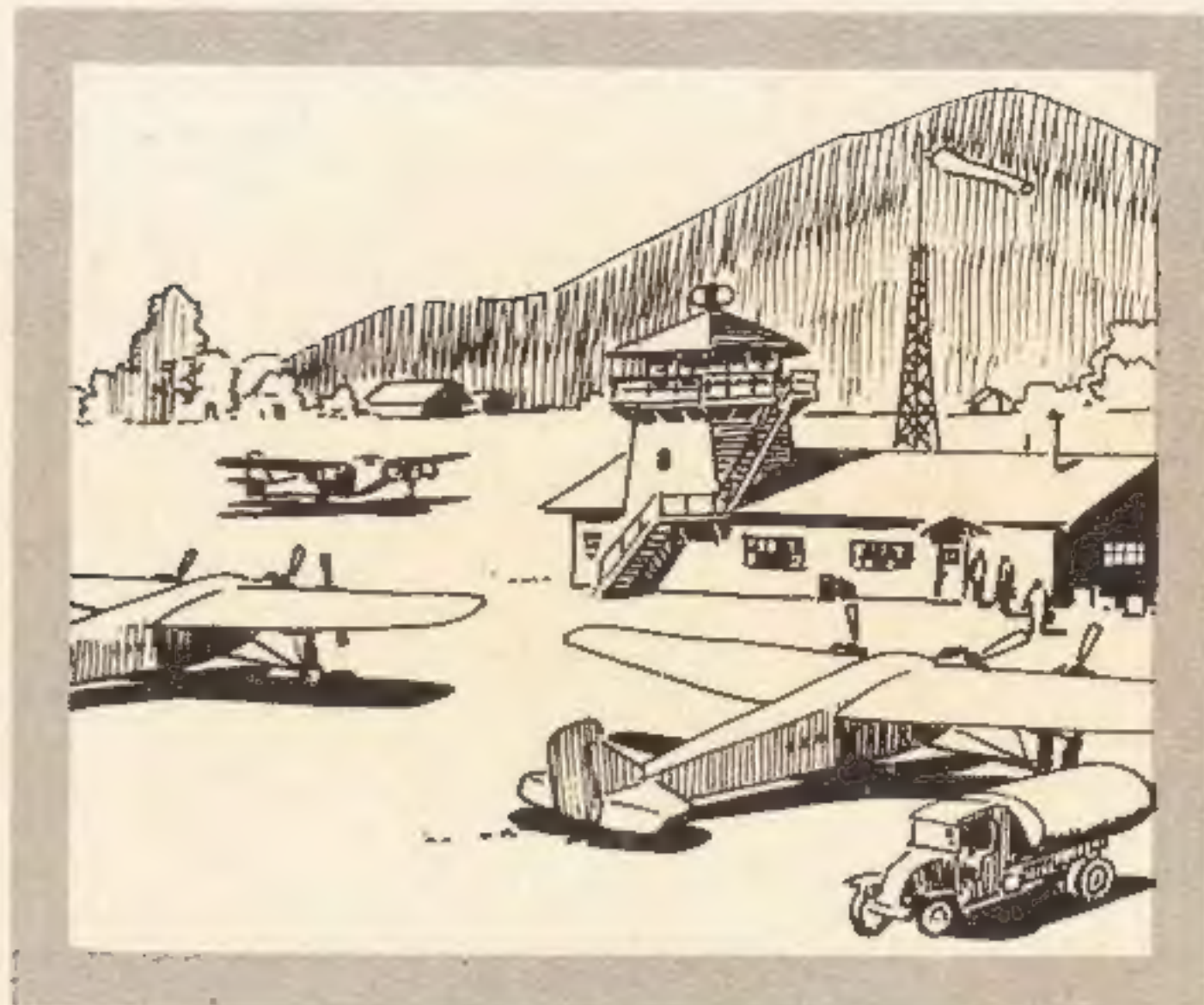
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



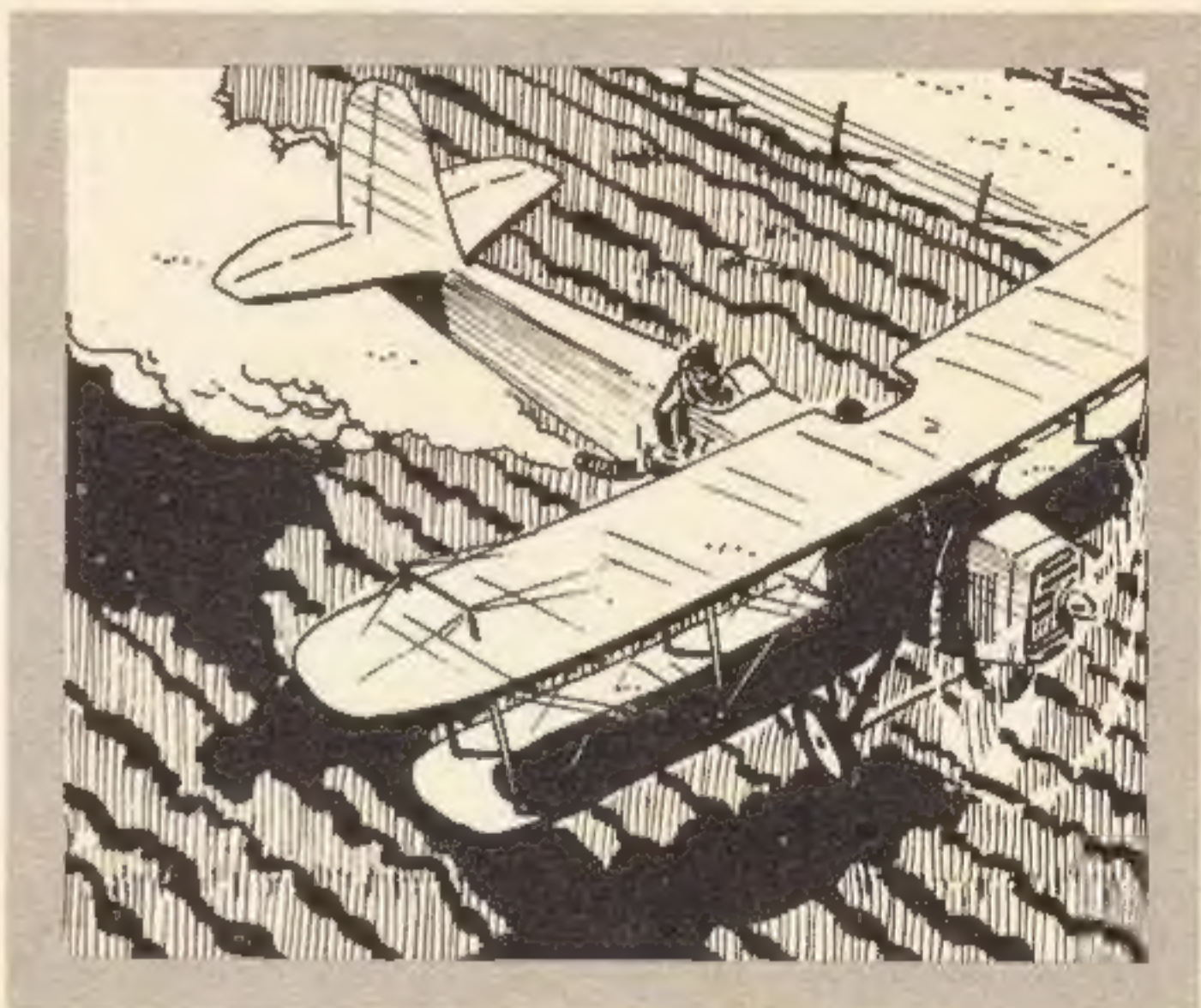
Commercial air lines were formed. By 1930, many people traveled by air, and the first stewardesses joined the crews to serve them.



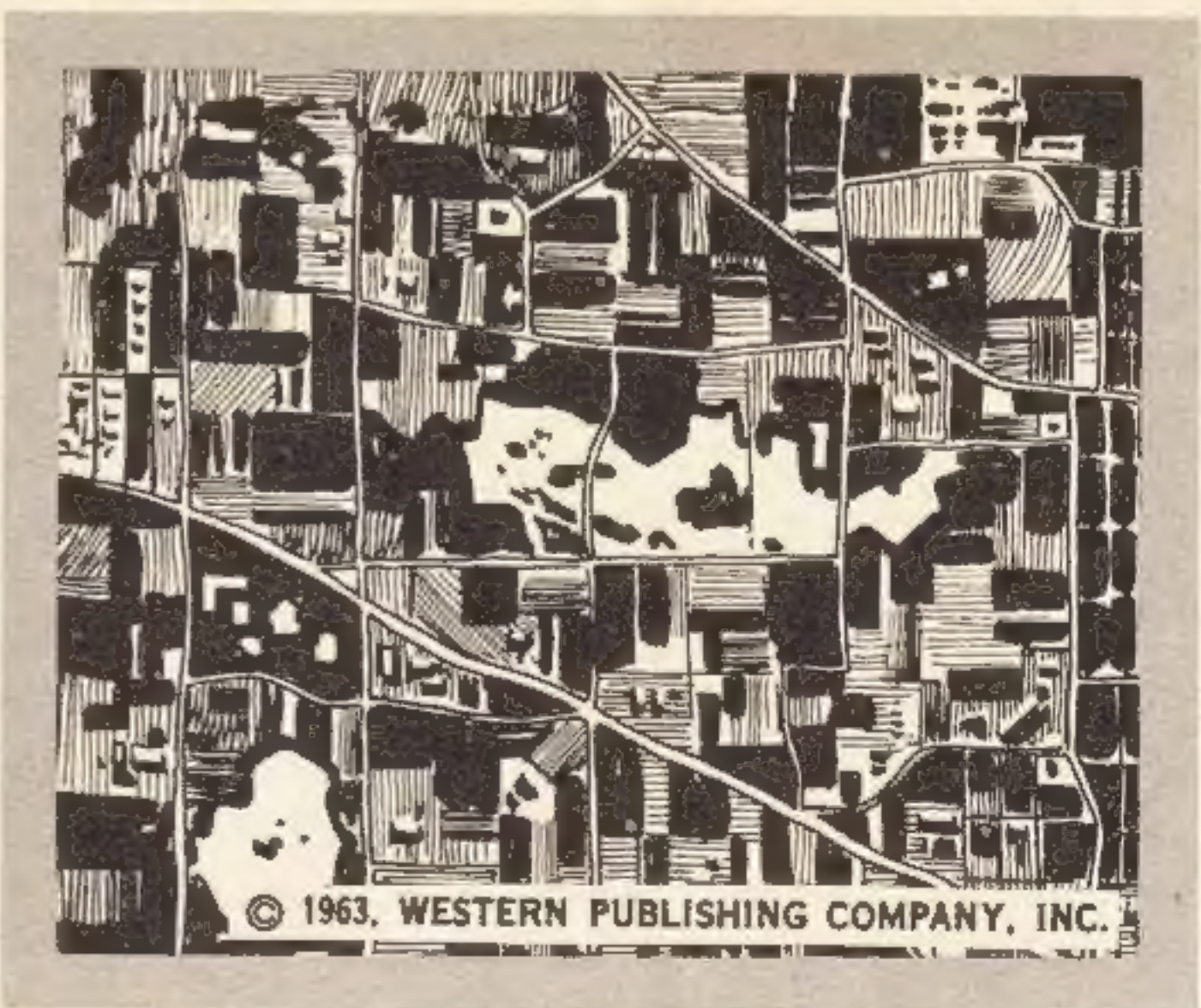
Beleaguered fire fighters got priceless aid when the terrible holocausts of forest fires were challenged by bombings from the air.



When planes were designed that were capable of transporting people and cargo safely and cheaply, aviation became a sizable industry.



On farms and ranches, planes went to work. They sprayed the crops with insecticides and were used by cowboys to round up cattle.



Mapping the face of the earth could now be far more accurate, with cameras in planes to take pictures of man's bird's-eye view.

